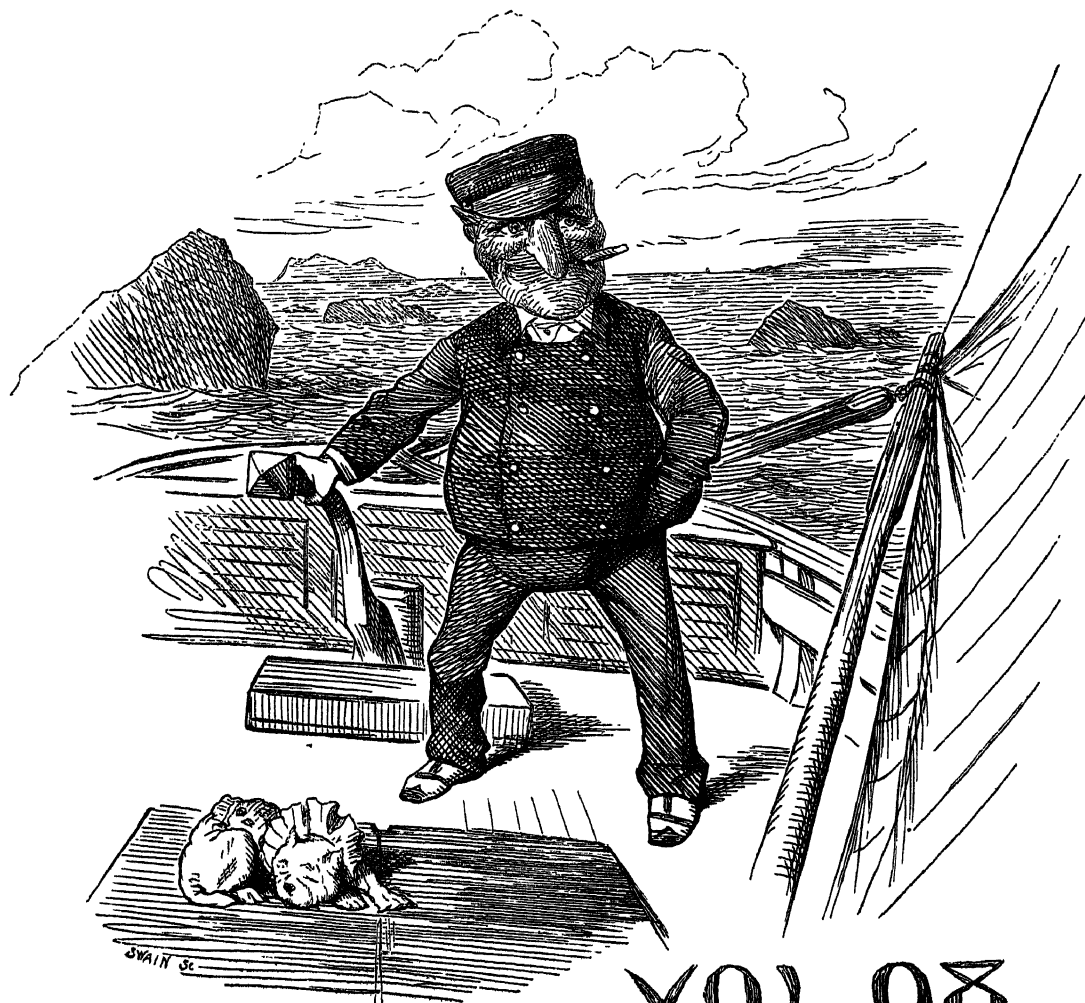


PUNCH



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LONDON :
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1890.

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IT was a Midsummer Night, and Mr. PUNCH in his *sanctum* dreamed a Dream! To adapt the Laureate's lay:—
 He read, before his eyelids dropt their shade,
 The *Lusiads* of CAMOENS, long ago

Sung by the Lusitanian bard, who made
 Great GAMA's glories glow.

It was the wondrous tale of STANLEY which had turned the Sage's attention to the pages of the great Epic of Commerce He had read:—

"Africa behold! alas, what altered view!
 Her lands uncultured, and her sons untrue;
 Ungraced with all that sweetens human life,
 Savage and fierce, they roam in brutal strife;
 Eager they grasp the gifts which culture yields,
 Yet naked roam their own neglected fields."

And though even Africa has considerably changed since the year of grace 1497, when "daring GAMA" went "inces labouring round the stormy Cape," Mr. PUNCH thought of that great gloom-shrouded Equatorial Forest and its secular sa dwarf-denizens, and mused how much there was yet for our modern GAMAS to do in the Dark Continent.

Mr. PUNCH found himself in the lovely "Isle of Venus," the delicious floral Paradise which the Queen of Love, 'guardian goddess of the Lusian race,' created "amid the bosom of the watery waste," as "a place of glad repast and repose," for the tired home-returning GAMA and his companions.

"Of 'glad repast,'" said a familiar voice, "there is plenty and to spare; but for the 'sweet repose,' 'tis not found in this 'Isle of Banqueting.'"

"Mr. STANLEY, I presume?" said the Sage.

"You *cannot* presume," rejoined H. M. neatly. "But some of these gregarious dinner givers *do*, and sometimes,—sometimes I'm afraid I let them see that I'm aware of it."

"As fame-preoccupied, country-loving GAMA, wearied of the 'feasts, interludes, and chivalrous entertainm with which 'the taste of that age demonstrated the joy of Portugal,' might perchance have snubbed some too importu Don. 'The compliments of the Court and the shouts of the streets were irksome to him,' says the chronicle."

"SALISBURY is not quite a Prince HENRY apparently," remarked the modern GAMA. "He and his father JOHN not find the discoveries and acquisitions of their heroic compatriot 'embarrassing.' 'The arts and valour of the Portu had now made a great impression on the minds of the Africans. The King of Congo, a dominion of great extent, sen sons of some of his principal officers to be instructed in arts and religion.' This was four hundred years ago! And

the Portuguese can be safely snubbed and sat upon, even by a SALISBURY! But if your prudent Premier doesn't 'stiffen his back' a bit, with regard to the tougher and tentative Teuton, 'the arts and valour' of the Britishers will not make as great an impression on the minds of the Africans as your ill-used East African Company could desire."

"Don't be too downhearted, HENRY," smiled the Sage. "Much dining-out doth breed dyspepsia, and atrabilious views are apt to be a *little* lop-sided."

"Right, Mr. Punch!" said a musical but somewhat mournful voice, that of the great but ill-starred LUIS DE CAMOENS himself. "I wrote much of my *Lusiadas* in Africa."

"One hand the pen, and one the sword employed."

My reward was banishment, imprisonment, poverty, neglect, and a miserable death in an almshouse. 'Soon after, however,' says the record, 'many epitaphs honoured his memory: the greatness of his merit was universally confessed, and his *Lusiad* was translated into various languages.' 'The whirligig of time brings its revenges,' as your own illustrious Singer saith. How think you myself and my friend VASCO DE GAMA here look upon the fallen state of our beloved native land? In vain he ventured for her. In vain I warningly sang:—

"Chill'd by my nation's cold neglect, thy fires
Glow bold no more, and all thy rage expires.
Shall haughty Gaul or sterner Albion boast
That all the Lusian fame in thee is lost!"

Mr. PUNCH bowed low to the illustrious Poet and the inimitable Explorer. "Greatness," said he, courteously, "claims reverence, and misfortune respect. Your countrymen, Gentlemen, have been rather augry with me of late. But 'sterner Albion' may be proud indeed if she produces such men as GAMA to perform heroic deeds, and such poets as CAMOENS to sing them." The stately Shades saluted. "I wonder," said GAMA, "who will be the Laureate of the later Ulysses, and which of your singers will write the *Epic of Africa*?"

"I fear," said Mr. PUNCH, "that at present they are too busy smiting the Socialistic big drum, or tickling their sonorous native tongue into tinkling triolets. In this Island of Venus——"

"I beg pardon," interrupted STANLEY, with a sardonic smile. "This Island of *Menus*, you mean, Mr. PUNCH!"

Mr. PUNCH looked around. The Acidalian roses and myrtles, the purple lotos and the snowy thorn, the yellow pod-flowers and the waving palms, the vermeil apples and the primrosed banks, of CAMOENS' somewhat zone-confounding vision, had indeed vanished, and in their stead seemed to wave snowy *serviettes*, to flow champagne-streams, to glitter goblets, and to glow orchid-laden *épergnes*.

"Humph!" said the Sage. "The prose of the *Restaurateur*—which by the way sounds as if I were alluding to the literature of the Restoration,—hath insensibly superseded the poesy of the peerless Portuguese. Well, Gentlemen, in vain may 'sterner Albion' glory in the profusion of wealth and the pomp of 'glad repast,' unless also she breeds heroes to adventure and poets to celebrate. As you sang, my CAMOENS—

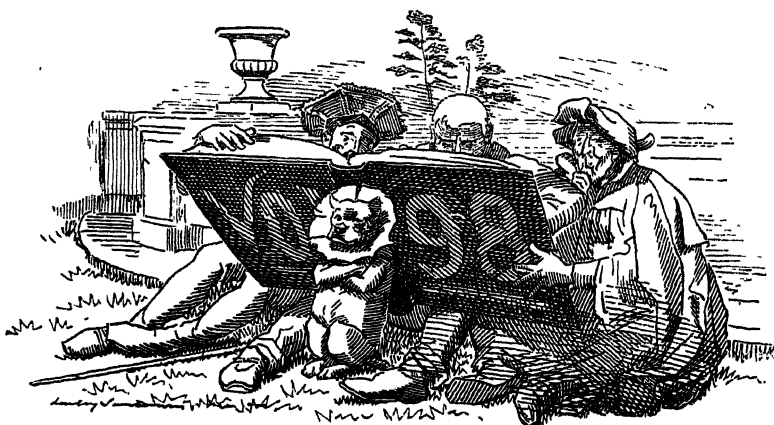
"The King or hero to the Muse unjust,
Sinks as the nameless slave, extinct in dust."

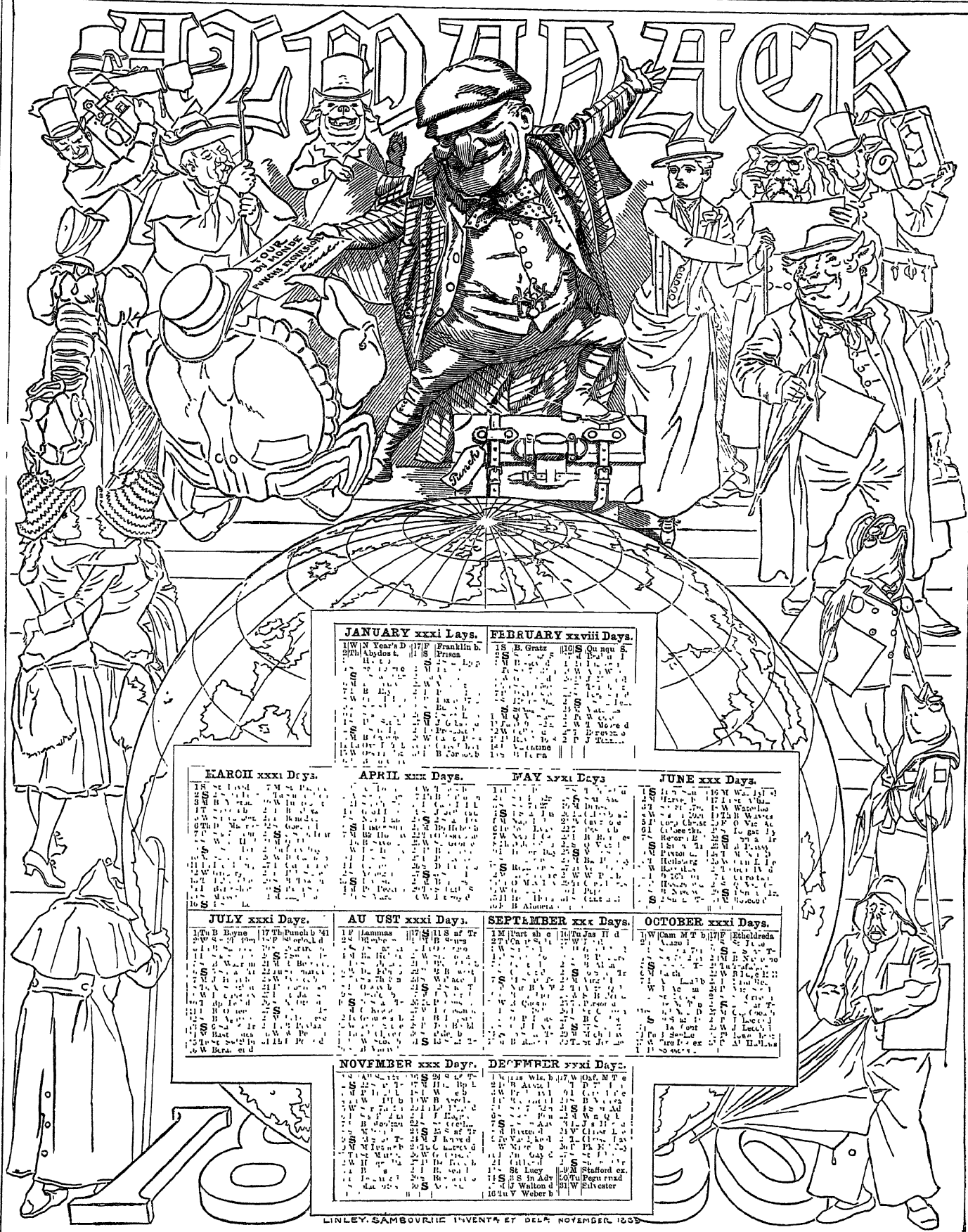
For the present, STANLEY's arm and Mr. PUNCH's pen suffice to save the State from such abasement. But let our timid Premiers and our temporising Press remember the glories of GAMA and CAMOENS, and the fate of ungrateful and indolent Lusitania!"

"The Pen of Mr. PUNCH!" cried CAMOENS. "Ah, long have the valiant Vasco and myself desired to peruse its sparkling and patriotic outpourings."

"And you, my STANLEY," proceeded Mr. PUNCH, "said to the banqueting Fishmongers, 'I am an omnivorous reader whenever an opportunity presents itself.' It presents itself here and now. Take, Illustrious Trio, the greatest gift that even PUNCH can bestow upon you, to wit his

"Ninety-Eighth Volume!"





JANUARY xxxi Days.

1W	2T	3W	4T	5F	6S	7S	8M	9T	10W	11T	12W	13T	14F	15S	16S	17M	18T	19W	20T	21W	22T	23F	24S	25S	26M	27T	28W	29T	30F	31S
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FEBRUARY xxviii Days.

1S	2M	3T	4W	5T	6F	7S	8M	9T	10W	11T	12W	13T	14F	15S	16S	17M	18T	19W	20T	21W	22T	23F	24S	25S	26M	27T	28W
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MARCH xxxi Days.

1S	2M	3T	4W	5T	6F	7S	8M	9T	10W	11T	12W	13T	14F	15S	16S	17M	18T	19W	20T	21W	22T	23F	24S	25S	26M	27T	28W	29T	30F	31S
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APRIL xxx Days.

1W	2T	3W	4T	5F	6S	7S	8M	9T	10W	11T	12W	13T	14F	15S	16S	17M	18T	19W	20T	21W	22T	23F	24S	25S	26M	27T	28W	29T	30F
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MAY xxxi Days.

1T	2W	3T	4W	5T	6F	7S	8M	9T	10W	11T	12W	13T	14F	15S	16S	17M	18T	19W	20T	21W	22T	23F	24S	25S	26M	27T	28W	29T	30F	31S
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JUNE xxx Days.

1S	2M	3T	4W	5T	6F	7S	8M	9T	10W	11T	12W	13T	14F	15S	16S	17M	18T	19W	20T	21W	22T	23F	24S	25S	26M	27T	28W	29T	30F
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JULY xxxi Days.

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AUGUST xxxi Days.

1F	2S	3M	4T	5W	6T	7F	8S	9M	10T	11W	12T	13F	14S	15S	16M	17T	18W	19T	20F	21S	22S	23M	24T	25W	26T	27F	28S	29S	30M	31T
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SEPTEMBER xxx Days.

1M	2T	3W	4T	5F	6S	7S	8M	9T	10W	11T	12W	13T	14F	15S	16S	17M	18T	19W	20T	21W	22T	23F	24S	25S	26M	27T	28W	29T	30F
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OCTOBER xxxi Days.

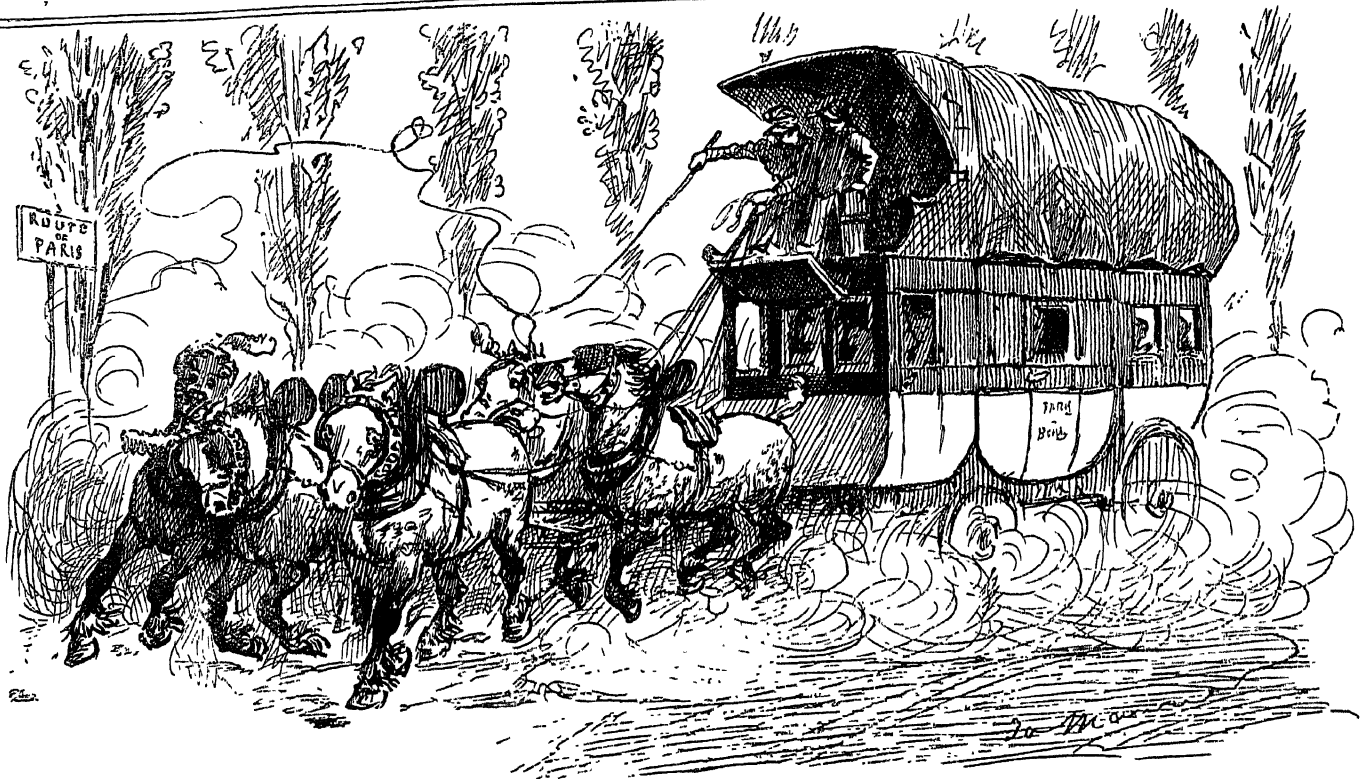
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NOVEMBER xxx Days.

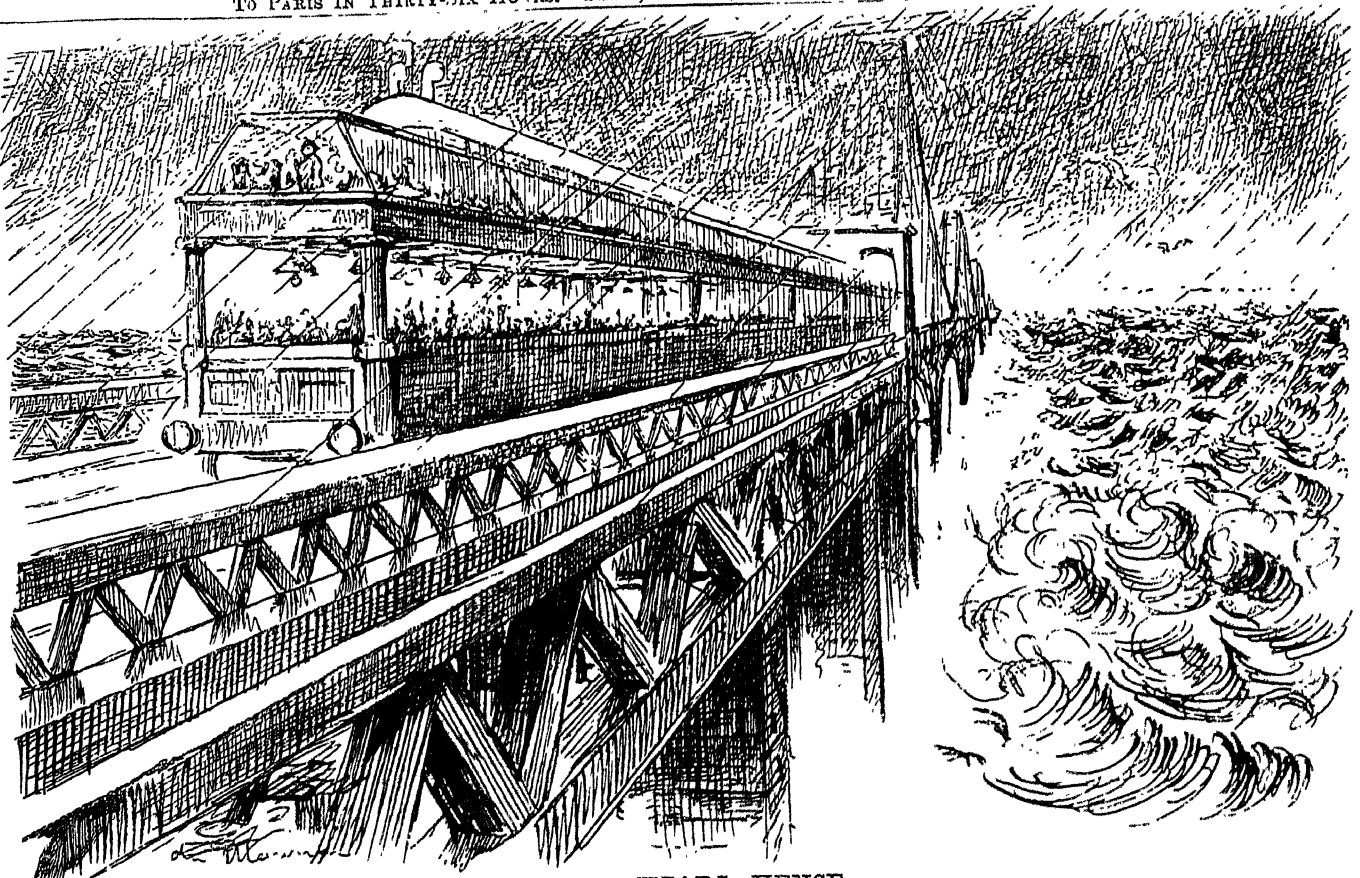
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DECEMBER xxxi Days.

1M	2T	3W	4T	5F	6S	7S	8M	9T	10W	11T	12W	13T	14F	15S	16S	17M	18T	19W	20T	21W	22T	23F	24S	25S	26M	27T	28W	29T	30F	31S
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FIFTY YEARS AGO.
TO PARIS IN THIRTY-SIX HOURS. FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD CLASS GRANDE VITESSE.



FIFTY YEARS HENCE.
FROM LONDON TO PARIS IN—JUST TIME ENOUGH TO ALLOW OF A COMFORTABLE LUNCH AND A QUIET CIGAR ON BOARD THE ELECTRIC
PLATE-GLASS CLUB EXPRESS.

MR. PUNCH'S TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

"MR. PUNCH," said poor old Eighty-Nine, who was growing feebler and feebler, "I am uneasy in my mind."

"Didn't know you had one," replied the Sage. "But what do you want with me?"

"You have been a great comfort to me—a very great comfort. I wish you would do something for my successor."

"What, Young Ninety? Well, I will keep a friendly eye upon him also."

"Yes, do. But I want you to begin at once. Help him through his life, as you have helped me."

"Why, certainly," said *Mr. Punch*, smiling. "All he will have to do will be, to put in an appearance with threepence at 85, Fleet Street, every Wednesday."

"But can't you give him a start off? Why not look round the world, and give him the result of your journey in the Almanack? Let him be remembered in the future as commencing with the Christ-

mas of the 'Extra Extra,' as I shall be recalled in the coming ages as the year in which the *Punch* Staff went to Paris."

"How is it to be done?" asked the Sage.

"How is it to be done?" echoed poor old Eighty-Nine. "Why you have only to wish, and it is done! You know that *your* wishes are those which must be obeyed."

So, to oblige the fast-fading year, *Mr. Punch* wished himself in France. There he was in a moment! He had landed at Dieppe without undergoing the tortures of the steam-boat passage.

On the beach was seated a melancholy-looking tourist, who commenced, as *Mr. Punch* approached him, a weird nautical song, to the accompaniment of a concertina. It ran as follows:—

THE LAY OF THE CHANNEL-PASSAGE SALT.

Ho! Yeho, Boys! Yeho! I'm no craven,

When you set me in face of the sea;

Be it Folkestone—or even New-haven,

That I hail from, it's all one to me;

For I take up my post by the funnel, And I reck not which way the winds blow;

And I scorn thoughts of bridge or of tunnel

As I start, singing Ho, boys! yeho! But who drops a hint about going below?

Why, he'll see I've the knack, boys,
Just like every true Jack, boys,
Of paying my fare with a "Ho, boys! Yeho!"

We have scarcely left port, yet, already,
All my nautical visions grow blurred;

If I move,—well, I feel so unsteady,
That I half wish that I had not stirred.

Weakly smiling, I turn to the steward,
And inquire if he thinks it will blow;

He just gazes to windward and leeward,
And replies, "You'd best get down below."

But no! I'm not thinking of going down below,
Though I'm not easy here,

And I own I feel queer,
I'm equal, as yet, to a modest Yeho!

Well, 'tis over! At truth no use blinking!

Face that passage again? Oh! I daren't!
Through the first half I feared we were sinking,—

Through the second I feared that we weren't!
Though gin, chloral, stout, brandy, and "bitter,"

I tried all in turns, but to find them no go,
Still, in voice for a hospital fitter,

I gave them a plaintive, "Yeho! boys! Yeho!"

For the steward had carried me gently below!

That's the best place, you'll find,

Should you make up your mind,

To shout in Mid-Channel, "Ho! Yeho, boys! Yeho!"

"Bravo!" cried *Mr. Punch*, as the singer finished—"I quite agree with you. But now let me see what else is to be seen on the sands."

It was a gay scene—all the gayer for the delightful weather. *Mr. Punch*, knowing that his wishes must immediately be gratified, had taken care to desire *beau temps en permanence*.

"This is really very charming," murmured the Sage; "and I am not surprised that one of the brightest of my Artists chose it for his holiday resting-place last Summer—and, as I live, there he is! Halloa! Hi! Have you forgotten your old friend?"

"Forgotten you, my dear *Mr. Punch*," said a gentleman of extreme elegance, approaching the Sage. "How could you think of such a thing? Why, you have had proofs of my goodwill every week for the last quarter of a century."

"So I have," returned *Mr. Punch*, heartily, "and have you anything from your portfolio you can show me?"

"What do you think of this?" And he showed him two Gauls, *en costume de bain*.

"What are these?" asked the Sage.

"I will tell you," replied the melancholy-looking tourist, approaching with his concertina. Then, in a soft voice, he sang the following lines, which he called

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

AMID the throng that crowds the I casually met them, [shore And, though I never see them more, I never shall forget them!

Dear Sons of Gaul! The one so sleek And plump, with sea-foam dripping:

The other! Ah! so limp and weak, Scarce equal to a dipping.

But, as they stand together there, Half conscious none can match them,

A sight for the admiring fair!— I seek a phrase to catch them.

And, as one lights his cigarette, Ho! presto! In completeness I feel at last that I have met

With living "Light and Sweetness"!

"Just so," observed *Mr. Punch*. "But I must be off."

"Going to Paris by the train *de l'ouest*? Ah, how different it used to be when our fathers were boys together. Do you remember the old-fashioned diligence? Some day we may travel by train across the sea."

"Well, I have a still easier mode of travelling. I can beat diligence and locomotive with a wish. I want to be in Paris!"

In a moment, the Sage found himself seated under the Tour Eiffel amidst the ruins of the Exhibition. The confusion was indescribable.

"Dear me, I think I've had about enough of this!" said *Mr. Punch*. "I fancy I should like to be in Switzerland."

"Hey presto!" and the Sage was in the home of the picturesque—in the land of *table d'hôtes* of the first order, and of hotel prices on nearly the same altitude as the mountains.

"This is very perfect," observed the Sage to his faithful attendant TOBY growled. "There is nothing needed to complete my happiness."

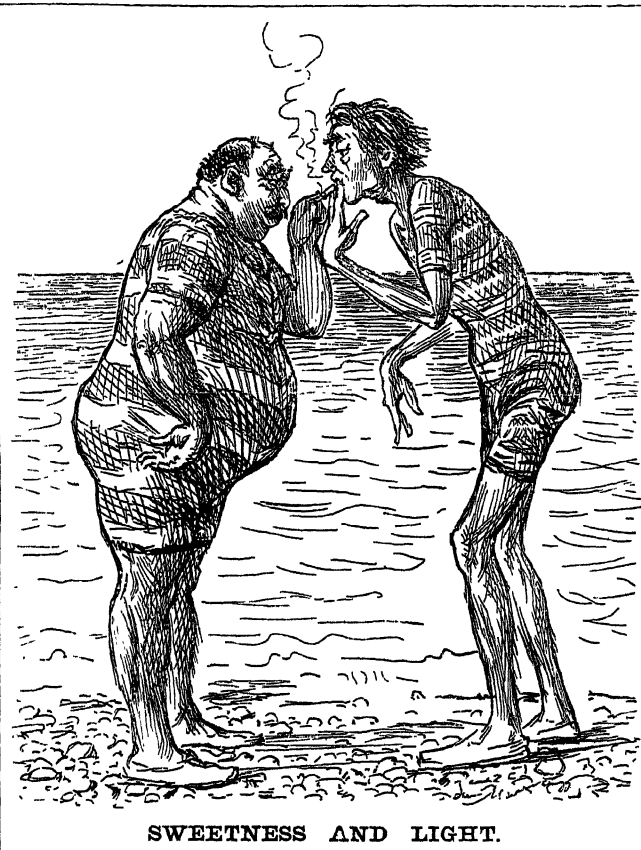
"Except me—'scuse me—except me."

"You! And who may you be?"

"Not know me, *Mr. Punch*? Why, that is a good one!"

Then the First Gentleman in the World, who has appropriated, been called the "pink," not to say the rose (of courtesy), recognise a well-known contributor to his pages. He gave this admirable type of a race that has its exponents in every country under the sun some excellent advice, and suggested that they might part company with mutual advantage.

"My good friend," said *Mr. Punch*, "I am quite aware that you are in the habit of corresponding with an intimate known as 'CHARLIE Oblige me with a duplicate of your next letter, and it shall be immortalised.' It will be seen that *Mr. Punch* has kept his word."



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'ARRY IN SWITZERLAND.

DEAR CHARLIE,—You heard as I'd left good old England agen, I'll be bound.
Not for Parry alone, mate, this time—I've bin doing the Reglar Swiss Round.
Mong Blong, Mare de Glass, and all that, CHARLIE—guess it's a sight you'd enjoy
To see 'ARRY, the Hislington Masher, togged out as a Merry Swiss Boy.

'Tis a bit of a stretch from the "Hangel," a jolly long journey by rail,
But I made myself haffable like; I'd got hup on the toppingest scale;
Shammy-hunter at Ashley's not in it with me, I can tell yer, old chap;
And the way as the passengers stared at me showed I was fair on the rap.

Talk of hups and downs, CHARLIE! North Devon I found pooty steep, as you know,
But wot's Lynton roads to the Halps, or the Torrs to that blessed Young Frow?
I got 'andy with halpenstocks, CHARLIE, and never came much of a spill;
But I think, arter all, that, for comfort, I rayther prefer Primrose 'ill.

But that's *entry nous*, dont cher know; I keep my pecker hup proper out 'ere.
'ARRY never let on to them Swiss as he felt on the swivel.—no fear!
When I slipped down a bloomin' crevassy, I *did* do a bit of a 'owl.
On them glasseers, to keep your foot fair, you want claws, like a cat on the prowl.

Got arf smothered in snow, and no kid, CHARLIE—Guide swore 'twas all my hown fault,
Cos I would dance, and sing *too-ra-li-ety*, arter he'd hordered a halt.
Awful gonophs, them Guides, and no horror; they don't know their place, not a mite,
A-d I'm dashed if this cad didn't laugh (with the rest), 'cos I looked sich a sight.



Father Christmas not in it with me, CHARLIE—sort of big snowball on legs;
And cold, CHARLIE? Flasks was no use, could ha' gurgled neat Irish in kegs.

Still, I wosn't much 'urt, mate, thanks be—only needled a bit in my pride,
And I soon got 'upsides with the party, and fair took it hout of that Guide.

He'd a mash at Chermoooney—neat parcel enough, though in course not *my* style;

Couldn't patter her lingo—wus luck!—but I *could* do the lardy, and smile;

And that Merry Swiss Boy got so jealous, along o' some capers o' mine,
That I'm sure, if he'd twigged arf a chance, he'd a chucked me slap into the Rhine.

Then I tried Shammy-hunting,
old pal, but I didn't make much of a bag,
Stalking curly-orned goats in a country all precipice, hie-hill, and crag,
Might suit Mister MANFRED, it may be—he didn't seem nuts on his life;
But give me rabbit-potting in Devon, where rocks is not edged like a knife.

'Ad a try arter Idlewise, too—sort o' fluffy-leaved, snow-coloured flower—

'All the mugs seem to set heaps o' store by—I sent a bit on to BELL BOWER.

Though *she* would prefer a camelia. BELL calls all them forren gals "cats";
Wonder what she'd ha' said to see me spooning round 'midst short skirts and long plaits!

They'd a bit of a Buy-a-broom flavioir, and seemed a mite wooden to kiss;

But a gal's a gal all the world hover. In Switzerland, 'ARRY, is Swiss.

Yus, the country of Shallys and Shammys is jest a bit trying, no doubt;

But there's larks to be 'ad near Mong Blong, if a party knows what he's about.

'Ad enough on it arter a fortnit, though. Scenery's all mighty fine,

But too much of yer Halpine Club bizness is boko, and not in *my* line.

I remember them Caffys, dear boy, *Roo der Cuire* and the Tower, so, thinks I,

Slippin' 'ome I'll take France on the way, and go in for a bit of a fly.

I done Parry a treat, mate, this time. 'Ad a ride in the Bor der Boolong;

You may see, by the sketch I've inclosed, as I came out perticular strong.

It is honly hus English *can* ride. Frogs ain't in it *ah shore*, yer know. They in fack always fails in *Ler Sport*, though they gives BULL a lead at *Ler Bo*!

L'Horloge ain't arf bad. Snakes! *sich* voices! The cackle and gag, too, fust-rate;

My Parisian pal 'elped me out, but my larf was sometimes a bit late,
And so flummoxed the Frenchies a few; one old chap in blue blouse and cropped hair

Must ha' thought me a walking conundrum, to judge by his thunder-struck stare.

I was togged in strot 'at and striped flannels; I'd 'ad the straight tip from a chum;

I cried, "Beast!"—that's the French for Hangore, quite O. K., though I own it sounds rum.

I gave mouth to the *Pu-ta-ta* chorus, I slapped the Garsong on the back;

And, sez I, "*Say ler jolliest lark, que jay voo pöör kelk tön, that's a fack!*"

Don't fancy he twigged, not percisely. But, lor', them French waiters *is* snide,

With their black Heton jackets, white aprons, and trim "mutton chopper" each side,

At the Caffys, dear boy, 'arter twelve, it's a wonder to see 'em waltz With a tray-full of syrups and strots, with no spillings, and 'ardly a sound.

Bit confusing at fust, the French lingo; their posters an' cetrer looks rum,

And you've got to be fly to their meaning afore you can make the thing hum.

I kep' on button-holing old buffers to find out my way about town,
And sailed briskly along fur as "*Esker*—?" when, 'ang it!—I mostly broke down.



'ARRY ON HORSEBACK.

Esker voo, with a gurgle to follow, don't fetch 'em, these Frenchies, not much;

"*Conny par*" comes a great deal too often, and then a cove feels out of torch.

If you want to make love, find yer way, or keep check on the nuggets you spend,

You must put in the patter O.K., mate, or somehow you come out wrong end.

'Ad a turn at the old *Expersition*, bid one larst good-bye to the Tower,

And chi-iked *lar Rerpoeblich* a bit for her luck in jest keepin' in power.

The Bullanger boom was a fizzle. They say he's mopped out; I dunnow;

But it wouldn't surprise me, my pippin, to see him yet Bossing the Show.

I had met *Mister Punch* at Chermoooney—he also was out on the scoop.

On a Trip Round the World, so he told me. Sez I, "I'll pal on to your troop."

But he gave me a look from his lamps, and somehow I choked off like a shot,

"Take your own line," sez he, "and *my* tip; do not swagger, drink deep, or talk rot!"

Should 'ave like to ha' joined him, in course, but he's *sech* a 'ot 'and at a 'int,

Still he said if I'd send him a letter to you, mate, he'd put it in print.

So look hout for the Halmarack, CHARLIE! You saw my last letter from Parry?

Well this, with some picters, I 'ope will bring similar *kudos* to 'ARRY.

Having disposed of 'ARRY, *Mr. Punch* wished himself in the Celestial Empire. And in China the Sage found himself. Pagodas and pigtails met him on every side.

"Really, not half bad," murmured the Sage, and then, turning to TOBY, he was surprised to find his attached attendant trembling from the tail backwards. "Ah, I see: a Celestial restaurant! No, no; my boy, don't be alarmed. They shan't eat you. If I want any food, it shall be some light refreshment—say a Feast of Lanterns."

"I'm pleased to see you looking so well, Sir," said a portly person, with a remarkably florid complexion, and wearing a suit of well-worn evening clothes, emerging from the restaurant. "I've been waiting for you, Sir, a long time."

"That you have, ROBERT—in the City and elsewhere. But what are you doing in China?"

"It's a long story, *Mr. Punch*; but if you don't mind eating this bird's-nest soup, which isn't bad, though not a patch upon our dear tuttle, I will tell you how I came to leave our glorious Corporation, and got into these outlandish parts."

Mr. Punch bowed, and discarding a pair of chopsticks for a spoon, toyed with the succulent preparation while he listened to

MR. PUNCH'S PANORAMA OF THE YEAR 1889.

PROLOGUE.

Mr. Punch to Toby.



I AM the only Painter without bias,
And Monster Panoramas, my TOBIAS,
Now being quite the order of the day,
I've limned the largest, which I here display;
And, issued in mine Almanack, 'tis clear
'Twill be the Biggest Order of the Year!
'Tis painted in the Highest Art Style—Mine!
Here you perceive the pith of 'Eighty-Nine,
A Year of Grace—and also of disgraces.
Look, TOBY, on this sea of well-known faces!
Mark the familiar eyes, the salient noses!
(The sign of GLADSTONE or the mark of MOSES.)
Kings, Lords and Ladies, Statesmen, Whigs and Tories. [Allegories
No painter of great sprawling
Ever yet packed into so small a compass

So many who've won fame—or raised a rumpus.
A précis of a twelvemonth's work and babble is
This summary of the great *Annus Mirabilis*.
Perpend, TOBIAS. Hand me up the pointer.
Listen, O World! and, Time, thou great disjoiner
Of hearts and epochs, stand awhile at gaze,
Whilst I explore, explain the Mighty Maze,
Which, being made by *Punch*, the Friend of Man,
You may depend is "not without a plan."

Now for the rostrum! Follow my pointer, TOBY, with thy recording pencil. Listen, O World, with ears attent, and eyes "sequacious of the—Truth-teller!" I speak *urbi et orbi*!

First, the newly-elected County Council, Ladies and Gentlemen! RITCHIE's colossal Civic Symposium! "RITCHIE's Folly," some hasty assayers of innovations may have been tempted to term it. But *Punch* is never hasty.

Macbeth at the Lyceum and GLADSTONE in Naples! Later on, "Macbeth" IRVING visits the QUEEN—an honoured guest! The return of the dove—if the Brummagem Bruiser may be likened to the Bird of Peace. All, at any rate, welcome his wife, a true messenger of peace, let us hope, from across the Atlantic flood.

From West to NORTH—the "Nitrate King." Let us trust he'll prove a "True North" to the multitudes who trust him. Next the Teuton Titan on the (Colonial) War-Path! Formidable competitor; but even Titans trip at times, eh, Orion? From BISMARCK asking for Samoa to CHAPLIN "chucking" Protection is a transit. Big 'uns both—of a sort! But BOULANGER, the pseudo-great General Boum, coming a cropper! *Guarda, e passa!*

The ingenious Japs at a new work of Art—scarcely native this time. We'll hope their "New Constitution" may shape as well as their cabinets, and wear better than their looks and keys. Pantomime child-peris turned out—*pro tem.*, thanks be—of their Stage Paradise. "See me reverse!"

Two openings,—Parliament and the Parnell Commission. And then—sinister sequel to the latter!—the flight of the pitiful PIGOTT. A far pleasanter picture is the return of generous D'AUMALE to Chantilly. Scarcely less agreeable, to lovers of peace and of France, is the flight of the blatant firebrand BOULANGER. Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest!

Big brave boys these American Base-Ball players. Game may be acclimatised here, but *they* evidently thought our "climate" against them, and with reason. Loss of the *Sultan*.—not the PADISHAH himself, worse luck! He would be no loss. Cambridge winning "the classic race"! Bravo, Light Blue! Who mutters demur! Ah! you are a brunette, though a "fair" one, my dear, so *Punch* pardons you. The sight of your Gracious QUEEN enjoying her Royal self in Portugal, will, perhaps, put you in a better temper. Miss.

Two bad endings! Abolition of the Board of Works, and abdication of King MILAN of Servia. Both can be well spared. But BRIGHT, brave belligerent JOHN, true, tenacious, trenchant,—no, we could ill spare him. What, *Punch* wonders, would the fighting Apostle of Peace have said of the "Naval Defence Bill" hard by? Well, we know what the Country said of it. And the escape of that

Kane-Captained Rennie-engined *Calliope*.—England has not forgotten that yet, if the Admiralty has.

Opening of the Great—the Colossal, the Titanic, the World-witching, Republic-saving French Exhibition! As "Big" a thing as—as the Tour Eiffel itself! Can even *Mr. Punch* say more? It must have a paragraph all to itself. Well done, LUTETIA! Well may you *pro tem.* at least, kick out politics.

SANDY "takes the floor," and his "Scotch Local Government Bill!" Hope he'll like it. He generally does like big things, be they Bills or Cabers! Better anyhow than PADDY relishes "BALFOUR's Battering-Ram," which comes next. And then, Gentlemen, the match at Brummagem between those two political pugilists. CHURCHILL and CHAMBERLAIN! Fight unfinished, result as yet uncertain. National Portrait Gallery to be fitly housed at last. Then the picture takes us "across the herring-pond" to the great Washington Centenary. Four Millions more money for Ships, the opening of the Opera Season, the raising of the Rates; all matters of interest, painful or otherwise, to most of you, Gentlemen.

Abandonment of the Sugar Bill! Not one of the much-talked-of "sweets of office" this, eh? Ask BARON DE WORMS! Raid on the Betting Clubs! But the great Demon of Gambling, like the objects of the great Curse in Ingoldsby, "never" seems "one penny the worse." Opening of the Spanish Exhibition. Equipment of our Volunteers. Bravo, Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD!

The Johnstown Floods. Gentlemen; too terrible to talk lightly of. Here is symbolised the discreditable Parachute Mania, which was a disagreeable feature of the dead year. May it die therewith! I hear a stir, a silken amongst my fair auditors. Yes, Ladies, the Marriage of the lucky Duke of PORTLAND, lucky, as I said at the time, with both Bridal and Bridle. Another Dropped Bill, Gentlemen; this time the Land Transfer Bill, "knocked out" in the Lords by the "Sluggers" of Legal Privilege. Westward Ho! goes the ubiquitous, inexhaustible G. O. M. on party thoughts intent; whilst near him is shadowed forth the rise of that Irreconcilable, Socialistic new "Fourth Party," the avowed purposes of which probably sometimes "give him pause."

Great Show of the "Humorists in Art." Hope you all went to see it. If you didn't, 'twas your loss. Then—strange juxtaposition!—the Great Turf Libel Case! Can one "libel" the Turf! *Mr. Punch* wonders. Anyhow, "Donovan"—that Lucky Duke again!—wins the Derby. "Donovan" was evidently "on the job," not "out for an airing," eh? Visit of the SHAH of Persia. You will not want me to say anything more about that threshed-out subject. The Labour Congress in Switzerland was less talked of, but probably quite as important, whilst the appointment of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY as President of the Royal Agricultural Society is of even greater home-interest.

Next comes the Great Event of the Year! *Mr. Punch's* Visit to the Paris Exhibition, already celebrated by him in proper time and shape! You all of you have its record, of course. If not—get it!!! That Balloon bore a happy party, and needed no parachute.

The Delagoa Bay Railway business, *Mr. Punch's* pictorial comment on which so infuriated mischievous Master PORTUGAL! The White-chapel Woe! Not a matter for words. Gentlemen, but deeds.

Hooray! Another Royal Marriage! The Wedding March, with a FIVE accompaniment! And—quite "in a concatenation accordingly," though at t'other side of Panorama—the Golden Wedding of the G. O. M. Prospect and retrospect, both pleasant. Was it the tender association of sympathy which made the G. O. M. so eloquent in favour of the Royal Grants? Who knows? Anyhow, his more rampant "followers"—LABBY among them—would have liked, for the moment, to "muzzle" the "old man eloquent"—as MONRO did the London dogs. The Naval Review, and the German Emperor's brief visit, "synchronised," as the saps say; and then, as another "Big Thing," they made CHAPLIN Minister of Agriculture! "Capping the Climax," that! Hard-by another Great—or Big—Man, hews away at the Tithes Bill. Go it, HARCOURT!

Following the example of another *really* Great Man, Mr. GLADSTONE goes to Paris, sees the Exhibition, mounts the Eiffel Tower, perorates pleasantly about the Two Republics, France and America. Or should we say, America and France! *Arades ambo!* And the G. O. M. orating on them was *very* Arcadian indeed.

The miserable Maybrick Case calls for no comment here. The Great Strike does. Memorable event, Ladies and Gentlemen, which—as Truthful THOMAS would say—"will have results." Ecclesiastical dress for ladies may interest the more "dressy" portion of my audience—or may not. The French Elections. *Mr. Punch* congratulates *Madame La République* whom primarily the Exhibitors, and secondarily the Urns, saved from chaos and General Boum-BOULANGER! BALFOUR's little *fauve pas*, in connection with an Irish University. That fish won't bite! "OUTDANOS" on the Triple Alliance! Outis—the Ulysses of Liberalism—defying the huge Polyphemus of Continental Despotism. So perhaps he, the Homer-lover, would picture it. Polyphemus may have a different opinion, perchance.

Railways in China! Ah! *Mr. Punch* thinks he has heard of that before. He hopes it may be true this time: though, to the Mandarin, the Locomotive is a Bogey, and the Line sacrilege. Arab advance on Suakin! Neither is *that* a novel item of news! Gallantly repelled this time, though, and partly, at least, by native valour. A good omen!

Trials at Maryborough, consequent on the lamentable Gweedore evictions, and yet more lamentable crime attending them. When will *this* sort of thing be wiped out of the panorama of the year?

Raid of the egregious McDUGALL, compound, apparently, of *Bottom* and *Paul Pry*. Well, all's well that ends well, eh, "Mister" ROSEBERRY? Glad, anyhow, you are to boss the London County Council yet a little longer. You may be counted on to minimise the McDUGALL element.

Greek Royal Wedding. Rare year this for what may be called Splendid Splices! Royal Princes, Princesses, and lucky Dukes well to the fore! As a set-off—alas!—*Mr. Punch's* Panorama has reluctantly, and delicately, to record many lamented deceases of great, or worthy, or well-beloved ones. Poor Crown Prince RUDOLPH, stout and eloquent JOHN BRIGHT, quaint and clever PELLEGRINI, the *Vanity Fair* Caricaturist, Lady HOLLAND, of politico-social fame, WILKIE COLLINS, the master of ingeniously Sensational Romance; and last, but, to *Mr. Punch* and his young men certainly not least, PERCIVAL LEIGH, of *Comic Latin Grammar*, and *Mr. Pips's Diary* fame—to the world, and, to his private friends, "dear old Professor," of pleasant and unfading memory.

Royal Globe-trotters again? The German Emperor visits Constantinople, and hob-nobs with the SULTAN; the Prince of WALES is off to Egypt, where, perhaps, he hob-nobs with Father Nile. Thence returning, *Punch* hopes, happy, and with renewed stores of sturdy health!

Yet later in the year come two Big Shows, the Lord Mayor's to wit, with pretty reproductions of old English dresses and disportings, and that of the evergreen P. T. BARNUM, with—well—with everything in the marvel line, if *Mr. Punch* may trust PHINEAS's posters.

The Public, anyhow, may trust *Mr. Punch's*! By such a Panoramic Poster even the Great Showman will admit himself outdone.

That is all, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the present. *Mr. Punch*, in conclusion, wishes you all a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year!



N 22nd of February Session opened; date unusually late, but then remember our Autumn Session of previous year brought us up to Christmas Eve. CHARLES LAMB, arriving at office late in the morning, pleaded that he made up for it by going away early. House, going away late, returns little later. Very modest Ministerial Programme to commence with. How it has been carried out has been told from day to day with graphic minuteness and uncompromising fidelity by *Mr. Punch's* humble, but respected companion. "The Diary of TOBY, M.P.," follows the British flag. It is read everywhere—

ly the pathless ice-floes of Canada, through the length of North and South America, in the cities of Australia, by the watch-fires of the Squatters, on Greenland's icy mountains, and eke on India's coral strand; where *Punch* appears weekly on the bookstalls, price threepence. It will, therefore, not be necessary to go much into detail, a brief summary sufficing.

At the outset GEORGIE HAMILTON promises Bill to strengthen Navy; LORD ADVOCATE mentions Scotch Universities Bill, with Scotch Local Government Bill to follow. PARNELL puts in early appearance, challenging BALFOUR, amid wild cheers from Irish Members, to explain why CAREW, M.P., at present in prison, had been deprived not only of his flannel shirt, but of his hair and moustache?

Debate on Address turns largely on Irish affairs. Suddenly, in full tide of attack, comes news of flight of PIGOTT. For awhile PIGOTT's presence fills the place; his name thrown at BALFOUR whenever he

risers; cries of "PIGOTT!" punctuate Ministerial replies. Nevertheless, JOHN MORLEY'S Amendment to Address negatived by 339 to against 260; Address being finally carried without a division.

GEORGIE HAMILTON got on early with his scheme for strengthening the Navy. Twenty-one-and-a-half millions asked for, adding seven ships to British Navy. Not all to be built at once; whole scheme be accomplished by April, 1894. Bill, debated three several nights finally passed. In accordance with pledge given last Session, Supply put in fore-front of business. House sat night after night, sometimes voting money, always talking. All kinds of questions came up Supply; treatment of Irish prisoners; Ministers' alleged connivance with *Times*; above all, PIGOTT, by this time, huddled up in suicide grave at Madrid. Special attack made on ATTORNEY-GENERAL his professional connection with the *Times* case. HARCOURT attack, CHARLES RUSSELL taking notable part in it. But his frier stuck to him through thick and thin, and Vote of Censure defeated by large majority.

On 28th of March, came news of death of JOHN BRIGHT; fell in oil on troubled waters. OLD MORALITY bore testimony to his worth GLADSTONE pronounced a splendid eulogy; HARTINGTON added postscript; JUSTIN MCCARTHY spoke for Ireland; and CHAMBERLAIN rising to height of occasion, informed the House, that Birmingham had never allowed the Statesman they mourned to pay any of subscriptions ordinarily exacted from a Borough Member. The after the House went on with its ordinary business.

On 16th of April, GOSCHEN introduced Budget in smallest Ho gathered in similar circumstances for many years. Both ends met to meet by increase of Death Duties, and a little tinkering of Malt Duty. About this time, the "NOBLE BARON," began to lo on horizon with his Sugar Bounties Convention. Much time was through remainder of Session over this matter. Government st gallantly by "NOBLE BARON;" in the end, amid the jeers Opposition, Sugar Bounties Bill withdrawn to avoid Ministerial defeat.

On 14th of May, OLD MORALITY brought in Bill to establish Bo of Agriculture for Great Britain, a measure which, happily passed has dowered the country with CHAPLIN as Minister of Agriculture.

Early in July, came on proposal to make provision for eldest Son of PRINCE OF WALES. Manifestations of opposition induced Government to present the matter in modified form of Motion appointment of Select Committee to consider the whole question provision for Members of Royal Family. This agreed to, after debate in which SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE came to the front, kept his place throughout subsequent proceedings. Great efforts made to buy off opposition of this incorruptible person; hesitated for a moment, when position of Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household dangled before his eyes. Principal public duty of Treasurer, is bring in gracious replies from the Throne to Addresses from faithful Commons. In his mind's eye, SAGE saw himself in Windsor uniform with gold stripe adown trouser-leg, leaning lightly on white wainscot office, as he stood at the Bar of the House awaiting the SPEAKER's signal to bring up gracious reply. For a moment he faltered, only for a moment. "No," he said, "England expects every man to do his duty, and LABBY will not disappoint expectation;" and went straight off and put down five fresh Amendments. This, published for the first time, is authentic.

These debates on the Royal Grants were, perhaps, the most animated of Session. Vote for Royal Family of course granted, but in minority of 116. GLADSTONE supported Government marching into Lobby against large majority of his own followers who turned aside with the Incorruptible SAGE. Oddest thing was to behold Irish Members voting with the Court Party—JOS GILLIS going out shoulder to shoulder with ARTHUR BALFOUR, TAY PAY hobnobbing with OLD MORALITY.

After this the Session languished. OLD MORALITY expedited business by announcing that no fresh measures of importance would be taken. Members began to clear out, and early close of Session seemed imminent. But, towards end of July, when everybody thought business would be wound up, the Tithes Bill brought in, and stubbornly pressed. A difficult position for the Government. Bill hotly opposed by Liberals, and not loved by Conservatives. GRAY, Conservative Member for Maldon, moved crucial Amendment, which was negatived only by critical majority of four in a House of 286 Members. Nevertheless Government still stuck to framework of Bill. ATTORNEY-GENERAL tabled batch of Amendments which transmogrified Measure. On 16th of August House faced by practically new Tithes. This made matters no better. Liberals mollified, Conservatives ar Next day, amid storm of jeering, borne with characteristic calm by OLD MORALITY, he withdrew the Measure.

After this it was all over, even the shouting, and on the very day of August the Session of 1889 came to a close. Its final hours, otherwise peaceful, were fluttered by promise of a Measure ending an Irish University, whereat there was much spluttering in political circles.

HYPNOTISM—A MODERN PARISIAN ROMANCE. (In Four Chapters.)



American Billionairess. "M. LE DOCTEUR, I SEE THE DUC DE SEPT-CADRANS IS A PATIENT OF YOURS. I WANT HIM TO PROPOSE TO MY DAUGHTER. A—ANY FEE THAT—A—" *Professor of Hypnotism.* "MADAM, I WILL YPNOTISE M. LE DUC. VE SHALL SEE!"



"SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU AGAIN SO SOON, MONSIEUR? BUT MY DAUGHTER DECLARES SHE WON'T ACCEPT M. LE DUC, JUST BECAUSE HE'S A HUNCHBACK, AN IDIOT, AND A PAUPER!" "MADAM, LEAVE IT TO ME. I WILL YPNOTISE ALSO YOUR DAUGHTER!"



THE AMERICAN BILLIONAIRESS BECOMES MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE SEPT-CADRANS. SHE AND HER HUSBAND ARE HAPPY, ALTHOUGH SHE HAS NO MONEY, AND THERE IS NO SUCH DUKEDOM AS SEPT-CADRANS, FOR THEY HAVE NOT YET LOST THEIR ILLUSIONS ABOUT EACH OTHER.



AND HER LOVELY DAUGHTER IS NOW THE PROUD AND ADORING WIFE OF THE GREAT HYPNOTIC SCIENTIST, WHO THEREBY BECOMES AN AMERICAN BILLIONAIRE. THEY MOVE IN THE SMARTEST SOCIETY IN PARIS, AND MANAGE TO DO A GREAT DEAL OF GOOD.





MR. PUNCH'S PANORAMA OF THE YEAR 1889.

MR. PUNCH'S FOUR PRIZE MIDDLE-CLASS WIVES.



MR. PUNCH LEFT MRS. JONES PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS WITH MR. JONES—THAT THE LITTLE JONES MIGHT BE SOUND IN WIND AND LIMB.



HE FOUND MADAME DUBOIS KEEPING MONSIEUR DUBOIS' I IN ORDER THAT HE MAY PROSPER AND GROW RICH, AND SP EXTRA CLERK.



HE FOUND FRAU MÜLLER COOKING SAUERKRAUT AND SAUSAGES—THAT HERR MÜLLER SHOULD EAT OF THE BEST AND CHEAPEST AND MOST DIGESTIBLE.



HE FOUND MRS. VAN TRUMP READING BROWNING AND H SPENCER—TO BE AN INTELLECTUAL COMPANION FOR GEORGE TRUMP, AND HIS ENGLISH FRIENDS.

ROBERT'S STORY ABOUT CHINA.



2 chop-sticks, as they calls 'em, I hadsum d i f f i - culty in heating it. They t h e n

brort me some stewed sumthink, which was that oily that I didn't heat much of it. I ardy xpects to be

bleeved when I says that we had no tabel-cloth or tabel-napkins, but we each had a peace of common brown paper at the side of our plates, with which we all wiped our messy chop-sticks, and our oily mouths. The dux was werry good, so I had about harf a one. The Puppy Dog looked much like a Sucking Pig, but even the strong hunion sauce didn't hide the parfume enuff for me to be able to taste it. The wine wasn't anythink werry grand, but, what it wanted in flavor, it made up in strength, and many a eye began for to twinkle afore the dinner was over; and, judging from what I saw then, and at other times, I should think about the most commical hobjeck on earth is a drunken Chinyman. I was arterwards told that the propper place to get dogs and cats for dinner was in Jack-Poo-Kow. The idear of calling such horrid filth Kow, made me suspishus, so I found the place out, and, who should I see oppersite the winder where the dead dogs and cats is hung up to dry, but your own dog

HE fact is, Sir, that I had got quite tired of hearing Gents all a grumbling at allers having the same kind of wittels at their Citty Bankwets: so I thort as I woud jest take a run hover here, jest to see what they had to hoffer by way of change; and so here I am, on my voyage of dishoovery.

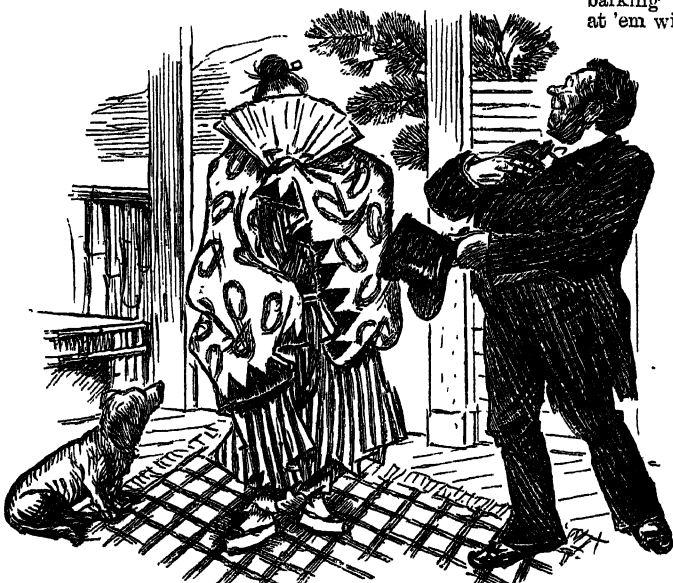
I passes over that woyage, and my many blunders in trying to make myself hunderstood by the hignerent natives, and at once goes in to describe what was of coarse most hintresting to me, namely, the dinners. I dined wun day at the Shing-Cully Otel, which is a fust-class consern. I was told as all the Swells dined at the top of the house; so hup stairs I went, and sat myself down at a large tabel, with about 30 Chinese Gents, all drest in their riduklus kostoom of Jackets and pettycotes. They all stared at me as if I was sumthink werry strange, tho' drest in my ushal full hevening dress, with white choker. We only had 1 Maynoo for all of us, and had to chuse our Dishes, so I chose Birds'-nest Soup, Sharks' fins, as they hadn't got no Turbot, lots of frute, and Roast Puppy! We began with frute: but, before we ate any, we all took wine with one another! The Birds'-nest Soup must have been werry carefooly strained, for there wasn't not no twigs nor bits of straw, het setterer, in it. The Sharks' fins wasn't at all bad, but, as we wasn't allowd no knives or forks, but only



TOBY! a barking at 'em with such hindignashun that I werrily bleeves that one word of incur-

agement from me woud have made him rush into the restaurant, and ewen praps attack the Hed Waiter! However, I perswaded him to leave the horrid place, and go home with me; but, on our way, we came to another of them, where a black cat was hanging up, when in TOBY rushed, and, siezing it in his mouth, brort it out to me, and tore it lim from lim! Out came the Master, and 2 of his Waiters, and, little knowing who I was, seized me, and dragged me into the shop, and demanded 100 sents, or four shillings, for the black cat's body, and tuppence for its pair of eyes, which, it seems, are considerd a speshal lukshury? TOBY, insted of looking ashamed of hisself for his shamefool conduct, trotted by my side, barking away, and looking as prowd as a Lord Mare's Coachman, till I lost him in the crowd.

I called one day by appointment upon a sillibrated Mandereen with 3 tales, who must therefore have bin a heminent swell. He was not a tome, but the servents showed me into a room where a most bewtiful Chinese Lady was a-lying on a Sofhy, with such darling little tootsy putsys as I never seed afore, and which I shood think woud suttently prewent her from ever warking like a Cristian Lady. She wore all her bewtiful hare brushed off her bewtiful face as if she wanted it all to grow backards. I warked boldly up to her and sed, "Mandareeny tomy tomy" to which she replied, "Ching-Ching-Changy-Wangy!" Not quite undstanding a word she said, I was about to take my leave by saying, "Boww! Woww!" when she got off the Sofhy and hobbling along to the door, placed herself against it, and patting my estonished cheeks said, "Oh, how nicey picey!" I was that estonished that I thort I shood have fainted, and ewen TOBY, who I had took with me, stared at her with both his eyes, speshally when she



put up her fan, when presently the door was forced open from the howtside, and who shood henter but the three-tailed Mandareen hisself!

He looked fust at the bewtiful Lady, and then at me, and then, harf drooring his grate big sword, and sounding the Gong most wierlently, in rushed about ½ a dozen servants. and. after some most angry words of Chinese gibberish from their master, they all siezed me and dragged me to another room, where they took off both my boots and my stockings and laying me down on the flore, tho I had all my best clothes onn, they beat both my souls and my eels with sticks till I skreamed for mersy!

They then left me. I was that hurt both in my feet and my feelinx that I didn't kno what on airth to do. When presently in came one of them quite quietly and said in a whisper: "I spikes ze Inglesh. pore feller! and if you have sum munny I can get you what you calls a sub-sty-tooty for the rest of your punnishment." "How much will it be?" says I. "About 10,000 Cash?" says he. "10,000 Cash!" says I. "It's only 2 pound ten of your munny," says he. So, feeling as I shood suddenly die if I had to go through the same tortur again, I gave him the munny, and sure enuff he soon returned with a pore seedy-looking Chinaman who took my place, and my new friend took me out of the house by the back-door, and off I set and got home without hinterpupshun!

As soon as my feet got well I went to a verry sillybrated Phizzy-gonomist, I thinks they calls 'em, to have my fortun told. He verry kindly sed that my large mouth and chin, and my furm nose, and my large neck, was all most faverable sines; but added, as he was sorry to have to say, that as my eyes was not long ones, and had no large pewpils, I must most suddenly have a grate natteral taste for picking and stealing! Whether sich a revelation was worth fifteen sents, or 7½d., I must leave you, Sir, to determine; all I can say is, that I thort it dear at the munny.

I bort wun day a most bewtiful Chinese rapper, and I used offen to go and sit on the steps leading to wun of their little tempels, with



my air verry nicely drest by a air-dresser, and there, with TOBY by my side, I used to sit and receive the respecfool atenshuns of the estonished parsers-by.

One of the prinssiple emusements of the hupper nobillerty is the flying of most bewtiful kites! I have heard of the same thing being dun in the great City of London, but I never seed it. I bleeves in both cases the kites is made of paper. Everybody smokes in China, Men and Women and Boys and Gals. Sum of the men has baccy-pipes so long that they uses them as Warking-Sticks!

I was rayther surprised to find as they warships the Griffin, jest such a wun as we has on the top of Tempel Bar, but which our peepel, as you kno, don't warship, not by no means. But the Chinese in their dense hignerence calls it a Dragon!

In short, Sir, I arives at the conclushun that the Chinese is about the rummest lot of people in the hole world, and anybody as wants plenty of fun had better cum here at wunce, but not stay long, and don't heat dogs or cats, or wisit Mandereen's Wives.

"Thank you, very much," said *Mr. Punch*, when ROBERT had finished speaking, "but I am afraid I can stay with you no longer. I wish to pay a flying visit to the Colonies. But first I must show Mr. STANLEY that great Discoverer though he may be, I can yet over-explore him!" Then, accompanied by his faithful TOBY, he wished that they should be in Central Africa. Urged by his companion, in that instance, he took some copious notes. He preserved them, and they are thus able to be embodied in this veracious chronicle.

MR. PUNCH AND TOBY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.



TRUGGLE through the jungle; hardships beginning. Black-legs, engaged owing to strike amongst *Dokkas*, or native porters, fast dwindling, owing to energetic picketing with poisoned arrows from behind trees by small brown dwarfs. Pursued one, and after boxing his ears severely, dismissed him with threat of telling his mother. Jungle almost impassable. All heavier baggage sent on to Central Africa by Parcels Delivery. After four days' wandering, the Lady Guide, who had been represented as "thoroughly conversant with the district," began to cry and said she had

lost the path. Dismissed her on the spot, paying her return fare, though under no legal obligation to do so. Really too ridiculous to attempt to conduct a party through the Dark Continent with nothing but an ordnance map of Epping Forest! Long and fruitless search for track; fortunately, just as despair reached climax, met a *Koppah* (or native policeman) and asked him—turned out to be only just round the corner.

On the main road again; Passed a native caravan of nomad *Djipsis*. Bought a hearth-brush and door-mat. At mid-day, took the sun with portable camera. Sun moved and spoilt negative. Made some observations.

Reached native village—N'yutoihigama. Much struck by native method of ascending palms for cocoa-nuts, carrying letters, wrestling, &c. Visited King MAHBUL of Pigzinklovaland. Much interested by efforts of King with his three favourite wives, all under influence of *Pembé* or palm-beer, to roll into royal kraal.

On again; progress obstructed by the *Nekkids* of Nuffintowara, who seemed bent on giving battle. Sent messenger to King with present of shirt-studs, after which allowed to pass unharmed. Further on, stopped by band of *Grimi-Grubbas*, who evidently meant being nasty. Called to them pleasantly in native tongue, "*Cheke-bobo-nangu-janzi-teorali?*" (Good-morning, have you used Scours' Soap?) Found they hadn't, and presented them with a packet, also with brushes and other articles of the toilette, of which they were in great need.

Came to open space near N'yumarkiti. Saw some *Darkorsis* running in and out of brushwood in highly suspicious manner. Found on inquiry that they were only "out for an airing" not "on the job." Much relieved. Conference with King M'orra of the Wezijiji tribe; trumpets sounded as soon as he was done.

Discovered large river of colour of strong green tea. Named it the Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Entered territory of the Rumboozi people. Their king, MOPZANBRUMZI, offering his services as guide. MOPZANBRUMZI most cordial, but much too drunk to be of any material assistance. Once powerful intellect now, alas! degraded. Made a long speech in the Ikkupi dialect—quite unintelligible. MOPZANBRUMZI presented with a small tin of Royal Mail Red Paint, with which, when the expedition left, he was proceeding to decorate the vicinity.

On the lagoon. An adventure befell TOBY, which, but for prompt action, might have had fatal termination; TOBY mistook open mouth of hippopotamus for drain, and rushed down in search of rat. Hippopotamus closed mouth, with expression intimating plainly that "No contributions can be returned unless accompanied by stamps and directed wrapper." TOBY's barking inside fainter. At length remembered having brought Report of Parnell Commission for private reading. Read Report to Hippopotamus slowly, until symptoms of weariness observable in huge pachydem. Read on, and hippopotamus yawned; whereupon whistled to TOBY, who ran up, not much the worse, except that frill had lost every vestige of colour.

Engaged native interpreter, as no conversation-manuals published for countries in this district. Excellent fellow—clean, strictly honest, total abstainer; only one blemish—not discovered till later—a bit of a cannibal when he got the chance. Sent him on to announce our arrival to the Dilli-dillis, but found none in the neighbourhood when we came up—only some things which he said were fossils. Made no comment, but resolved to send them to Professor HUXLEY, and see what his opinion is.

Among the Bong Booshis; despatched Cannibal Interpreter to re-



port; he returned, wiping his mouth, and announcing that they were "most agreeable, excellent, good people."

Could not understand why they all hid underground at our approach, and why the King so persistently sent word that he was not at home. Told Interpreter that, in our opinion, he was a little deficient in tact. Sent him to treat with a native chief, called PHATTI, and had the mortification this time of surprising him *in the act*; no denial possible—he had his mouth full at the time! Told him that, if this occurred *again*, we should be exceedingly annoyed. Cannibal Interpreter penitent; lent him tract, *Why I Became a Vegetarian*, over which he shed tears.

Came to the M'yusikauli District. King LESSI came to meet us, and offered Mr. Punch a free pass over his domains. In the evening a grand performance, partly in our honour, partly to celebrate recent triumph over the G'yudi-g'yudis, who, under their chief MAKDOOGALLA, had been waging war



against the M'yusi-kaulis on the pretext that they were assuming an offensive demeanour. Heard afterwards that both sides claimed victory, but truce declared for a year. Performance magnificent—but much too long. Native dances by *Ihika* girls in pairs. *Tserikomiks* and *Tsongandanzas* also gave curious exhibitions of their powers. *Hackiribats* and *Kunjerars* (or native magicians) performed. A wild, weird, lurid scene, strange and fascinating—but a trifle slow.

In Ugoweh; met some Gitalongdo girls, but could not succeed in persuading them to enter into conversation.

On the River; saw *Krús* practicing in long canoes, and got out of their way. Descended cataracts; shot several rapids, and sent them home to be stuffed.

Came to Desert, and hired camel to go across on, (N.B. These animals are styled "Back-tryin"—which they are) Only eighteen-pence an hour, which would have been reasonable enough, but

quite impossible to sit out more than nine-penn'orth. Decided to take an ostrich for remainder of journey. Softer to sit. Ostrich a failure; ran for five hours in a circle, at express speed, and then suddenly turned shy, and buried its head in sand, without the slightest notice; foolish habit for any bird to acquire. Determined to try a quagga—quagga tried me, and very soon found me wanting. A quagga is a brute to buck! After all, came back to my old wooden mount—spot better than stripes, any day.

In the Jungle again. Discovered Colony of Highly-educated Anthropoid Apes. Lent them some copies of *Punch*, which are indispensable to all African travellers. Apes delighted—one large gorilla quite hysterical with laughter. Much gratified—till discovery that it was the advertisements which amused them most. Sense of humour of apes much exaggerated.

Reached the Kit'drumma District. Natives hostile at first; war-drums sounded incessantly. Fortunately fond of music, so easily pacified them by playing selection from "*Tannhäuser*," arranged for drum and panpipes by LISZT. TOBY taking violent fancy to a "*Spottiduff*," or native dog, *Spottiduff* vanishing mysteriously shortly before dinner; find this animal considered a great dainty in this locality. TOBY inconsolable.

Among the Ustingis. Received with great ceremony by their king—CHESIPARA. Palm wine (corked) handed round in liqueur glasses. Dinner beastly. CHESIPARA saying repeatedly that he "made no stranger of me"—he will, though, for the future. Exchange of presents. Gave CHESIPARA a silver-mounted dressing case (bankrupt stock—a bargain), a handsome coloured supplement, *Muzzer's Darling* (given away with Christmas Number of *Timon*), a microscope (object-lens missing—but he'll never miss it), a plated fish-slice, and a pair of nut-crackers. CHESIPARA, after a good deal of parade, presented me with a bunch of very indifferent bananas, and a brass collar, belonging to one of his wives, whom he had killed on purpose! Told him, with much emotion, that I should never forget it.

Reached the Centre of Africa; found that luggage had not been forwarded after all! Had to borrow a clean shirt from Kollamangel chief, promised to return it on arrival at Coast. Difficulty with TIPPOO-TIP of the Blackmañlas, who refused to allow Mr. *Punch* to pass without tribute. Pacified him with palm butter and reached coast without further incident.

After leaving TIPPOO-TIP, he continued his journey through the Colonies. Now he was taking tiffin in Calcutta, and a few minutes later found everyone asleep at Montreal. Christmas seemed to him to be being kept in Melbourne in the most sultry weather, and New Year's Day in Cape Colony was observed as a Midsummer festival. He had a general impression of constant change and constant improvement. The spirit of the mighty English Race seemed to be falling upon the world like a ray of glorious sunshine. This ray of light was continually increasing and beating back the darkness. And, as the Sage travelled through the air, he found everywhere content. It mattered not who the natives might be, they had but one flag, the Union Jack, one sovereign, the Empress-Queen VICTORIA! "Rule BRITANNIA!" cried Mr. *Punch*, enthusiastically. "But for all that, I wish I could have a few minutes to myself."

In a moment, he found himself seated amidst the eternal snows of the North Pole.

"Well, this is an ice place!" shivered the Sage. There was a roar of mighty laughter from the Aurora Borealis. It was the first time that the ancient jest had been uttered in those latitudes. The Sage blushed at his adoption of the venerable "JOE MILLER," and wished himself back in Europe—in civilisation.

He found himself in Venice. Steam gondolas were travelling along the Grand Canal, and Cockneys were cutting their names on the sacred stones of the Church of St. Mark.

"It is becoming very English," murmured the Sage. "I suppose the next move will be to organise pigeon-shooting matches in front of the Café Florian, after turning the Doge's Palace into an illuminated Palace of Varieties."

Mr. *Punch* was disgusted, and began to think longingly of home.

"I have made a pretty fair round of the world, but I suppose I ought to do a little more in Europe—after all, it has the first claim upon my consideration. Let me consider—I think I should like to see a Greek robber in Athens."

In a moment the Sage found himself in an Athenian hotel, with the proprietor bowing obsequiously before him.

"Not very classical," he murmured. "I wonder what it was like in the days when the dead languages were alive, if not kicking. How I should like to see Athens in the time of HELEN the fairest of the fair in everything—save in her conduct to MENELAUS!"

Before he had time for further thought, he found himself in the far past, and thus had an opportunity of comparing the old with the new.

"Very pretty, but, on my word, comfort was a secondary consideration. But I have neglected Spain. I wish to see the loveliest view in good old WELLINGTON'S Peninsula."

Mr. *Punch* had expected to be carried into one of the courts of the Alhambra, but, in lieu of this, he found himself gazing at a lady, beautiful beyond compare. For a moment he was so lost in admiration, that he almost forgot himself, and was about to kiss her. Remembering, however, that he was a married man, and that his better half might object to the very natural, but (under the circumstances) highly improper transaction, he paused, and changed his kiss into a beaming smile. He was a little chagrined, however, to notice that the beautiful creature was so intent upon watching some distant attraction, that she had no eyes for him, nor, in fact, for anyone else.

"What can she be looking at?" he murmured. "How lovely she is with her heightened colour, her parted lips, her soul beaming through her lustrous dark eyes!"

Then he uttered an exclamation of disgust when he found that the lady was giving her entire attention to a bull-fight!

"I think I have had enough of this! We may have something of the same sort in our courts during a trial for murder; but, as a rule, our female blood-vengeancers are either podgy matrons of sixty, or skinny old maids, of no (admitted) age at all! So give me England—dear old England!" He was set down at the Cannon Street Railway Station, and, collecting his luggage (which had followed by *Grande Vitesse*), he called a cab, and drove to Fleet Street.

And once more he was back in the ancestral halls, which had been decorated for the occasion with holly, and its white-berried companion. So, while TOBY played "*Home, Sweet Home!*" Mr. *Punch* kissed BRITANNIA under the Mistletoe, and wished her and the whole world, in a Wassail-bowl,

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A HAGGARD ANNUAL.

(Specially written by Walker Weir, to usher in the Year 1890.)



UNREDD, the writer, and SPOYLPA-PELOS, the sketcher, were in the presence of a weird figure, that grotesquely genuflected before them.

"Fear not, my sons," explained the WEIRD, cutting a sad caper; "fear not. *He-who-must-be-obeyed* has need of ye. And, as *He* has need, ye must be well-versed," as we say in the yeast.

"And you are?"

"The Ghost of a Joke!" murmured the extinct witticism, sadly; "and my name is SILLIBILLI." And then a strange thing happened.

All of a sudden the Writer and the Sketcher found themselves thrust into the presence of *He-who-must-be-obeyed*. After pushing down his two captives, SILLIBILLI himself fell upon his hands and knees, like a pig journeying to market. The men of the pen and pencil looked about them, and for miles could see nothing but prostrate forms. In front of them was a heavy white drapery, seemingly hiding a figure. At length the curtain began to move, and suddenly, from above its folds, appeared a most beautiful red nose—never had they seen such a long and curved nose. Then came a voice, sweet and soft, and yet full of power, reminding those present of something between a murmuring brook and a thunderbolt.

"Strangers!" said the voice, in English, but much purer and more classical English than the Arriarris talk. "Strangers, When is the portal to a saloon not the portal to a saloon? Tell me that, O Strangers!"

"When it is an Egyptian potsherd," stealthily whispered SILLIBILLI. "Begone, thou white-headed old fool!" cried *He-who-must-be-obeyed*,

angrily. "It is not the answer; and, if it were, who art thou to thus reply? Begone, thou feeble cry of a donkey long defunct!" The voice rose in its anger clear and cold, and the Writer and the Sketcher fancied they could see two gleaming eyes above the drapery.

SILLIBILLI beat his stupid old head thrice on the ground, and crawled out of the apartment as he had crawled into it.



"It made a quaint gesture with the assistance of a palm-tree."

"Neither of ye know," continued the Lord of the beautiful red nose. "Then begone, and search for that joke—trace it to its source—to its saucy source."

There was a pause, and then a strange thing happened. A mighty shout of laughter rose from the very depths, and seemed to fill the entire universe. He seemed pleased, and gracefully inclined his nose as if acknowledging a compliment. Then he continued, less sternly,

"Away to the land of the Joks, and the Judimows—the Quipps and the Kranx. Away, to find a way!"

Once again came the roar of mighty laughter. From far, far away it came with a dreadful muttering noise, that grew and grew to a crash and a roar, which combined in itself all that is terrible and yet splendid in the possibilities of sound. Then it passed away, and disappeared in a murmured guffaw.

Then UNREDD and SPOYLPAPEROS, feeling sure of the presence of two gleaming eyes above the beautiful red nose, turned sharply round and fled.

And they journeyed on and on, through the snow and the ice, until they came to the land of the desert, in which they found themselves (strange to say) in a warmer atmosphere than that to which they had grown accustomed in the regions of the North Pole. Then a strange thing happened. They witnessed a fight between an elephant and a cat. The elephant managed to get well on the bank of the river which ran (conveniently) through the desert, in spite of the cat nipping on to one of its legs. Gradually the cat began to swallow the leg, then the body, then the head, until nothing but the trunk of the elephant was left. A strange thing had happened—the elephant had been swallowed by the cat!

"He was evidently going out of town," said UNREDD, airily.

"So I see," replied SPOYLPAPEROS, and he pointed to the trunk. Once more came the dreadful muttering noise that ended in a roar of laughter, and again a shadowy form floated past them—the Ghost of a Joke! And when they looked towards the cat it too had gone, having disappeared (so they subsequently ascertained) with a grin. They then knew the creature's breed—it was a Cheshire cat!

And now they were in front of the Sphinx, who was looking down upon them with a most fiendish and terrifying expression. Surrounding this ancient Egyptian Monument were numberless scrolls (many inscribed "ΔΕΚΛΥΕΘ—ΘΑΥΚΙ") sent there by a forgotten people. UNREDD picked up one of comparatively modern date. It was a strange scroll, full of hieroglyphics and languages of many races. Here was the ancient Greek—and the more modern Arabic. There was something that seemed to be Russian—there a line that might be antediluvian Irish. All jumbled up together, in seemingly hopeless confusion.

"See," cried UNREDD, excitedly, "I can make out 'When is the door of the neighbour'—and then he stopped.

"Quite so," replied SPOYLPAPEROS, "but it has no answer. Stay though—what is this? 'The duck of the gardener (gardener's duck) puts his head into the pond belonging to the grandmother of the sailor (sailor's grandmother) for the reasons of the diver (diver's reasons.)' This is very strange!"

"Indeed, it is," acquiesced UNREDD, and then he cried, on making a further discovery, "See the Author's name!"

And then they found inscribed on the scroll a word written as follows:—

ΟΛΛΕΝΔΟΡΦ.

Perfectly bewildered, they threw the paper away. Then a strange thing happened. All of a sudden, with one accord, they put to the Sphinx the question that *He-who-must-be-obeyed* had asked them. The mouth of the head seemed to move, and one of the huge eyelids appeared to quiver. Moreover, it made a quaint gesture with the assistance of a palm-tree. Then came a voice, saying, in hieroglyphics—



There was a pause, and then UNREDD, in consultation with his companion, deciphered the meaning.

"You be blowed?" they both shouted, and the Sphinx gravely inclined its head. Then, of a sudden, after jumping from one

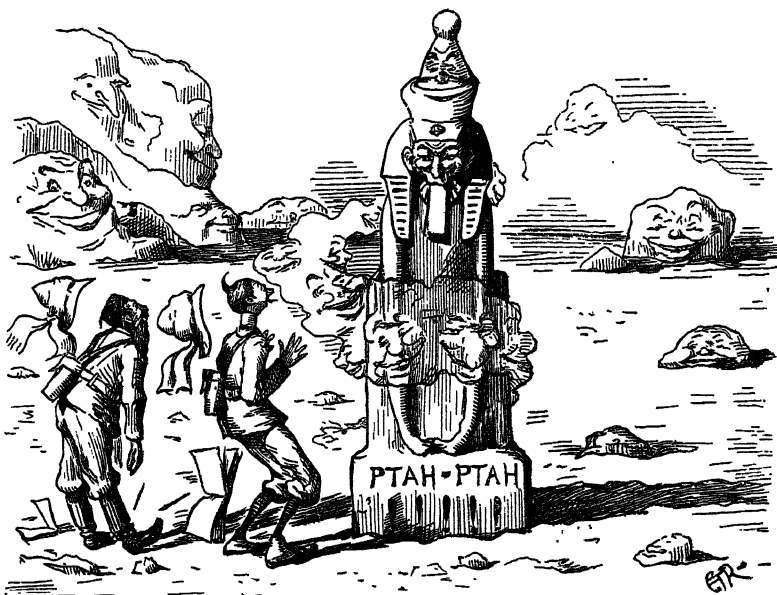
mountain-top to another mountain-top, clinging to a precipice by their eyebrows, and sliding down a glacier and an avalanche, the two

travellers came to the source of nothing, or, to use the local name, the source of the Nihil.

"When is a door not a door?" they asked, impelled as if by some hidden power.

In a moment the most beautiful Joke that ever was known appeared before them. It had the semblance of something they had seen before—lovely beyond compare. A flood of liquid laughter followed, and the Joke bathed in it, dancing about in the merry mixture most joyously. It was a dread and wonderful sight.

They felt that but half their task was accomplished—but only half. Had not *He-who-must-be-obeyed* ordered them to seek out the solution of the Great Conundrum? That Great Conundrum had lived through the ages. It had been known to the Romans and the Greeks, and had died (for a while) with the Dead Languages. It had been buried in the land of the Assyrians, from whence had come a kindred spirit, the precursor of the Hibernian bull. That bull, which was in the changing seasons to cause roars of mighty merriment echoing into the far ages of the Future from the distant dimples of the Past. So, after their first surprise, they welcomed the glad some—resence. They watched it as it jumped and leaped in the flood of liquid laughter. They were mad with a nameless delight, and danced round and round in a wild delirium of quaint possibilities! The Joke smiled upon them, and seemed to recognise in them the followers of the Great



DED-AN-GONE; OR, JEST DEPARTED.

"In a moment the most beautiful Joke that ever was known appeared before them. It had the semblance of something they had seen before—lovely beyond compare. A flood of liquid laughter followed, and the Joke bathed in it, dancing about in the merry mixture most joyously. It was a dread and wonderful sight."

Jo-Mill-Ar, or One-who-has-caused-the-dullest-dogs-to-shake-their-heavy-sides-with-tuneless-laughter.

Then the Joke grew in comeliness. The Question was only half of its stature—it required the Answer. They felt that the reply would come with the mighty murmur of merriment that the Writer and the Sketcher had already noticed. At length it was upon them. The Answer came!—

"When it is an egress."

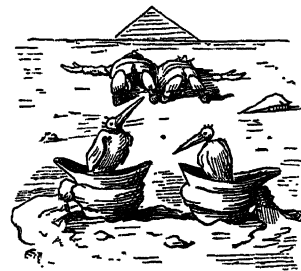
"Look!—look!—look!" shrieked UNREDD.

The Joke was growing old before their eyes! The wit was shrivelling up! The fun was evaporating! Smaller and smaller it grew, until it was nearly gone.

"I will not die!" came a cry. "Generations yet unborn shall hear me. Many shall think me good—many shall be amused. Oh—h—h!"

and the Joke had fallen flat! They knew its real name, then—it was "*Ded-an-Gone, the Jest Departed.*" And now it was still!

And so were UNREDD and SPOYLPAPEROS. Alas! for their melancholy fate—they had died of laughter! They had their desert!



"Thy had their desert!"

INCIDENT IN THE INDIAN SPORTING TOUR OF ALIBI PASHA (COLONEL ALIAS ALIBI).



IR.—You were sending your Correspondents all over the world, and you never did a better thing than when you summoned me to your presence, and said, "Colonel, are you ready?" and I replied, "I am!" If it hadn't been for my uncommon clearness of vision, the party of detectives whom you sent out in search of me would never have discovered me in my rocky lair on the southern coast of Cornwall, to which secluded spot I had for a time retreated, your Colonel *en retraite*, the only time he ever retreated in his life, and then not from foes, but from too many and too kind friends, in order to scheme out at my leisure a new and original plan for tracing the real and only source of the Nile at half the cost of STANLEY'S expedition, with double the profits. "The Genuine Nile Water Company Limited," and the "Nile Sauce for Cheops and Steaks," will be two of the greatest financial successes of this or any other time.

"Yeo ho, my boys! Yeo ho!" I shouted from the height above to four toiling minions in the cockle-shell of a boat below. My! how glad they were. Odds Colonels and cockle-shells! but, if I hadn't exerted my lungs, they'd have returned disconsolate to you, as you were waiting at the railway station, with your baggage all labelled, and your dog *Toby* waving adieux to your followers. What a wiggling they'd have got! But, seeing me, you smiled as you wert wont to smile, and in two-twos the historic question was asked—"Colonel, are you ready?" (as I have already reminded you), and the equally historic answer had been given, "I am!"



"Yeo ho! my boys!" I shouted

(omit the first six hundred pages.) *** The next day SWINDLAH KHAN came to my Kabob where I was sitting, willing away the time by teaching my favourite Cheetah the three-card trick, which the sagacious animal can now perform as easily as if he were the learnedest pig in Europe—(I am bringing him over, to back him for matches of this sort in England—shall probably get up a company to work it—Learned Pig and Cheetah Company (Limited): Capital, £280,000,000—but of this, more anon)—and, after accepting the *puffum*, which is always offered to a visitor filled and lighted, SWINDLAH waited for me to open the conversation.

"SWINDLAH, mebhoy," said I, addressing him familiarly, in his own native language, in which I am a proficient, and shall now give a translation, "What's up?"

"ALIBI PASHA," he replied, bending his head, and looking out of the corner of his eyes—a trick he has when he means mischief—(I know the old rascal by this time)—"Is it on or off?"

For the moment I had forgotten our wager of the previous night. I

confess I had imbibed so much *loshun* that for once and away I was not quite certain whether I was actually sober or not—nor, indeed, did I decide the point until I had argued it out myself, and settled that, if I went to bed in my *bhootuks* (worn here on the foot, and very much worn under it), I must be more or less inebriated, but that, if I assumed the ordinary *shimmy dunnce*—(do you remember my song on this Indian night-habit, to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee"?—it was in the cold weather, when the stinging winter night-fly is about, and I couldn't find the article of apparel anywhere,—Then haul down my curtains, and call up my men, And search every cupboard agen and agen. It has a frilled border as far as the knee—It's the pettiest thing is my *shimmy dunnce*.)



Waiting for the Colonel.

But, as I didn't quote this to SWINDLAH KHAN, I only allude to it here, and you will find it *in extenso*, as they did in the linen-press, further on, during the course of these Memoirs—and retired to my *dhornee* (bed), I must be all right. *Dhornee v. Bhootah*, and the first won. Yet next morning it was with difficulty I could exactly recall the term of the wager. "Yes, SWINDLAH," says I. "It is the Wild Hog Hunt to which you are alluding." He bowed. "Fifty thousand lakhs of rupees," I continued, "which your executors pay to mine in case you come to grief, or mine to yours in case the like happens to me." Again he bowed, and I went on. "And if we both survive, the money is paid to whichever of us two kills the Wild Hog of Ghuntah." We shook hands over it. I didn't, as a rule, shake hands with SWINDLAH KHAN, who was the veriest old thief in all India, and an abominably cruel tyrant into the bargain.

The fact is, that this Wild Hog, which from time to time ravaged various parts of the country that trembled under the sway of SWINDLAH, was secretly fed, kept alive, and incited to ferocity by the minions of the cunning despot, who, when he wanted a larger loan than usual, or coveted the property of some private person, would privately order this Hog to be starved for a fortnight, and then suddenly let out to run a-muck.

Naturally the poor natives, and the rich ones too for the matter of that, clamoured for protection at the hands of their ruler, who pretended he could see no other way of dealing with the difficulty than by raising a force of sharpshooters, armed with lances and bows and arrows, no guns being permitted, as the noise would disturb the SWINDLAH, who, about this time, invariably feigned to be laid up at home with a bilious headache. His subjects had to subscribe for the support of these sporting warriors, and the money came in from all



quarters into SWINDLAH'S treasury for the purpose of killing this formidable scourge. The presence of this Wild Hog obstructed trade, as no Travellers, commercial or otherwise, would run the risk of encountering this dangerous monster. Of course, the Hog was never killed, as to have put an end to its existence would have been analogous to killing the Goose that laid the Golden Eggs. When I came into the country, SWINDLAH did his best to entrap me. I had thirty of the narrowest escapes that ever man experienced. (*Here we omit 1200 pages of this most thrilling narrative.*) SWINDLAH had dared me to kill the Wild Hog alone: I had replied, "Yes, but it must be worth my while. So make it a bet, which will slay the beast, you or I, and I'm on. And the entire beast must be brought back as evidence. A leg, or a tusk, or an eye, or a bristle won't do. It must be the whole Hog or none."

As I have said, so 'twas done. The barbarous SWINDLAH had determined on collaring my coin, and taking my life. He had secreted men in the jungles, in the passes, on the mountain-tops, to spear me, arrow me, shoot me,—if they could. What did I care? I had the whole country at my back, for they were ready to rise as one man—(and, as a matter of fact, only one man did rise, and he was beheaded at once



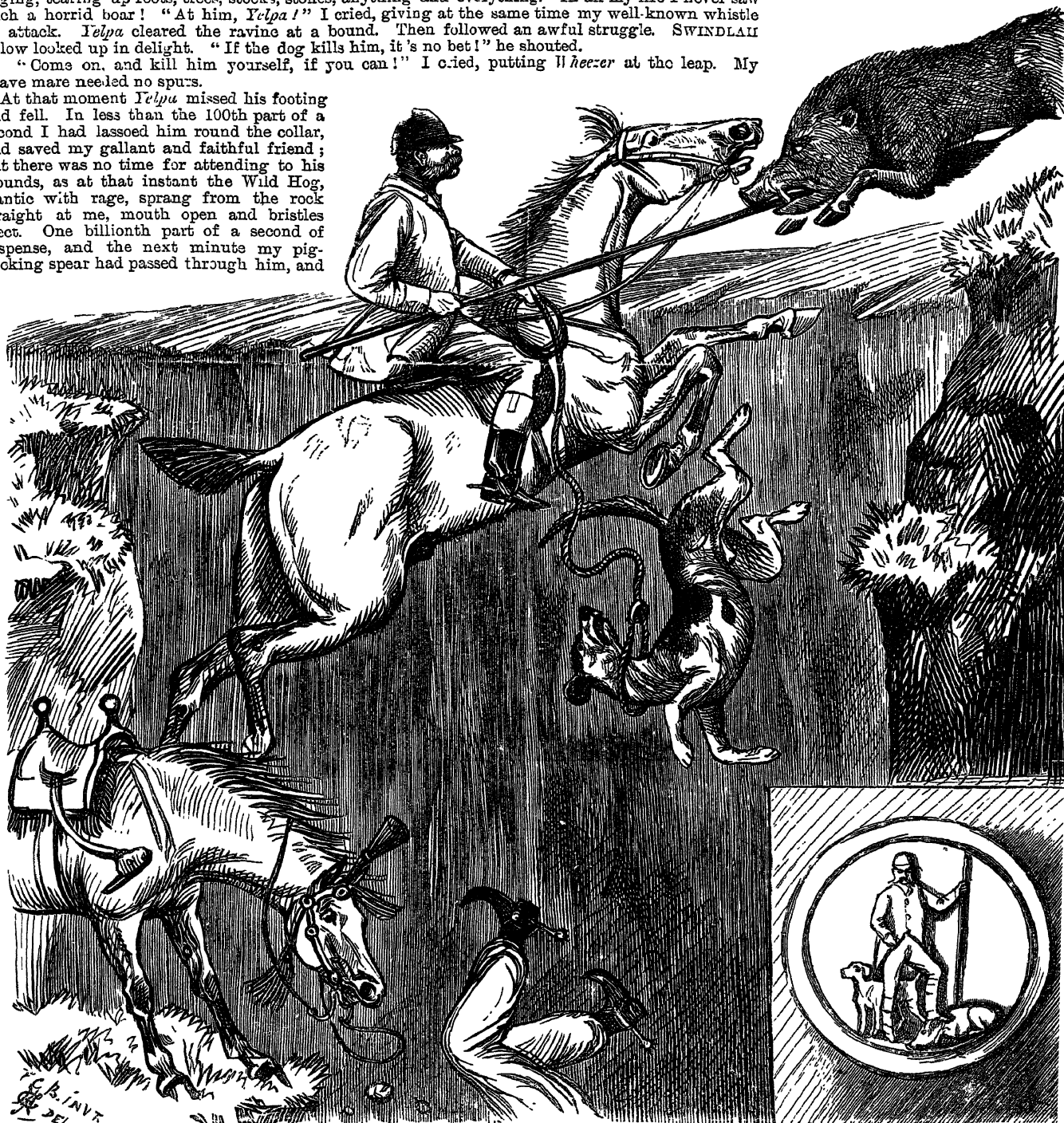
A Strange Story.

by the nearest native policeman, who afterwards apologised handsomely to the family for the mistake),—and take vengeance on the tyrant. But this depended on my success; otherwise, so crushed and craven were even the noblest spirits among them, they dared not move one little finger. Shall I proceed? Yes. I bore a charmed life. The Wild Hog was wilder than ever. Mounted on my good old mare, *Whezer*, which had carried me over many a stiff country in Old England, and accompanied by my faithful hound, *Telpa*, I sought out the wild beast in his lair. SWINDLAH himself came by a circuitous route.

Suddenly there was an awful roar—I call it a roar, but it was really the noise of a volcano in action—and the place shook as though in the throes of an earthquake. Above me, on a rock, on the other side of a ravine (eighty feet by fifty) stood the huge monster, hideous raging, tearing up roots, trees, stocks, stones, anything and everything. In all my life I never saw such a horrid boar! “At him, *Telpa*!” I cried, giving at the same time my well-known whistle of attack. *Telpa* cleared the ravine at a bound. Then followed an awful struggle. SWINDLAH below looked up in delight. “If the dog kills him, it’s no bet!” he shouted.

“Come on, and kill him yourself, if you can!” I cried, putting *Whezer* at the leap. My brave mare needed no spurs.

At that moment *Telpa* missed his footing and fell. In less than the 100th part of a second I had lassoed him round the collar, and saved my gallant and faithful friend; but there was no time for attending to his wounds, as at that instant the Wild Hog, frantic with rage, sprang from the rock straight at me, mouth open and bristles erect. One billionth part of a second of suspense, and the next minute my pig-sticking spear had passed through him, and



A HAZARDOUS LEAP!

Whezer, I, and the Hog sank exhausted on the other side of the ravine, just as a shriek broke on my ear, and I was able to see that SWINDLAH's underbred horse having refused a narrower place lower down, had, in consequence (for this, strange as it may appear, was the first time that braggart SWINDLAH had ever been out riding) pitched SWINDLAH right over his head into the abyss below: I returned home in triumph. Bonfires and rejoicings all night. Torch and Nautch till daybreak. No one thought of looking for SWINDLAH

till next morning, when nothing was found of him except turban. His horse was browsing peacefully within a few yards the spot where SWINDLAH had disappeared. The money I fairly won was never paid, but the nobility and gentry subscribed towards a medal, which was struck in commemoration of the event. I send one to you, one to the Vatican, and a third to the British Museum. I need hardly say that after this — (We omit the remainder as the work will probably be published in full at some future time).

1889

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1890.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS,
AND

[December 5, 1889.]

1890

WELCOME



A HAPPY NEW YEAR!



JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

FOURTH ENTRY.

HAVE for a considerable time past been "eating dinners," preparatory to being "called" to the Bar. Understand now what people mean when they talk of a "*Digest of the Law*."

Find myself (on dining for the first time this Term) in a mess with a highly-intelligent native of India, another man up from Oxford, and an African law-student. Latter black and curly, but good-natured. Says there is a great demand for English-made barristers on the Gambia, and he's going to supply the demand.

Have wild and momentary idea of going to the Gambia myself.

"Why," I ask this enterprising negro, "why don't English barristers—white ones, I mean—go and practise there?" Feel that reference to colour is not felicitous; still, difficult to express the idea otherwise.

African doesn't mind. Shows all his teeth in a broad grin, and says, "Inglist men die, die like flies, on the Gambia."

Curious to see the Hindoo law-student looking contemptuously at African ditto. Hindoo a shrewd fellow. Talks English perfectly. Rather given to gesticulate. Waves his arms, and incidentally knocks over a bottle of the claret—at twelve shillings a dozen—which the Inn kindly supplies to wash down the mutton and baked potatoes at our two-shilling meal. Hindoo laughs. Tells me, confidentially, that he has practised as a "*Vakeel*" (whatever that is) in some small country town in Bengal. Why has he come over here? Oh, to be called. Will get more work and more pay, when a full-fledged barrister. Gather that there are rival "*Vakeels*" in Bengal whom he wants to cut out. He intends "cutting out"—to India—directly he is called.

Oxford man tells me in a whisper that "he believes he's a Baboo." Indeed! Don't feel much wiser for the information.

African getting jealous of Baboo's fluent talk. Rather a sportive negro, it appears. Says he goes to theatre nearly every night. Has a regular and rather festive programme for each day.

"Lecture, morning," he says; "afternoon, walk in Park, sometimes ride. Night, theatre or music-hall." He grins like an amiable gargoyle. In his own country African law-student must be quite a lady-killer—a sort of Gambia masher.

Incidentally mention to Hindoo difficulty of law of Real Property, especially "*Rule in SHELLY's Case*."

It seems Hindoo understands matter perfectly. Begins to explain the "*Rule in SHELLY's Case*." Does it by aid of two salt-cellars (to represent the parties) and a few knives (to represent collateral relatives).

African masher more jealous. Laughs at Baboo's explanation. He and Baboo exchange glances of hatred. African, who is carving, brandishes knife. Is he going to plunge it into heart of Baboo just as he's got through his explanation? Looks like it, as the shilling

claret seems to have got into place where we may suppose African's brain to be. However, dinner ends without a catastrophe.

After attending the usual amount of legal lectures, the "*Final*" Exam. approaches.

Get through the papers pretty well. Thank goodness, no question asked so far about that "*Rule in SHELLY's Case*," which is my "*Pons Asinorum*!" It's a "rule" to which I take great exception.

There's a "*Vivâ Voce*" to come, however. Hate *vivâ voce*. Two examiners sit at end of Hall—students called up in batches of half-a-dozen at a time. Very nervous work. Find, when my turn comes, that the intelligent Baboo is in the same lot! Appears to like the position. From his manner I should judge that he'd been doing nothing all his life but being examined by fifties in a cave, like this.

Examiner who tackles me has an eye-glass.

"Now, Mr. JOYNSON," he remarks, putting it up to survey me better, "if you were a trustee, &c., &c., *what would you do?*" Flattered at the supposition. Answer in a way which seems to partly satisfy Examiner, who passes on to next man with a new question. In a minute or two my turn comes round again.

"Now, Mr. JOYNSON," Examiner again observes cheerfully, "let me ask you quite an elementary question in Real Property. Just give me a brief, a very brief, explanation of what you understand by the *Rule in SHELLY's Case*!"

But I don't understand anything by it! It's a piece of hopeless legal gibberish to me. I stammer out some attempt at an answer, and see Baboo looking at me with a pitying, almost reproachful, glance. "Didn't I," he seems to say, "explain it all to you once at dinner? Do you really mean to say that you've forgotten the way in which I arranged the salt-cellars and the table-knives, and how I turned the whole case inside out for your benefit?"

I admit the offence. Examiner seems surprised at my ignorance—informs me that "it's as easy as A.B.C." It may be—to him and the Baboo.

Baboo, being asked the same question, at once explains the whole matter, this time without the aid of the salt-cellars and cutlery.

A few days later go to look at result of examination. Result, for me—a Plough!

Walking away dejectedly—"homeward the Plough-man wends his legal way"—as GRAY sympathetically put it)—meet African law-student, who grins insanely. He doesn't sympathise in my defeat. Shows his fine set of ivories and says:—

"Me failed too. Me go back Gambia. You come back with me!" Tell him I'm not "called" yet: certainly not called to Gambia.

"Then come to Alhambra!" he suggests, as a sort of alternative to a visit to the tropics.

African student evidently still a masher. Decline his invitation with thanks. Wouldn't be seen with him at a theatre for worlds! Depressed. Don't even look in at Gaiety Bar. No Gaiety for me—and no "Bar" either, it seems.



SOME NEW YEAR'S PROBLEMS.

THE BUSY (J.) B.

(Not by Dr. Watts.)

How doth the busy Jerry Builder
Improve his shining hoard,
And gather money, basely earned,
From every opening Board!

How skilfully he scamps his "shells"!
How deftly spreads his sludge!
And labours to defend his sells
By special-pleading fudge!

With what serene, well-practised skill,
He "squares" Surveyors too!
For Jobbery finds some baseness still
For venal hands to do.
Whether for work or healthful play
His buildings will not last.
May he be called some day, some day,
To strict account at last!

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.—According to the announcement in the *Gazette*, the

SPEAKER will take the Chair in the House of Commons on Tuesday, the 11th of February, when the new Session opens. But, as a matter of fact, *The Speaker* will be on the book-stalls on Saturday next, the 4th of January, entering upon what promises to be a useful and prolonged Session. Thereafter *The Speaker* will take the book-stall once a week regularly, there being Saturday sittings throughout the year. *The Speaker* will, of course, be on the side of Law and "Order!"

A BALLAD OF EVIL SPEED.

A Cool Collation of Several Bards.

I WOULD I had not met you, Sweet,
 I wish you had been far away
 From where, in Upper Wimpole Street,
 We two foregather'd yesterday.
 Somewhere in that unlovely street
 Summer's lost beauty, hid away,
 Woke at the music of your feet,
 And sought the little girl in grey—
 Around your head the sunbeams play—
 Home to the depths of your deep eyes
 Soft shadows of the woodland stray,
 Then sparkle with a quick surprise,
 As when the branch-entangled skies
 Shake from the depths of woodland stream,
 Awhile in laughing circles gleam,
 Then spread to heaven's peace again.
 Amber and gold, and feathery grey,
 You suited well the Autumn day,
 The muffled sun, the misty air,
 The weather like a sleepy pear.
 And yet I wish that you had been
 Afar, beside the sounding main,
 Or swaying daintily the rein
 Of mettled courser on the green,
 So I had passed, and passed unseen.

For I arose, from dreams of thee,
 So late that morn, my matin tea
 Was cold as mutton two days cooked;
 As in the looking-glass I looked,
 Methought the razor need not wreak
 Its wonted vengeance on my cheek,
 Nor clear the shadow from my chin
 Till to the City I had been.
 Thus, horrid with a nascent beard,
 By chance through Wimpole Street I steered,
 Trusting therein to shun contempt
 Of who abhor a man unkempt.
 For like a mother-bird, who's caught
 The cant of modern woman's thought,
 My restless tie refused to sit,
 And restless fingers vainly sought
 To soothe the silk-worm's stubborn toil.
 But only did its candour soil,
 And suffered none the less from it.
 For all my neck, and head no less,
 Owned to a vague inquietness,
 As when the vagrant spiderlet
 Has spread at large her filmy net
 To catch the moonbeams, wavering white,
 At the front gate on Autumn night.

Then suddenly the sombre way
 Rock'd like the darkness struck by day,
 The endless houses reel'd from sight,
 And all romance and all delight
 Came thronging in a glorious crowd.
 So, when the drums are beating loud,
 The mob comes sweeping down the Mall,
 Far heralding the bear-skins tall.
 Glorious in golden clothing comes
 The great drum-major with his drums
 And sun-smit brass of trumpets; then
 The scarlet wall of marching men,
 Midmost of which great Mavors sets
 The colours girt with bayonets.
 Yes, there were you—and there was I,
 Unshaved, and with erratic tie,
 And for that once I yearn'd to shun
 My social system's central sun.
 How could a sloven slave express
 The frank, the manly tenderness
 That wraps you round from common thought,
 And does not ask that you should know
 The love that consecrates you so.
 No; furtive, awkward, restless, cold,
 I basely seemed to set at naught
 That sudden bliss, undreamt, unsought.
 What must she think, my girl of gold?
 I dare not ask; and baffled wit
 Droops—till sweet hopes begin to flit—
 Like butterflies that brave the cold—
 Perhaps she didn't notice it.



STUDIES IN REPARTEE.

She. "HOW SILENT YOU ARE! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF?"
 He. "NOTHING!" She. "EGOTIST!"

"JUST TO OBLIGE BENSON."

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—It was not a very happy thought to send me to the Globe Theatre at this festive season of the year to witness the representation of a piece, called by the management, for some reason or other, "a *faërie* comedy." Now, I like a Burlesque, and I am fond of a Pantomime, but a mixture of blank verse and tom-foolery is rather too much for me, especially when that mixture is not redeemed by a plot of any interest. Nothing can be more absurd than the story (save the mark!) told in this particularly uninteresting play. It appears that a "Duke!" of Athens married the Queen of the Amazons, and during the nuptial rejoicings ordered the daughter of one of his subjects to "die the death" unless she transferred her affections from her own true love to a gentleman of her father's choice. The gentleman of her father's choice was beloved in his turn by a school friend of his would-not-be betrothed, and the play which lasted from eight until nearly midnight, was devoted to settling this simple (in more senses than one) *imbroglio* right. By a clumsy device, Oberon King of the Fairies bewitched the two pairs of lovers during their sleep in a wood, so that one lady had two admirers and the other none. All that was needed to bring the piece to a conclusion was to have another exercise of magic when the couples paired off, of course, in a manner calculated to give satisfaction to their friends and relations. This was the entire plot. There was now and again some attempts to turn amateur theatricals into feeble ridicule by the introduction of a party of village histrions, who were allowed to "clown" to their heart's content; and *voilà tout!*

The mounting is excellent. Nothing better than "a Wood near Athens," painted by Mr. HEMSLEY, has been seen since Professor HERKOMER startled the world with his representation of village life at Bushey. The music, too (chiefly from the works of MENDELSSOHN), is always charming, and frequently appropriate. Moreover, Mr. BENSON, no doubt feeling that his author required every possible support, has introduced a number of pretty dances, executed by comely maidens of ages varying from seven to (say) seven-and-twenty.

Of course, such a play required very ordinary acting. Mr. BENSON was, on the whole, a gentlemanly *Lysander*. Mr. OTHO STUART a dignified *Oberon*, and Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS quite the best of the village histrions. Miss GRACE GERALDINE was also fanciful in the rôle of a sort of gnome. But, allowing for the music, and the scenery, and the acting, the piece itself was unquestionably dull. And now, having given you my unbiased opinion, I beg to sign myself,

YOUR UNPREJUDICED CONTRIBUTOR.

P.S.—I am told that the author of *A Midsummer's Dream* wrote a number of other plays of considerable merit. This I challenge, the more especially as those who swear by Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE candidly admit that his name is a deterrent rather than an attraction on a play-bill.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. II.—JOE, THE JAM-EATER.

A Musical Spectacular and Sensational Interlude. (Dedicated respectfully to Mr. McDougall and the L. C. C.)

THE Music-hall Dramatist, like SHAKESPEARE, has a right to take his material from any source that may seem good to him. Mr. Punch, therefore, makes no secret of the fact, that he has based the following piece upon the well-known poem of "The Purloiner," by the Sisters JANE and ANN TAYLOR, who were not, as might be too hastily concluded, "Song and Dance Duettists," but two estimable ladies, who composed "cautionary" verses for the young, and whose works are a perfect mine of wealth for Moral Dramatists. In this dramatic version the Author has tried to infuse something of the old Greek sense of an overruling destiny, without detriment to prevailing ideas of moral responsibility. Those who have the misfortune to be born with a propensity for illicit jam, may learn from our Drama the terrible

results of failing to overcome it early in life.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Jam-loving Joe. By that renowned Melodramatic Serio-Comic, Miss CONNIE CURDLER.

Joe's Mother (the very part for Mrs. BANCROFT if she can only be induced to make her re-appearance).

John, a Gardener. By the great Pink-eyed Unmusical Zulu.

Jim-Jam, the Fermentation Fiend. By Mr. BEERBOHM TREE (who has kindly consented to undertake the part).

Chorus of Plum and Pear Gatherers, from the Savoy (by kind permission of Mr. D'O'ILEY CARTE).

SCENE.—The Store-room at sunset, with view of exterior of Jam Cupboard, and orchard in distance.

Enter JOE.

"As JOE was at play, Near the cupboard one day, When he thought no one saw him but himself."—*Vide Poem.*

Joe (dreamily). 'Tis passing strange that I so partial am To playing in the neighbourhood of Jam!

[Here Miss CURDLER will introduce her great humorous Satirical Medley, illustrative of the Sports of Childhood, and entitled, "Some Little Gymes we all of us 'ave Plied;" after which, Enter JOE's Mother, followed by JOHN and the Chorus, with baskets, ladders, &c., for gathering fruit.

"His Mother and JOHN, To the garden had gone, To gather ripe pears and ripe plums."—*Poem.*

Joe's Mother (with forced cheerfulness)—Let's hope, my friends, to find our pears and plums, Unharm'd by wopses, and untouched by wums.

[Chorus signify assent in the usual manner by holding up the right hand.

Solo—JOHN.

Fruit when gathered ripe, is wholesome—
Otherwise if eaten green.

Once I knew a boy who stole some—

[With a glance at JOE, who turns aside to conceal his confusion.

His internal pangs were keen!

Chorus (virtuously). 'Tis the doom of all who're mean,
Their internal pangs are keen!Joe's Mother (aside). By what misgivings is a mother tortured!
I'll keep my eye on JOSEPH in the orchard.

[She invites him with a gesture to follow.

Joe (earnestly). Nay, Mother, here I'll stay till you have done.
Temptation it is ever best to shun!Joe's M. So laudable his wish, I would not cross it—
(Mysteriously.) He knows not there are jam-pots in yon closet!Chorus. Away we go tripping,
From boughs to be stripping
Each pear, plum, and pippin
Pomona supplies!When homeward we've brought 'em,
Those products of Autumn,
We'll carefully sort 'em

(One of our old Music-hall rhymes),

According to size! [Repeat as they caper out.

[Joe's Mother, after one fond, lingering look behind, follows: the voices are heard more and more faintly in the distance. Stage darkens; the last ray of sunset illumines key of jam-cupboard door.

Joe. At last I am alone! Suppose I tried
That cupboard—just to see what's kept inside?

[Seems drawn towards it by some fatal fascination.

There might be Guava jelly, and a plummy cake,

For such a prize I'd laugh to scorn a stomach-ache!

[Laughs a stomach-ache to scorn.

And yet (hesitating) who knows?—a pill? . . . perchance—
a powder!

(Desperately). What then? To scorn I'll laugh them—even louder!

[Fetches chair and unlocks cupboard. Doors fall open with loud clang, revealing Interior of Jam Closet (painted by HAWES CRAVEN). JOE mounts chair to explore shelves. Vide poem, "How sorry I am, He ate raspberry jam, And currants that stood on the shelf!"

Joe (speaking with mouth full, and back to audience). 'Tis rasp-
berry—of all the jams my favourite;

I'll clear the pot, whate'er I have to pay for it!

And finish up with currants from this shelf . . .

Who'll ever see me?

The Demon of the Jam Closet (rising slowly from an immense
pot of preserves). None—except Myself![The cupboard is lit up by an infernal glare (courteously lent by the
Lyceum Management from "Faust" properties); weird music;
JOE turns slowly and confronts the Demon with awestruck eyes;
N.B.—Great opportunity for powerful acting here.The Demon (with a bland sneer). Pray don't mind me—I will
await your leisure.Joe (automatically). Of your acquaintance, Sir, I've not the
pleasure.

Who are you? Wherefore have you intervened?

The Demon (quietly). My name is "Jim-Jam"; occupation—fiend.
Joe (cowering limply on his chair). O Mr. Fiend, I know it's
very wrong of me!Demon (politely). Don't mention it—but please to come "along
of" me?Joe (implovingly). Do let me off this once,—ha! you're relenting,
You smile—

Demon (grimly). 'Tis nothing but my jam fermenting!

[Catches JOE's ankle, and assists him to descend.

Joe. You'll drive me mad!

Demon (carelessly).

I may—before I've done with you!

Joe. What do you want?

Demon (darkly).

To have a little fun with you!

Of fiendish humour now I'll give a specimen.

[Chases him round and round Stage, and proceeds to smear him
hideously with jam.

Joe (piteously). Oh, don't! I feel so sticky. What a mess I'm in!

Demon (with affected sympathy). That is the worst of jam—it's
apt to stain you.[To JOE, as he frantically endeavours to remove the traces of his crime.
I see you're busy—so I'll not detain you![Vanishes down star-trap with a diabolical laugh. Cupboard-doors
close with a clang; all lights down. JOE stands gazing blankly
for some moments, and then drags himself off Stage. His
Mother and JOHN, with Pear- and Plum-gatherers bearing laden
baskets, appear at doors at back of Scene, in faint light of
torches.Re-enter Joe (bearing a candle and wringing his hands). Out,
jammed spot! What—will these hands never be clean? Here's
the smell of the raspberry jam still! All the powders of Gregory
cannot unsweeten this little hand. . . . (Moaning.) Oh, oh, oh![This passage has been accused of bearing too close a resemblance to
one in a popular Stage Play; if so, the coincidence is purely
accidental, as the Dramatist is not in the habit of reading such
profane literature.

Joe's Mother. Ah! what an icy dread my heart benumbs!

See—stains on all his fingers, and his thumbs!

"What JOE was about, His Mother found out, When she look'd at his fingers
and thumbs."—*Poem again.*

Nay, JOSEPH—'tis your mother . . . speak to her!

Joe (tonelessly, as before). Lady, I know you not (touches lower
part of waistcoat); but, prithee, undo this button. I think I have
jam in all my veins, and I would fain sleep. When I am gone, lay
me in a plain white jelly-pot, with a parchment cover, and on the

abel write—but come nearer, I have a secret for your ear alone . . . there are strange things in some cupboard! Demons should keep in the dust-bin. (*With a ghastly smile.*) I know not what ails me, but I am not feeling at all well.

[Joe's Mother stands a few steps from him, with her hands twisted in her hair, and stares at him in speechless terror.

Joe (*to the Chorus*). I would shake hands with you all, were not my fingers so sticky. We eat marmalade, but we know not what it is made of. Hush! if JIM-JAM comes again, tell him that I am not at home. Loo-loo-loo!

All (with conviction). Some shock has turned his brine!

Joe (*sitting down on floor, and weaving straws in his hair*). My curse upon him that invented jam. Let us all play Tibbits.

[Laughs vacantly; all gather round him, shaking their heads, his Mother falls fainting at his feet, as Curtain falls upon a strong and moral, though undeniably gloomy dénouement.

THE SAVOYARDS.

MESSRS. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S *Gondoliers* deserves to rank immediately after *The Mikado* and *Pinafore* bracketed. The *mise-en-scène* is in every way about as perfect as it is possible to be. Every writer of libretti, every dramatist and every composer, must envy the Two Savoyards, their rare opportunities of putting their own work on their own stage, and being like the two Kings in this piece, jointly and equally monarchs of all they survey, though, unlike these two potentates, they are not their subjects' servants, and have only to consider what is best for the success of their piece, and to have it carried out, whatever it is, literally regardless of expense. And what does their work amount to? Simply a Two-



"Once upon a time there were two Kings."

Act Opera, to play two-hours-and-a-half, for the production of which they have practically a whole year at their disposal. They can go as near commanding success as is given to mortal dramatist and composer, and for any comparative failure they can have no one to blame but themselves, the pair of them.

Whatever the piece may be, it is always a pleasure to see how thoroughly the old hands at the Savoy enter into "the fun of the thing," and, as in the case of Miss JESSIE BOND and Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, absolutely carry the audience with them by sheer exuberance of spirits.

Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON possesses a ready wit and keen appreciation of humour; and, as this is true also of Miss JESSIE BOND, the couple, being thoroughly in their element with such parts as *The Gondoliers* provide for them, legitimately graft their own fun on the plentiful stock already supplied by the author, and are literally the life and soul of the piece.

On the night I was there a Miss NORAH PHYLIS took Miss ULMAR's part of *Gianetta*, and played it, at short notice, admirably. She struck me as bearing a marked facial resemblance to Miss FORTESQUE, and is a decided acquisition. Mr. DENNY, as the Grand Inquisitor (a part that recalls the Lord High Chancellor of the ex-Savoyard, GEORGE GROSSMITH, now entertaining "on his own hook"), doesn't seem to be a born Savoyard, *non nascitur* and *non fit* at present. Good he is, of course, but there's no spontaneity about him. However, for an eccentric comedian merely to do exactly what he is told,

and nothing more, yet to do that, little or much, well, is a performance that would meet with *Hamlet's* approbation, and Mr. GILBERT's. Mr. FRANK WYATT, as "the new boy" at the Savoy School, doesn't,

as yet, seem quite happy; but it cannot be expected that he should feel "quite at home," when he has only recently arrived at a new school.

Miss BRANDRAM is a thorough Savoyard; *nilhil tetigit quod non ornavit*, and her embroidery of a part which it is fair to suppose was written to suit her, is done in her own quaint and quiet fashion.

A fantastically and humorously peculiarly Gilbertian idea is the comparison between a visit to the dentist's, and an interview with the questioners by the rack, suggested by the Grand Inquisitor Don AL-

Rutland Pooch-Bah-rington, after signing his re-engagement, takes his Bond, and sings, "Again we come to the Savoy."

nurse is waiting in the torture-chamber, but that there is no hurry for him to go and examine her, as she is all right and "has all the illustrated papers."

There are ever so many good things in the Opera, but the best of all, for genuinely humorous inspiration of words, music and acting, is the quartette in the Second Act, "In a contemplative fashion."

It is excellent. Thank goodness, *encores* are discouraged, except where there can be "No possible sort of doubt, No possible doubt whatever" (also a capital song in this piece) as to the unanimity of the enthusiasm. There is nothing in the music that catches the ear on a first hearing as did "The Three Little Maids," or "I've got a Song to Sing O!" but it is all charming, and the masterly orchestration in its fulness and variety is something that the least technically educated can appreciate and enjoy. The piece is so brilliant to eye and ear, that there is never a dull moment on the stage or off it. It is just one of those simple *Bab Ballad* stories which, depending for its success not on any startling surprise in the plot, but on general excellence, may, especially on account of the music, be safely put down on the play-goer's list for "a second hearing."



George Grossmith on his own Hook.

CHRISTMAS BOX.

RUSSIAN ART.

FROM *The Morning Post*, last week, we learn that the Russian Imperial Academy of Arts, has passed a law prohibiting Jews to become members of its artistic body. By the Nose of *Mr. Punch*, but this is too bad, and too bigoted for any century, let alone the "so-called Nineteenth." If such a rule, or rather such an exception, could have been possible in England within the last twenty years, what a discouragement it would have been for all the Royal Academicians, who would thereby have *lost Hart!* Dear good old SOLOMON! He was a poor HART that often rejoiced, and if he was not the best painter in the world, he was just about the worst punster. We hope to hear that our Royal Academicians, with their large-hearted and golden-tongued President at their head, will send a friendly expostulation to their Russian Brothers in oil, and obtain the abrogation of this unreasonable legislation, which is one effect of an anti-semitic cyclone, fit only for the *Jew-ventus Mundi*, but not for the world at its maturity.

"DOT AND GO ONE"—no, see *Dot*, and go several times again to see our JOHNNIE TOOLE at his own Theatre, before he leaves for the Antipodes. The good old farce of *Toole in the Pigskin* is well-mounted, and is, of course, one of the pieces on which he will rely, as especially appropriate to Horse-tralia.



FRESH TO THE COUNTRY.

Young Lady. "CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE MEET IS?"

Butcher's Boy (a recent importation from London). "YES, MUM. I JIST TOOK IT HUP TO THE 'ALL THIS MORNIN'!"

THE START.

OFF! Yes; but inexperienced feet,
With pace that's fast and a style that's neat,
At first can scarcely be expected
O'er frozen waters to glide and fleet.

"Have them on, Sir?" Old Time was there,
With the shining steels and the ready chair.
His latest pupil is passing yonder,
No more the ice-locked waters to dare.

His feet are tired and his knees are stiff,
His breath comes low in a wheezy whiff.
He'll now "lay up," like a worn-out
wherry.

'Tis yours to start like a new-launched skiff.

How many a novice that Skate-man old
Has helped to onset alert and bold!

How many a veteran worn seen vanish,
Aching with effort and pinched with cold!

And you, young novice, 'tis now your turn
Your skates to try and your steps to learn.
You long to fly like the skimming swallow,
To brave the breathless "scurry" you burn.

He knows, he knows, your aged guide!
The screws are fixed, and the straps are tied,
And he looks sharp out for the shambling
stagger,

The elbows wobbling, the knees too wide.

But boyhood's hopeful, and youth has pluck;
And now, when scarcely your steel hath
struck

The slithery ice in your first bold venture,
Punch, friendly watcher, will wish you luck!

He too has seen some novices start,
And knows, however you play your part,
The "outside edge," and attendant perils,
Will tax your sinews and test your heart.

But most on the ice does the old saw hold—
"Be bold, be bold, but be not too bold!"

Though there's many a rotten patch
marked "Danger!"

Young hearts are warm if the weather be cold.

Bravo, youngster! Steady! Strike out!
Caution, yes, but not palsyng doubt.

Courage! and you—ere your course you
finish—

May beat "Fish" SMART at a flying bout!

ROBERT'S KRISMUS HIM.

How werry warious is the reasons why
We welcoms Crismus with a ringing cheer!
The Skoolboy nos his hollidays is nigh,
And treats the hale stout Porter to sum
Beer.

The Cook and Ousemaid smiles upon the
Baker,
Who takes his little fee without no blush,
Likewise upon the Butcher and Shoo Maker
Who makes their calls despite the Sno or
Slush.

The Dustman cums a crying out for "Dust,"
But nos full well that isn't wot he seeks,
And gits his well-earned shilling with the
fust,
And smiles on Mary as his thanks he
speaks.

The Groser smart, as likewise his Green
Brother,

In their best close cums with a modest ring,
And having got their orders, one and tother,
Smilingly asks for jest one other thing.

The Postman's dubbel nock cums to each door,
Whether he has a Letter got or no,
The stingy Master thinks his call a bore,
And gives his paltry shilling werry slow.

The jowial Waiter shows unwonted joy!
And hails his Crismus with becoming glee!
Knowing full well his plezzurs newer cloy,
Who gets from ewery Gest a dubble fee!

Why are not all men like the jowial Waiter,
Allers content with what kind 'fortune
brings,

Whether it's Turtel Soop or a meer tater,
He sets a pattern to Lord Mares and Kings.

Then let us all while Crismus time we're
keeping,

Whether we barsks in fortune's smile or
frown,

Be thankful for the harwest we are reaping,
And give a thort to them whose luck is down.

ROBERT.

HISTORICAL PARALLELS.—Two Directories.
The French *Directoire* was a short-lived stop-
gap of not unmixed benefit to France, but
our English Directory, yclept KELLY's, for
1890, directorily, or indirectly, supplies all
our wants, comes always "as a boon and a
blessing to men," and is within a decade of
becoming a hale and hearty centenarian.
Vivat KELLY!



THE START.

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XV.

Down through the night we
 drifted slow, the rays
 From London's countless gas-jets
 starred the haze
 O'er which we darkly hovered.
 Broad loomed the bulk of WREN's
 colossal dome
 Through the grey mist, which,
 like a sea of foam,
 The sleeping city covered.
 "The year," the Shadow mur-
 mured, "nears its close.
 Lo! how they swarm in slumber,
 friends and foes,
 Kindred and utter stran-
 gers,
 The millions of this Babylon,
 stretched beneath
 The shroud of night, and draw-
 ing peaceful breath,
 Unstirred by dreads and dan-
 gers."



"But not by dreams," I answered. "Canst
 reveal, [and steal
 O Shade, the vagrant thoughts that throng
 About these countless pillows?
 Or are these sleeping souls as shut to thee
 As is the unsounded silence of the sea
 To those who brave its billows?"

"Dreams?" smiled the Shadow. "What I
 see right well
 Your eyes may not behold. Yet can I tell
 Their import as unravelled
 By subtler sense, whilst through these souls
 they pass!
 What said the demon to *Don Cléophas*
 As o'er Madrid they travelled?"

"Such dreams as haunt us near the glim-
 mering morn
 Shadow forth truth; these through the Gates
 of Horn
 Find passage to the sleeper. [read
 Prophetic? Nay! But sense therein may
 The heart's desire, in pangs of love or greed;
 What divination deeper?"

"Yon Statesman, struggling in the night-
 mare's grip,
 Fears he has let Time's scanty forelock slip,
 And lost a great occasion [a-writhe
 Of self-advancement. How that mouth's
 With hate, on platforms oft so blandly blithe
 In golden-tongued persuasion!"

"He, blindly blundering, as through baffling
 mist,
 Is a professional philanthropist,
 Rosy-gilled, genial, hearty. [deep
 A mouthing Friend of Man. He dreams he's
 In jungles of self-interest, where creep
 Sleuth-hounds of creed and party.

"That sleek-browed sleeper? 'Tis the Great
 Pooh-pooh,
 The 'Mugwump' of the *Weekly Whillaloo*,
 A most superior creature;
 Too high for pity and too cold for wrath;
 The pride of dawdlers on the Higher Path
 Suffuses every feature.

"Contemptuous, he, of clamorous party strife,
 And all the hot activities of life;
 But most the Politician
 He mocks—for 'meanness.' How the prig
 would gasp
 If shown the slime-trail of that wriggling asp
 In his own haunts Elysian!"

"He dreams Creation, cleared of vulgar noise,
 Is dedicate to calm æsthetic joys,
 That he is limply lolling

Amidst the lilies that toil not nor spin,
 Given quite to dandy scorn, and dainty sin,
 And languor, and 'log-rolling.'

"The head which on that lace-trimmed pillow
 lies
 Is fair as Psyche's. Yes, those snow-veiled
 Look Dian-pure and saintly. [eyes
 Sure no Aholibah could own those lips,
 Through whose soft lusciousness the bland
 breath slips
 So fragrantly and faintly.

"That up-curved arm which bears the silken
 knot
 Of dusky hair, is it more free from blot
 Than is her soul who slumbers?
 Her visions? Of 'desirable young men,'
 Who crowd round her like swine round
 Circe's pen
 In ever-swelling numbers.

"Of Love? Nay, but of lovers. Love's a lean
 And impecunious urchin; lovers mean
 Gifts, worship, triumph—Money!
 The Golden Apple is the fruit to witch
 Our modern Atalantas. To be rich,
 Live on life's milk and honey;

"Stir crowds, charm royalties,—these are the
 things
 Psyche most cares for, not her radiant wings
 Or Cupid's shy caresses.
 She dreams of conquests that a world applauds,
 Or a Stage-wardrobe with a thousand gauds,
 And half-a-hundred dresses.

"Not so, that other sleeper, stretched at
 length, [strength,
 A spectre stripped of charm and shorn of
 In yon dismantled chamber.
 Dreams she of girlhood's couch, the lavender
 Of country sheets, a roof where pigeons whirr
 And creamy roses clamber?"

"Of him the red-faced swain whose rounded
 eyes
 Dwelt on her charms in moony ecstasies?
 Of pride, of shame, of sorrow?
 Nay, of what now seems Nature's crowning
 good; [food—food.
 Hunger-wrought dreams are hers of food—
 She'll wake from them to-morrow;

"Wake fiercely famishing, savagely sick,
 The animal in man is quick, so quick
 To stir and claim full forage.
 Let famine parch the hero's pallid lips,
 Pinch Beauty's breast, then watch the swift
 eclipse
 Of virtue, sweetness, courage!

"Cynical? Sense leaves that to callow youth
 And callous age; plain picturing of the truth
 Seems cynical,—to folly.
 Friend, the true cynic is the shallow mime
 Who paints humanity devoid of crime,
 And life supremely 'jolly.'

"See such an one, in scented sheets a-loll!
 Rich fare and rosy wine have lapped his soul
 In a *bon-vivant's* slumbers.
 His pen lies there, the ink is scarcely dry
 With which he sketched the smug philosophy
 Of Cant and Christmas Numbers.

"He dreams of—holly, home, exuberant
 hearts,
 Picturesque poverty, the toys and tarts
 Of childhood's hope?—No, verily!
 'Tis a dream-world of pleasure, power, and
 pelf,
 Visions of the apocalypse of Self,
 O'er which his soul laughs merrily."

"Enough!" I cried. "The morning's earliest
 gleams
 Will soon dissolve this pageantry of dreams.
 The New Year's at our portals.
 Unselfishness, and purity, and hope,
 Dawn with it through the dream-world's
 cloudy cope,
 Even on slumbering mortals."

"Granted," the Shadow answered. "Poppy-
 Land
 Is not *all* Appetite and Humbug bland.
 Myriads of night-capped noddles
 We must leave unexplored. Their owners oft
 Are saints austere, or sympathisers soft,
 Truth's types and Virtue's models!"
 (To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PREPARING TO MEET AN EPIDEMIC.—If you
 sit all day in your great coat, muffled up to
 the eyes in a woollen comforter and with
 your feet in constantly replenished mustard
 and hot water, as you propose, you will cer-
 tainly be prepared, when it makes its appear-
 ance, to encounter the attack of the Russian
 Epidemic Influenza, that you so much dread.
 Your idea of taking a dose of some advertised
 Patent Medicine every other hour, as a pre-
 ventive, is by no means a bad one, and your
 resolution to shut yourself up in your house,
 see no friends, open no letters, read no news-
 papers, and live entirely on tinned meats for
 three months, might possibly secure you
 from the chances of an attack; but on the
 whole we should rather advise you to carry
 out your plan of leaving the country alto-
 gether and seeking a temporary asylum in
 South Central Africa until you are assured
 that the contagion has blown over, as the
 preferable one. Anyhow you might try it.
 Meanwhile, certainly drench your clothes
 with disinfectants, fill your hat with cotton
 wool steeped in spirits of camphor, and if
 you meet any friends in the street, prevent
 them addressing you, by keeping them at
 arm's-length with your walking-stick, or,
 better still, if you have it with you, your
 opened umbrella. They may or they may
 not understand your motive, and when they
 do, though they may not respect you for
 your conduct, it is just possible that they
 may not seriously resent it. Your precau-
 tionary measures, if scrupulously carried out,
 should certainly ensure your safety. Put
 them in hand at once, and be sure you let us
 hear from you next Spring informing us, on
 the whole, how you have got on.

WHAT POCKET-BOOKS TO GET.—Mark us;
 WARD'S.



HUNTING HINTS.—HOW TO KEEP THE THING GOING DURING A SNOW.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE BARON'S Booking-Office is still decked about with holly, For the Season that at any rate's conventionally "jolly." Is by no means wholly over, and the very hard-worked Baron Feels rather like a sort of tired-out literary Charon, With an over-laden ferry-boat, and passengers too numerous. For seasonable "novelties"—and "notions" quaint and humorous Still crowd on him, and claim his constant critical attention, Some may escape his notice, but a few more he must mention MARCUS WARD's are good as usual, and his "Christmas Cheque Book" 's Though rather a sardonic "sell" to parties short of money. [funny; CASTELL BROTHERS' Cards are charming, but the words "Printed in The patriotic Baron ink, or may he turn a Merman! He [Germany," Can't see why pictured prettiness should be beyond home-printing. He doesn't want to dogmatise, but really can't help *hinting*! *Scout's Head*, by LAMBERIDGE, boys will like. JEROME K. JEROME's *Stage-Land*,

Which BERNARD PARTRIDGE illustrates, might tickle e'en the sage Of Puritan Philistia at Clapham-Rise or Barnsbury. And now let us the memory of Christmas Cards and yarns bury In a right bowl of stingo, in the which the Baron cheerily Drinks to his readers heartily, sincerely, and Happy-New-Year-ily!

Once upon a time Mr. LEWIS CARROLL wrote a marvellously grotesque, fantastic, and humorous book called *Alice in Wonderland*, and on another occasion he wrote *Through the Looking-Glass*, in which *Alice* reappeared, and then the spring of Mr. LEWIS CARROLL's fanciful humour apparently dried up, for he has done nothing since worth mentioning in the same breath with his two first works; and if his writings have been by comparison watery, unlike water, they have never risen by inherent quality to their original level. Of his latest book, called *Sylvie and Bruno*, I can make neither head nor tale. It seems a muddle of all sorts, including a little bit of Bible thrown in. It will be bought, because LEWIS CARROLL's name is to it, and it will be enjoyed for the sake of Mr. FURNISS's excellent illustrations, but for no other reason, that I can see. I feel inclined to carol to CARROLL, "O don't you remember sweet ALICE?" and, if so, please be good enough to wake her up again, if you can.

M. FRÉDÉRIC MAYER's International Almanack takes my breath away. It is overwhelmingly international. Most useful to the International Theatre-goer, as there are plans of all the principal

theatres in Europe, with the seats numbered, so that you have only to wire (answer paid) to the Théâtre Français for *fauteuil d'orchestre* Number 20, to Drury Lane in the same way, to the Operahaus, Berlin ("Open Haus" sounds so internationally hospitable) for *Parquet* Number 200 (so as to get a good view), to the Wallner Theater, Berlin, for something of the same sort, or to La Scala, Milan, for the sixth *Sedie d'orchestra* on the left (as the numbers are not given—why?) and you'll be accommodated. Then with ease the internationalist can learn when the Moon is full, *Pleine Lune*, *Vollmond*, *Luna Piena* and *Luna Ilena* in five languages. The Italian, the Spaniard, the French, the Englishman, the German and the Dutchman can find out all about the different watering-places of Europe, each one in his own native tongue, and all about "the Court of Arches" in London and Madrid. There is the Jewish and also the Mahomedan Calendar, but I see nothing about the Greek Kalends. I am not quite sure that the Bulgarians will be quite satisfied, and I should say, that the Aborigines of Central Africa will have a distinct grievance, which M. FRÉDÉRIC MAYER will rectify after an interview with Mr. STANLEY. It's a wonderful production, and as it gives postal rates and cab-fares in ever so many languages, it will be of great practical value to the traveller. But no list of cab-fares is perfect without a model row with the driver in eight languages, including some bad language and directions as to the shortest route to the nearest police court.

Our good Doctor ROOSE in *urbe*, has just published a *brochure*, dealing with the origin, treatment, and prevention (for there is apparently no cure of the fell disease to which, and for a multitude of whose victims, Father DAMIEN died a martyr. If in the Doctor's treatment of this subject after his own peculiar fashion *à la* ROOSE, he can help to alleviate present suffering and materially assist the crusade now being undertaken against this common enemy, he will have contributed his share of energy in starting 1890 hopefully.

Those who suffer from indigestion at this festive season, and wish to intensify the effects of the malady, will do well to read a new book entitled *Master of his Fate*, by J. MACLAREN COBBAN, who, if he does not write well, that is, judging his style from a hypercritical purist's point of view, yet contrives to interest you with a story almost as sensational as that of *Hyde and Jekyll*. The *Master of his Fate* might have had for its second title, *Or, The Accomplished Modern Vampire*, the hero being a sort of a vampire, but not one of the good old school.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.



"THE SERVANTS."

Lady Patroness (Registry Office of Charitable Society). "AND WHY ARE YOU LEAVING YOUR PRESENT PLACE?"
Small Applicant. "PLEASE, 'M, THE LADY SAID SHE CAN DO WITH A LESS EXPERIENCED SERVANT!"

AMONG THE AMATEURS.

No. II.—PREPARATION.

SCENE.—*The Theatre of the provincial town of Blankbury. A company of Amateurs, the "Thespian Wanderers," are rehearsing the well-known Comedy of "Heads or Tails?" Amongst them are our friends BUCKSTONE BOLDERO, TIFFINGTON SPINKS, CHARLIE GUSHBY, and HARRY HALL. Besides these, we may note Colonel THOMAS CLUMK, an ex-military Amateur, who devotes more time to acting small parts and talking big about them than he ever did to soldiering. Then there is ANDREW JARP, a portly and elderly partner in a considerable firm of Solicitors, and an actor who, by long practice, has grown perfect in the part of a Family Butler. His office is in the City, and he drives down to it every morning in a private brougham, fitted with a looking-glass, by the help of which he studies the air and deportment characteristic of a modern Seneschal. He is a man of few words, off as well as on the stage; but his eyes flash fury if he hears his favourite Art derided by the scoffer. HORATIO SPUFFLE is also in the cast. He has dabbled in literature, but has lately abandoned such frivolity, and been elected a Member of the London County Council. A few rising Amateur Supers complete the male portion of the cast. The Ladies' parts are played by professional Actresses, of the Theatres Royal generally, who happen to be, as they pleasantly express it in their advertisements in the "Era," "resting"—MISS DOROTHY SHUTTLE, Miss AMELIA SLIMPER, who are new to the Amateurs, and KITTY LARKINGS, who has "assisted" the "Thespian Wanderers" before. BOLDERO is Stage Manager. The Stage is occupied by SPINKS (as Colonel DEBENHAM, a retired Indian Officer), GUSHBY (as TOM TILBURY, a comic Country Squire), and DOROTHY SHUTTLE (as BELINDA, a Nursemaid in the family of Lord and Lady SHORTHORN, represented respectively by BOLDERO and Miss AMELIA).*

Boldero (from the front of the house). Stop a moment! You know we really must settle what we are to do about those two children that *Belinda's* got to wheel on in the double perambulator. I asked the

Duchess of MIDDLESEX to lend us her twins for a couple of nights, but she writes to say they've just got the measles. Isn't there any one here who can help us?

Gushby (in whose breast the leading part played by SPINKS still rankles). Why not let SPINKS do it? He's always wanting to "double" parts, and here's a splendid chance for him.

Spinks (coldly). That's very funny—really very funny, GUSHBY. It's a pity "Colonel DEBENHAM" (alluding to his own rôle in the comedy) isn't a clown's part. I'd give it up to you right off, if it was. Ha, ha! (bitterly).

Colonel Clumk. There's a man in my old regiment who's got two red-haired brats; but he wants ten shillings a night for 'em.

Boldero. That's pretty stiff. However, I'll inspect them tomorrow. Let's get on a bit now. Come, SPINKS!

Spinks. Where were we? (With an air of intense annoyance.) These constant interruptions put one off so. Oh, yes, I remember. (Resumes rehearsing the part of "Colonel DEBENHAM.") "Nursemaid, take those squalling infants away. I'm surprised at Lady SHORTHORN permitting them in the drawing-room. Wheel them away at once—at once, I say; or I'll make curry-powder of the lot of you!"

Miss Dorothy Shuttle (as "BELINDA"). "Well, I'm sure; I never was so spoken to afore. (To her imaginary children.) Did the horrid man scold them, then, pretty dears? (To DEBENHAM.) You a Colonel? You ain't fit to be a General in the Salvation Army. Impudence!"

Boldero (enthusiastically). Excellent! That couldn't have been done better. When we get the perambulator and the babies, it's bound to go. (Miss DOROTHY SHUTTLE is much pleased, and foresees several stalls being taken on the occasion of her next benefit.) Now, then (to SPINKS, who thinks it a mistake that a Stage Manager should stop to praise anybody, with one exception, of course, at rehearsal), SPINKS, hurry up a bit, hurry up!

Spinks. My dear BOLDERO, I'm perfectly ready to begin as soon as ever the talking stops. I know my cues, I fancy; but it's quite hopeless to get on if everybody wants to talk at the same moment. (Resumes his part as "Colonel DEBENHAM," shaking his fist at the departing BELINDA.) "Impertinent minx! (Turns furiously on GUSHBY, who is on the stage in the character of TILBURY, the comic

Squire.) And you, Sir, what in the name of fifty thousand jackasses, do you mean by standing there grinning from ear to ear like a buck nigger? But I'll not stand it any longer, Sir, not for a moment. D'ye hear, you miserable turnip-faced bumpkin, d'ye hear?" (Carried away by histrionic enthusiasm, SPINKS brings his fist down violently on the precise spot where a table ought to be, but is not, standing. As a natural result, he hits himself with much force on his leg. The others laugh, and the Ladies turn away giggling, feeling that they ought to be sympathetic. The unfortunate SPINKS hurts himself considerably, and is furious. Coming, as it were, right out of the part, and being temporarily himself again, only in a rage, he addresses the Stage Manager.) Upon my soul, BOLDERO, this is perfectly infamous. How often have I begged you to get that table placed there at all costs, and time after time you forget it. I know what it is; you want to make me ridiculous. But you'll be d— (suddenly remembers that ladies are present, and substitutes a milder expletive)—confoundedly sorry for yourself when you find I'm too lame to act, and the whole of your precious piece will be ruined. You'll none of you get notices worth twopence from the critics. [Limps up and down the Stage.]

Miss Amelia Slimper (rather a novice, and anxious to make useful acquaintances among the distinguished Amateurs—to Miss KITTY, whispering). Are they very keen about notices?

Miss Kitty (experienced in Amateurs). Keen! I should think they were. They talk about nothing else when it's over.

Boldero (peaceably). Well, SPINKS, you know you smashed two tables last week, and I thought we agreed to rehearse without one. But I'll see it's there next time. Now then, JARP! Where's JARP? This is his entrance. Where the deuce is he? (Enter JARP as "Mr. BINNS, Butler to Lord SHORTHORN"). Dear me, JARP, what have you been up to?

Jarp (vexed). What have I been up to? I'll tell you. I've been learning my part, and it would be a good thing if everybody were to follow my example, instead of talking all day.

Boldero. JARP, don't be sarcastic. It doesn't suit you. Let's see if you know your part, after all this.

JARP (as BINNS, without moving a muscle). "'Er Ladyship's compliments, Colonel DEBENHAM, and she would like to see you.

Spinks (as DEBENHAM). "Very well. Tell her I'll come."

Jarp (as BINNS). "Yes, Sir."

[Exit JARP as BINNS, but immediately becomes JARP, and complains to the young Ladies that these fellows never will rehearse properly. The professional Ladies sympathise with

him, and admit that it is very provoking, and Miss AMELIA takes the opportunity of expressing her confident opinion that he, JARP, will play his part admirably, and only wonders that he hasn't got more to do. Then somehow the conversation wanders towards professional matters, and the probability of Miss AMELIA being engaged next season at a fashionable London Theatre, &c., &c.

Miss Dorothy (aside, in a whisper, to Miss KITTY, alluding to JARP's recent exit). Is that all he's got to say?

Miss Kitty (in same tone to Miss DOROTHY). Not quite. He says, "'Er Ladyship is served!" in the next Act. A part like that takes a deal of learning.

[The rehearsal proceeds. SPUFFIL does wonders as "a young man about town"; Colonel CLUMK performs the part of a Country Clergyman in a manner suggestive rather of a Drill-sergeant than a Vicar. BOLDERO having praised SPINKS, is pronounced by the latter to be unapproachable as Lord SHORTHORN. In the Third Act, HALL sings his song about "the Boy in Buttons." On the previous day, he had had a difference with SPINKS and BOLDERO.

Boldero. I think that song's out of place. What say you, SPINKS?

Spinks. Well, it does sound just a trifle vulgar.

Boldero. Yes. I think we shall have to cut it, HALL. It'll do for next year just as well. You can make it fit any piece?

Hall (pale, but determined). If that song goes, I go too. Oh, yes, SPINKS, it's all very well for you to be so blessed polite to BOLDERO, but you didn't seem to think much of his acting (observes SPUFFIL smiling) no, nor of SPUFFIL's either, when you spoke to me yesterday: and as for GUSHBY, why we all know what GUSHBY is.

[All join in the fight, which continues for ten minutes.

Boldero (looking at his watch). Good heavens! we shall miss our train, and I've promised to look in on IRVING to-night. He'd never forgive me if I didn't turn up.

[Smiles of quiet intelligence appear on the faces of the other Amateurs, accompanied with a few winks, which like "laughter in Court," are "immediately suppressed."

Exeunt omnes, severally, each pleased with himself, and more or less disgusted with everybody else.

Miss Amelia (to KITTY). What a funny lot! Are they like that every year?

Miss Kitty. Yes, always. But (confidentially) they do come out strong for a "ben."

[They retire to their lodgings for a little quiet tea and a rest.]

A MID-WINTER'S NIGHT'S DREAM.



SURELY AUGUSTUS DEURIOLANUS has triumphed and beaten the record! For the last nine years it has been the cry, "There never was so good a Pantomime as this one," and now again the shout is repeated. *Jack and the Beanstalk* is the eleventh of the series, and the best, "How it is done?" only AUGUSTUS can answer. The Annual (no longer, alas! written by the gentle and genial E. L. B.) has an excellent book. It contains something of all sorts. Now we have SHAKESPEARE's fairy-land with *Oberon*, *Titania*, and *Puck*, then HARRY NICHOLL'S Royal Palace with Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL and Miss HARRIET VERNON, then Madame KATTI LANNER'S Market Place, with a number of the most promising of her pupils (of all ages too, from the tiny child to the "ceased-growing-a-long-while-ago") then Mrs. SIMPSON'S Back Garden, with Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST junior as a giant, Mr. DAN LENO as a widow, and the Brothers GRIFFITHS as the Cow Company Limited, and lastly, controlling the whole, we have Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS who is seen at his very best when we reach the Giant's Library and the realms of Olympus.

And this Pantomime is not only beautiful but amusing. It has two grand processions, but this year, by good stage-management, neither is tedious. The Shakespearean Heroines do a little play-acting between whiles, and the gods and goddesses, or rather their attendants, manoeuvre before the eye becomes weary of watching their approach. For instance, Mars has scarcely time to swagger down to the foot-lights in the most appropriate and approved fashion,

before he finds himself called upon to stand near a private box on the prompt side, to be well out of the way of his dancing terpsichorean satellites. *Lady Macbeth* has hardly "taken the daggers" before *King Lear* (Mr. LORRAINE) is bringing a furtive tear to the eyes of all beholders (one tear is sufficient at Christmastide) by his touching pantomime in the presence of his three fair daughters.

Then, too, Mr. HARRY PAYNE has his chance, and makes the most of it. It was quite pleasant to see the Clown on Boxing-Night, and those who left the theatre mindful of trains that will not delay the hours fixed for their departure, must have determined (if they were wise people) to come again to witness the remainder of the performances. Then those who liked acrobats had the Leopold Troupe, and a strong man who lifted up a horse (but did not have his own name, or the name of his charger, on the programme) to delight them. And it was also a pleasing reflection to remember that the entertainment was the result of solid hard work, combined with excellent judgment and taste. Paterfamilias could say to Young Hopeful home for the holidays, "See here, my lad, the lessee of our National Theatre could never have caused us so much thorough enjoyment had he not worked with a will that you will do well to imitate when you return to Dr. SWISHTALES' Academy at the conclusion of the Christmas vacation." And so all can cry with genuine enthusiasm:—"Ave, AUGUSTUS! Ave, DEURIOLANUS! Ave, IMPERATOR! Ave! Ave!—and NICHOLLS."

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans; je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XVI.

"MIDNIGHT's meridian is supposed to mark
The bound twist toil and slumber.
Light and dark

Mete out the lives of mortals
In happy alternation," said my guide.

"Six hours must fleet ere Phœbus
shall set wide
His glowing orient portals.

"The last loud halloo at the tavern-
door [the poor
Long since has driven the reckless and
From misery's only haven
Forth on the chilling night. 'All out!
All out!'" [no doubt,

Less sad would fall on bibulous souls,
The refrain of the Raven.

"London lies shuttered close. Law's
measured beat
Falls echoing down the] shadow-
chequered street;

A distant cab-wheel clatters;
The wastrel's drunken cry, the wail's low
moan,
Reach not the ear of tired Philistia, prone,
Dreaming of other matters."

The Shadow's slow subacid speech, I knew,
Foreboded more than mirth. Downward we
drew,

Silent, and all un-noted,
O'er sleeping Shopdom. Sleeping? Closer
quest

Might prove it one vast Valley of Unrest
O'er which we mutely floated.

"Post-midnight peace," I said, "must fall
like balm,

After the long day's turmoil, on this calm,
Close-clustering, lamp-lit city."

"Peace?" sighed the Shadow. "She of the
white dove

Is not less partial in her gifts than Love,
Or Wealth, or Worldly Pity.

"See you close-shuttered shop! Peace
broodeth there,

You deem perchance; but look within. A
lair

Of midnight smugglers, stirring
At the sea's signal, scarce seems more agog.
And yet each toiler's heart lies like a log,
Sleep each tired eye is blurring.

"Feet scuttle, fingers fleet, pens work apace;
A whipt-up zeal marks every pallid face;

One voice austere, sonorous,
Chides, threatens, sometimes curses. How
they flush,

Its victims silent, tame! That voice would
hush

A seraph-choir in chorus.

"Strident, sardonic, stern; the harrying
sound

Lashes them like a flail the long hours round,
Till to strained nerves 'twere sweeter
To silence it with one fierce passionate grip,
Than into some bland Lotos Land to slip,
And moon out life to metre.

"From early morn till midnight these poor
slaves [craves

Have 'served the public;' now, when nature
Rest from the strain and scurry
Of Shopdom's servitude, they still must wake
Some weary hours, though hands with fever
shake

And nerves are racked with worry.

"Though the great streets are still, the
shutters up,
Gas flares within, and ere they sleep or sup
These serfs of Competition



Must clean, and sort and sum. There's much
to do

Behind those scenes set fair to public view
By hucksters of position.

"The shop-assistant's Sabbath has begun!
His sixteen hours long Saturday has run
Its wearing course and weary.
The last light's out, and many an aching head
At last, at last, seeks in a lonely bed
A dreamland dim and dreary.

"In roseate visions shall racked souls rejoice
Haunted by echoes of that harrying voice?
Nay, friend, uncounted numbers
Of victims to commercial strain and stress,
Seek nought more sweet than dull forgetful-
ness

In the short night's scant slumbers."

"Too sombre Spirit, hath the opening year
No scenes of gayer hope and gentler cheer?
Is all beneath night's curtain
In this vast city void of promise glad?
Are all the guests of midnight spectres sad,
And suffering and uncertain?"

So I addressed the Shadow. "Friend," he
smiled. [untiled.]

"'Twas 'lurid London' that you wished
Most secret things are sinister.
Innocent mirth needs no Ithuriel spear
To make its inner entity appear.
Still, to your mood I'll minister.

"Not long-drawn Labour only breaks the
rest

Of London's night. Society in quest
Of Gold's sole rival, Pleasure,
Makes little of the bounds of dark and day.
Night's hours lead on a dance as glad and gay
As the old Horaes' measure.

"Look!" Such a burst of laughter shook
the room

As might dispel a desert anchorite's gloom.
Flushed faces keen and clever
Contorted wildly; such mirth-moving shape
Was taken by that genial histrion's jape
As mobs are mute at never.

A long soft-lighted room, the muffled beat
On carpets soft of watchful waiters' feet
In deft attendance gliding;
A table spread with toothsome morsels, fit
For the night-feast of genius, wealth and wit,
Of a skilled chef's providing.

Good fellowship, *bonnes bouchés*, right pleasant
tales

Of *bonnes fortunes*! Here a quaint cynic rails,
There an enthusiast gushes.

Gay talk flows on, not in a rolling stream,
But with the brooklet's intermittent gleam
And brisk irradiant rushes.

Side-lights from all Society shift here
Reflected in keen *mot* and jocund jeer,
Wild jest, and waggish whimsey.
Stagedom disrobed and Statecraft in undress,
Stars of the Art-world, pillars of the Press,
Sage solid, *flâneur* flimsy,

All cross and counter here; they lounge and
sup:

The fragrant smoke-cloud and the foaming
cup

Tickle their eager senses.
What care these for the clock, whilst banter
flows [roes

And dainty "snacks" and toothsome herring-
The distant cook dispenses?

"How different these," my calm companion
said, [for bed

"From the crowd yonder! These yearn not
As rest from leaden labour.

The night may be far spent, the Sabbath
dawns,

But here no dull brain-palsied drowser yawns
At his half-nodding neighbour.

"With wit, and wealth, and wine, the hours
of night

In sombre Babylon may dispense delight.

These revellers, slumber-scorning,
Radiant and well-arrayed, will stop, and stop,
Till waiters drowse. But then, yon slaves of
Shop

Must meet a different morning."

(To be continued.)

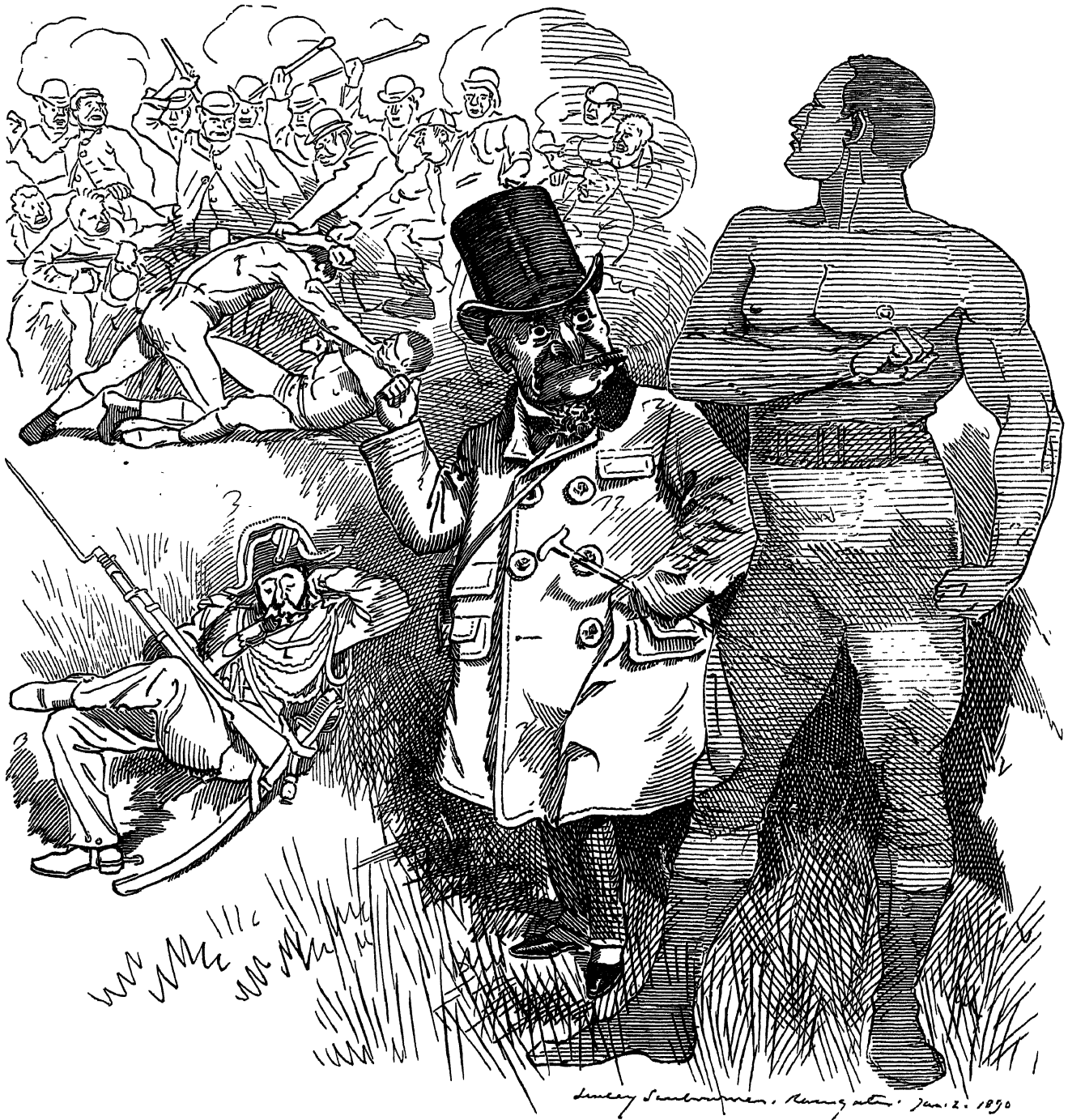
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN UNSATISFACTORY CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
—We can well understand and sympathise
with you in your disappointment on discover-
ing that you had been deceived as to the
amount of intelligence possessed by the
Learned Pig that you had been induced
to purchase as a Christmas present for your
invalid Grandfather. It must have been very
annoying, after having imagined that you had
provided your aged relative with a nice long
winter's evening amusement resulting from
the creature's advertised powers of telling
fortunes and spelling sentences with a pack
of ordinary playing cards, to receive a letter
from the housekeeper bitterly complaining
of its performance, which seems merely to
have consisted of eating all the tea-cake, biting
a housemaid, getting between your Grand-
father's legs and upsetting him in his arm-
chair, and, finally, when pursued, trying to
obtain refuge in the grand piano. You cannot
be surprised after this experience, that it
has been intimated to you that if you do not
take the creature yourself away at once, it
will be forthwith handed over to the first
policeman that passes. Yes, spite the pig's
reputed intellectual gifts, we would advise
you to close with the pork-butcher's offer
you mention. When the creature has been
cut up, send your Grandfather some of the
sausages. This may possibly appease the old
gentleman, and serve to allay the irritation
that your unfortunate Christmas gift appears
to have occasioned.

THE NORTH WALLS.—The Sporting Cor-
respondent of the *Sunday Times* tells us that
Colonel NORTH is "having a new ball-room"
—(he wouldn't have an old one built, would
he? But no matter)—"the walls of which
are composed of onyx." Of course, a Bil-
lionaire pays all the workmen punctually and
regularly; therefore, "Owe-nix" walls are
an appropriate memorial. *Si monumentum
quæris, circumspice.*

DARES AND ENTELLUS.

(New Non-Virgilian Version told by Punchus to the Shade of Sayerius in the Elysian Fields. With Intercalary Observations by the Illustrious ex-Pugilist.)



Dudley Sawkins. Kensington. Jan. 2. 1890

Mr. Punch. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, TOM?"

Shade of Sayerius. "THINK!" (Disgusted.) "WHY, I THINK THE SOONER THE P. R.'s PUT DOWN, THE BETTER!"

THEN bulky DARES in the ring appears,
Chuckling his "castor" in 'midst husky cheers.
DARES, the so-called "Champion" of his land,
Who met the great KILRAINUS hand to hand,
And at the Pelicanus strove—in vain—
The Ethiopian's onset to sustain.
Such DARES was, and such he strode along,
And drew hoarse homage from the howling throng.

His brawny breast and bulky arms he shows,
His lifted fists around his head he throws,
Huge caveats to the inadvertent nose.
But DARES, who, although a sinewy brute,
Had not of late increased his old repute,
Looked scarce like one prepared for gain or loss,
And scornful of the surreptitious "cross;"

Rather the kind of cove who tackled fair
Would think more of the "corner" than
"the square."
("Ah! bust him, yes!" SAYERIUS here put in.
"He meant to tie or wrangle, not to win.
I'd like to—well, all right, I will not say:
But 'twasn't so at Farnborough in my day.")
Next stout ENTELLUS for the strife prepares,
Strips off his ulster, and his body bares,

Composed of mighty bone and brawn he stands,
A six-foot straight, "fine fellow of his hands."
ENTELLUS, Champion of the Austral realm,
Whose sight fat DARES seemed to overwhelm.
"Yah!" cried SAYERIUS, "brave HEENANUS stood
Well over me; yes, and his grit was good.
But did I funk the Big 'Un from the fist?
No, nor when nine times I had bit the dust!"
They both attentive stand with eyes intent,
Their arms well up, their bodies backward bent.
One on his clamorous "Corner" most relies;
The other on his sinews and his size.
Unequal in success, they ward, they strike,
Their styles are different, but their aims alike.
Big blows are dealt; stout DARES hops around,
His pulpy sides the rattling thumps resound.
"He always was a fleshy 'un, yer know,"
Said brave SAYERIUS. "But on yer go!"
Steady and straight ENTELLUS stands his ground,
Although already rowdy rows abound.
His hand and watchful eyes keep even pace,
While DARES traverses and shifts his place,
And, like a cornered rat in a big pit,
Keeps off, and doesn't like the job a bit.
"No, that I'll bet!" the brave SAYERIUS said.
"Wish I'd been there to punch his bloomin' 'ed!"
More on his feet than fists the cur relies,
And on that crowded "Corner" keeps his eyes.
With straightening shots ENTELLUS threatens the foe,
But DARES dodges the descending blow,
And back into his Corner's prompt to go,
Where bludgeon, knuckleduster, knotted sticks,
Foul sickening blows and cruel coward kicks
Are in his interest on ENTELLUS rained
At every point that plucky boxer gained.
"Oh!" groaned SAYERIUS. "And this sort of thing
Wos let go on, with gents around the Ring!"
In vain ENTELLUS gave sly DARES snuff;
DARES already felt he'd had enough;
But twenty ruffians, thralls of bets and "booze,"
Had sworn could he not win he should not lose.
DARES, you see, was "Champion" of his land,
And these were "Trojans all" you'll understand.
"Champion be blowed!" SAYERIUS said. "Wus luck,
They wosn't Trojans. This is British pluck!"
Then from the Corner fiendish howls arise,
And oaths and execrations rend the skies.
ENTELLUS stoutly to the fight returned,
Kicked, punched and mauled, his eyes with fury burned,
Disdain and conscious courage fired his breast,
And with redoubled force his foe he pressed,
Laid on with either hand like anything,
And headlong drove his rival round the Ring;
Nor stops nor stays, nor rest, nor breath allows.
Thereon the Corner raised redoubled rows,
Yelled false alarms of "Rescue!" heaved half-bricks,
And murderous missiles and unmanly kicks
Poured on ENTELLUS, whilst fat DARES slunk
Between his bullies, like a shabby skunk. [GULLIES
"Bah!" groined SAYERIUS. "Fancy CRIBBS or
Backing down under guard of blackguard bullies!"
But now the Ref., who saw the row increase,
Declared a "draw," and bade the combat cease.
"A draw?" SAYERIUS shouted. "Wos he drunk?
Or had he, like the rest, a fit of funk?"
"This," PUNCHIUS said, "ended the precious game.
In which all, save ENTELLUS, suffered shame.
SAYERIUS mine, I trust you take delight
In this description of a Champion Fight!"

"A Fight," SAYERIUS shouted. "Oh, get out!
It was a 'barney.' If this ruffian rout
Of cheats and 'bashers' now surround the Ring,
You'd better stop it as a shameful thing.
In JACKSON's time, and even in my day,
It did want courage, and did mean fair play—
Most times, at least. But don't mix up this muck
With tales of rough-and-tumble British pluck.
I'd like to shake ENTELLUS by the hand,
And give that DARES—wot he'd understand
Better, you bet, than being fair or "game,"
Or trying to keep up the Old Country's name!
But anyhow, if Boxing's sunk so low
As this, why, hang it, PUNCHIUS, let it go!"
Said PUNCH, as from the Elysian Fields he strode,
"If you're not right, SAYERIUS mine, I'm blowed!"



STUDIES IN REPARTEE.

Algy (patronisingly). "ULLO, JIM!—WHAT—YOU PLAY THE BANJO? YOU LUCKY DOG, YOU POSSESS ALL THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS I LACK!"

Jim (modestly). "OH, NONSENSE! WHY, YOU'RE MAKING ME OUT A REGULAR CRICHTON!"

WORK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

New Year's Day (or thereabouts), 1890.

EVERY fellow says you are 'such a good chap, and what every fellow says must be true. Now we want you to do us a good turn. We wish you would write down "holiday tasks." It is such a beastly shame that fellows home for "the Yule-Tide Vacation" (as our Head Master calls it), should have to be stewing away at all sorts of beastly things. No—if we are to do anything in the working line, let us have a paper like the subjoined, which, at any rate, will test our knowledge of what we have been doing during the holidays. You will see I have added the answers in the manner I think they should be given to secure full marks.

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours sincerely,

SMITH MINIMUS.

1. Give a short account of your Christmas dinner, distinguishing between the sustenance for the body, and the food for the mind.

Answer. Whole affair stunning. Turkey and mince-pies first-rate. Champagne might have been drier—but, tol lol! Uncle Bob rather prosy, but his girls capital fun. Tips satisfactory.

2. What do you know of (1) the Pantomime at the Crystal Palace, (2) the World's Fair at the Agricultural Hall, and (3) the Panorama of Waterloo at Ashley Place?

Answer. (1.) *Aladdin* is the subject of the Palace Pantomime, which is not half bad. Mr. DAUBAN, as usual, capital, and the dresses quite Drury Lane form. Scenery, too, (especially Willow-pattern Plate) up to the mark, if not more so. (2.) World's Fair, at Agricultural Hall, rather mixed. Excellent menagerie—good old BLONDIN—but side-shows second-rate. Shakespearian Pantaloon in one of the latter seemed to be enjoying Christmas in the old-fashioned manner. (3.) Panorama of Waterloo, not only patriotic, but artistic. Regular good set-to between the Highlanders and French Ouirassiers. Skull in the Relics Department—pretty ornament for the Annual Banquet at the Surgeons' Hall.

3. Given a traveller from Charing Cross to St. Clement's Dunes, describe the places of interest he would pass during the journey.

Answer. I think the best way of flooring this question is to say what I should do if I made the voyage. Take a cup of chocolate at Aërated Bread

Company, with two pennyworth of butter and cake; then to the Lowther Arcade, to get some toys for the young 'uns. Next to GATTY'S Restaurant for Lunch. Being a good day for *Matinées*, look in at TERRY'S, for First Act of *Sweet Lavender*, then to the Opéra Comique for Second Act of *Real Little Lord Fauntleroy*; lastly, wind up with a bit of *Our Flat* at the Strand. Dine quietly at the Gaiety before seeing the *Dead Heart* at the Lyceum, which will produce an appetite, to be appeased only at RULE'S, where you can take a light supper—then to bed.

4. Do you think that the Head Master of your school would derive any benefit from a closer association with the Metropolis? If you do, give your reason for such an opinion.

Answer. I decidedly think old SWISSETALE would be better for a week (under supervision) in London. Might take him to the Empire, the Pav., and to see *Ruy Blas*, or the *Blasé Roué*. If it did him no other good, it would afford him a topic for conversation at lesson time.

JUSTICE AT HIGH-PRESSURE.

(Or what it has nearly come to in Judges' Chambers.)

SCENE—Room in Royal Courts divided by railing into two parts. First part occupied by Chief Clerk seated in front of table covered with papers. Second part filled with Solicitors' Clerks hustling one another in the endeavour to attract attention. List for the day's causes about six yards long.



Chief Clerk (after three hours' hard work). Now, Gentlemen, one at a time. SMITH *versus* BROWN!

Six Solicitors' Representatives (speaking together). Won't take a minute in—only an order to—

Chief Clerk. One at a time, Gentlemen! Who has the conduct of this matter?

First Solicitor's Representative. I have, Sir. It's an order to sell some freehold land. We have half a dozen valuations, and we want you to decide the conditions of sale.

Chief Clerk. Hand in the documents, and let the matter be submitted to the conveying counsel for a draft. Adjourned for a week. Next, please! JONES *versus* ROBINSON!

Second Solicitor's Representative (forcing his way to the front). This suit has been going on for six years, and we have got to second further consideration. By the recent statute, Sir, you now have to tax the costs.

Chief Clerk. Very well; hand them in, and when I have looked through them I will give you an appointment to proceed. Next, please! SNOOKS *versus* TOMPKINS!

Third Solicitor's Representative. Settlement of certificate. There are eighteen parties to this suit, and we have seventeen present—the eighteenth would be here, but I fancy the gentleman in charge of the matter has the influenza, and—

Chief Clerk (relieved). Oh, very well, then; as we can't proceed behind his back, we must adjourn it. SHRIMP *versus* LAMBEIN!

Fourth Solicitor's Representative (promptly). Rather a hard case, Sir. One of the beneficiaries, who presumably is entitled to the interest on £20,000 for six years, is in urgent need of five pounds, and—

Chief Clerk (looking at summons). Are you opposed?

Fifth Solicitor's Representative. Certainly, Sir; although my client instructs me to say that he too considers it a hard case, and—

Chief Clerk (interrupting). I have no power, then, to make an order; but, of course, if you like, I will put it in the Judges' list. Application refused. BUNKUM *versus* TINSEL!

Sixth Solicitor's Representative. Remuneration of Receiver, Sir. You have the papers.

Chief Clerk (glancing at documents). I think the Receiver had some special trouble in the matter.

Seventh Solicitor's Representative. Yes, Sir. I appear for him, and he tells me he has employed six clerks.

Chief Clerk. Quite so—commission at seven per cent. PEACE *versus* GOODWILL!

Eighth Solicitor's Representative. Proceed with accounts. We object to item 29—grave-stone to testator. Will said that the funeral was to be of the simplest character, and—

Chief Clerk. I see. Disallowed. What other items are objected to?

Ninth Solicitor's Representative. Nos. 33, 44, 87, 136, 150 to 506 inclusive: but, Sir, as some of these may take some time, and we are not quite prepared—

Chief Clerk. Very well. Adjourned for three months. WYLD *versus* SHEPHERD and Others!

Tenth Solicitor's Representative. We wish to suspend the

Manager of the Restaurant in this matter. It is alleged that he—

Chief Clerk (who has glanced at the papers). I shall not deal myself with this matter, but put it in the Judges' list. And now, Gentlemen, as I have to attend his Lordship in his own Chambers, I am afraid the other matters must be adjourned to another occasion. [Exit into inner Apartment hurriedly.]

Tenth Solicitor's Representative. And he has only got to number seventeen on the 11'30 list! Too bad!

Chorus of Solicitors' Representatives. Another morning wasted! But it's not his fault; he works hard enough! But, why don't they get enough men to do the business?

[Exeunt to appease their clients, who are impatiently waiting to hear the result of their various applications. Forcible language, and Curtain.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

REMINGTON'S *Annual* is a Remington which should go off well. This is the report of it—from the Baron—who says, get it, and read it. *A Fleety Show*, by W. H. POLLOCK. Those who remember *The Green Lady* and other Stories, will be delighted with this. A very quaint idea, which would have borne further elaboration.

I came across a story, new to me, but not new, I dare say, to many of my readers—I mean *Cashel Byron's Profession*, by G. BERNARD SHAW. To those who have yet the pleasure to come of reading this one-volume novel, I say, emphatically, get it. The notion is original. The stage-mechanism of the plot is antiquated; but, for all that, it serves its purpose. It is thoroughly interesting. Only one shilling, in the Novocastrian Series. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.



ROBERT ON GOOD OLD KRISMUS.

OF course I don't know how jolly Old Krismus affects other peepel, but I do know how it affects me, and that is, that I allus feels pertickler kind to pore ragged littel children, such as we sees in sum of our back-streets and sitch places, and eweryboddy can therefore understand without werry much trubble how werry pleased I was at what append the other day, and how jolly proud I was at being alloud to have my little share in it.

I offshyated the other day at a werry werry nice party of about twenty, at one of our best Tavverns, and they was about as nice and brite and jowial a set of Gents as I have had the honner of waiting on for sum time parst. They larfed and they chatted away as I likes to see 'em, cos I nos from my long experience that them's the sort of Gents as is allus werry libberal to the pore Waiters. Well, one of the werry britest and wittiest of 'em all, jest about the time as the sperrits is the highest, wizz, about a howver after dinner, when the wine is a having its werry best effect, pulls a paper out of his pocket that was ruled all over, and had a lot of names on it, and he says, says he, with his werry britest smile, "We've all had a jolly nice dinner, and plenty of good honest fun, and I now want you all to join me in a reel good lark;" and they all looks at him quite hegerly. Then he says, "If you will every one of you give me a shilling, I will let you have a chance in my lottery, where they is all prizes and no blanks, and the prizes will giv'e as much plezzur and appyness," says he, "as the jolly good dinner we has all just had."

So they all larfed at the funny idear, and they past the paper round, and ewery one on 'em sined his name and cashed up a shilling.

"I now garrantees," I think he sed, "that for ewery shilling you have given me no less than twenty-four pore little children shall have a good dinner; and so, as there is jest twenty of us, we shall have purwid a good dinner for no less than fore hundred and hayty pore little hungry children!"

I was that estonished at this wunderfull rewelashun that I was struck dum for a minnet, while the jolly party rapped the table and cried, "Bravo!" But I soon pulled myself together, and, going up quietly behind the kind-arted Gent, I says, in a whisper, "Please, Sir, will you kindly let me be a subseriber?" And he did, and I paid my shilling, and sined my name, amid the cheers of the cumpny, and then retired, as proud as a Alderman. But what a fact for an Hed Waiter to ponder hover! A dinner for a hapenny! and the dinner as this jolly party had bin a eating cost, I dessay, quite thirty shillings a head, which I makes out to be, not being a werry grand skoller, about enuff for some seven hundred pore children's dinners! I leaves to stronger heds than mine to calkerlate how many pore children the bill for the hole twenty wood have paid for; BROWN says ewer so many thousands; but BROWN does always zagerate so.

ROBERT.

"HER MAJESTY'S OPPOSITION."

AUGUSTUS DRUBOLANUS IMPERATOR, of course, represents "the Government," and Messrs. H. J. LESLIE and HARRIS (CHARLES of that ilk) are "Her Majesty's Opposition," who are to be congratulated on their Pantomime of *Cinderella* at Her Majesty's Theatre. Having purchased the book,—which must be classed among the "good books" of the season,—I can say decidedly that there is a considerable, though not a material, difference between the Pantomime *Cinderella* "as she is wrote" by the two pretty men "Messrs. RICHARD and HENRY,"—whose surnames, I am informed, are synonymous with those of a great English theologian and a still greater English astronomer,—and "the Pantomime *Cinderella*" as she is now performed at Her Majesty's. "Cut and run" must ever be the motto of the Playwright's and the theatrical Manager's action; but what astonished me, before I consulted the book, was the omission on the stage of the striking dramatic climax,—especially striking, because a clock is involved in it,—of *Cinderella's* story.



Portrait of Cinderella "Palmer quæ meruit." A Minnie-ture. Prince, Miss ROBINA, *remplaçante* of Miss VIOLET CAMERON, lead to her place in the centre of that glittering throng the *petite et pétillante Cinderella* in her Court dress, wearing her little glass slippers (very little slippers, and very little glass), and then, nothing happened, except that the next Scene descended, and hid them from view.

But, Heavens! had the Clock in the Palace Yard stopped? Had its works got out of order? Had it followed the example of the Dock and Gasmen, and "struck," by refusing to strike? Ah! "Inventor and Producer," Ah! Mr. H. J. LESLIE, "Ah!" to every one who had a hand in this sacrilege; "Ah!" on behalf of Messrs. RICHARD and HENRY, who could not have yielded this point except under a strong protest,—please restore this. We would all of us from eight years old (permitted by home licence to go to theatres at night during Christmas holidays), and up to over fifty (compelled to go to look after the others, and delighted to do so)—we would all of us rather hear the clock strike twelve, see *Cinderella* in rags, running for bare life, see the Prince in despair at the flight of his partner, on whose Extraordinary Omission from the Shakespeare Tauxes at Her Majesty's, when they had the materials at hand—

Here is the stage-direction—"At the end of song"—which should have been a National song, by Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, but wasn't—in fact, there was no song at all, as well as I can remember, though I rather think the crowd were always more or less singing a chorus,—*"clock strikes."* If it did, I didn't hear it. If it did, why didn't the characters behave as such, and on *Cinderella's* saying what the authors have written, and which I am positive I didn't hear,

"What shall I do? the hour has struck at last!
I hope to goodness that that clock's too fast!"

why didn't they execute a "*Hurried Gallop*," and why wasn't the stage-direction, "*The Ball breaks up*,"—the printer prefers "breaks up,"—"in wild confusion" carried out? No one knows



"THE TWO MACS."

better than this present scribe what changes are necessitated at the last moment, and after the book is published. But an alteration which omits the point of the story is scarcely an improvement. It does not affect me that the demon *Scroogins* was reduced comparatively to a dummy, for poor Mr. SHIEL BARRY was suffering from dreadful hoarseness, and could hardly speak, much less sing. There were originally too many plums in the pudding. The knock-about scene by two ARMSTRONGS, in imitation of our old friends the Two Macs, very ingeniously introduced as *James the First* and *James the Second*, Royal Footmen, is immensely funny. *Cinderella's* jodeling lullaby is pretty. All the music is bright and lively, and I fancy that though there are the names of four or five Composers to the bill, Conductor SOLOMON,—who keeps them all going, and sticks to his beat with the tenacity of a policeman,—has done the major part of it, and the minor too. Bravo, Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON! "What's a hat without a head?" and what's a Orchestra without a NED? Mr. ALFRED CELLIER is responsible for a charming minuet.

One more question—Where were "the Lyrics by Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT?" Is Mr. LESLIE satisfied with one Lyric in Shaftesbury Avenue? And is he keeping back Mr. SCOTT's for his next Opera? Perhaps though, as Miss VIOLET CAMERON now appears as the Prince, the lyrics are sweetly sung, which is an inducement to revisit *Cinderella chez elle*.

The Transformation Scene is very effective. Will the Public ever regain their taste for the short Pantomime, with one Big Show in it, and an hour's Harlequinade. JACK IN THE PRIVATE BOX.

A JAPANESE BELLE.

"This tiny Japanese lady, whom you left, as you thought, on the lid of the glove-box at home."—Sir Edwin Arnold, in *Daily Telegraph*.

EDWIN ARNOLD, Knight and Poet, vividly descriptive man, I'm in love, and you must know it, with your *belle* in far Japan.

Her *kimono* looks so telling with sleeve swaying in the wind, And the amber *obi* swelling into satin bows behind.

Though her charming little nose is, you confess, a trifle flat, When the lips are red as roses, who would stop to think of that?

Sunny smiles so sweet and simple, scornful cynic soul might win, While a most bewitching dimple guards the fascinating chin.

Teeth the purest pearl outshining, shell-pink nails, and she will wear Just one red camellia twining in her ebony wealth of hair.

Jet looks grey beside her tresses blacker than the murk midnight, While the little hand that presses each coquettish curl shines white.

She is quite an *avis rara*, but her lips for me were dumb, Though she murmured, "*Sayonara*," and again should bid me come.

If her fairy ears I frighten with the wild words of the West, Surely love will come to lighten all the burden of my breast.

I will learn her awful lingo, if by any chance I can; I'll despoil the gay flamingo to provide her with a fan.

She will note my admiration, smiling in a sweet surprise, And there can be conversation lovers learn 'twixt eyes and eyes.

Come what will, methinks I'll chance it, and for pretty things to say, I will read up, during transit, all *The Light of Asia*.

Since, Sir EDWIN, dainty dreamer, thine the pen that bids me go, By the fastest train and steamer, straightway off to Tokio.

THE LION'S DIARY.

BOTHER being caged up in this wooden box along with a boar-hound. Why a boar-hound? Is he supposed to look after me? I rather like that, if he is. "Look after me?" Why just with one touch of one of my forepaws I could smash him in half a minute like two-twos. And for the matter of that, that fellow with the whip, who imagines he keeps me in order, by fixing his eye on me. Yes, and the horse too; the whole three of them. But there's that bit of meat at the end of the performance, so I suppose I may as well appear "to come the docile highly trained beast," and go through with the tomfoolery and collar it. "Snarl?" Do I? Of course I do. It's the one outlet I have for my feelings. Who wouldn't snarl under the circumstances? Fancy, me, the "King of Beasts" (it sounds like chaff), dropping off a platform, at a given signal, on to the back of an idiotic circus-horse, stared at through a lot of bars by a house packed full of applauding fools! And we finish up by a scamper all round together that seems vastly to amuse them! What a come-down for a Lion! Learned pigs and educated bears are well enough, but they should know where to draw the line and stop at the "Monarch." I keep pretty quiet at present because it pays, but that snarl of mine may end in a roar. By Jove! if it does, the horse, boar-hound, and fellow with the whip, had better look out for themselves, and that's all I have got to say about it at present.



ETYMOLOGY.

"HOW DO YOU DO, MY LITTLE MAN? I'M YOUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR, YOU KNOW!" "WHAT'S A NEIGHBOUR?"
 "WELL—NEIGH MEANS NIGH; THAT IS, NEAR, AND—" "OH, THANK YOU. I KNOW WHAT BORE MEANS!"

THE DIVORCE SHOP.

"A NATION of Shopkeepers!" Well, that old jeer May fall with small sting on an Englishman's ear, For 'tis Commerce that keeps the world going. But *this* kind of Shop? By his *bâton* and hunch, The thought of it sickens the spirit of *Punch*, And sets his cheek angrily glowing.

The Philistines, Puritans, Podsnaps, and Prigs Of Britain play up some preposterous rigs, And tax e'en cosmopolite charity. But here is a business that's not to be borne; Its mead is the flail and the vial of scorn, Not chaffing or Christmas hilarity.

The Skunk *not* indigenous, Sirs, to our Isle? The assertion might well bring a cynical smile To the lips of a critical Yankee. The vermin is here; he has set up a shop, And seems doing a prosperous trade, which to stop Demands more than mere law's hanky-panky.

Poor Law's tangled up in long coils of Red Tape, She's the butt for each Jeremy Diddler's coarse jape, Every filthy Paul Pry's ghoulish giggle. JOHN BULL, my fine fellow, wake up, and determine To stamp out the lives of the venomous vermin Who round your home-hearth writhe and wriggle.

'Ware Snakes! No, *Punch* begs the ophidian's pardon! The slimiest slug in the filthiest garden Is not so revolting as these are, These ultra-reptilian rascals, who spy Round our homes, and, for pay, would, with treacherous eye, Find flaws in the wife e'en of CÆSAR.

Find? Well, if unable to *find* they will *make*. No, the loathliest asp that e'er lurked in the To spring on the passer unwary, [brake Was not such an *anguis in herba* as this is, Mean worm, which of all warning rattles and hisses Is so calculatingly chary.

The Spy sets up Shop! And what has he for sale? False evidence meant to weight Justice's scale, Eavesdroppings, astute fabrications, The figments of vile keyhole varlets, the fudge Of venal vindictiveness. Faugh! the foul sludge Reeks rank as the swamp's exhalations.

Paul Pry, with a poison-fang, ready to bite In the pay of home-hate or political spite, Is a portent as mean as malignant. The villain is vermin scarce worthy of steel, His head should lie crushed 'neath the merciless heel Of honesty hotly indignant.

NOTHING NEW.—"Every Schoolboy" knows that scent was familiar to the Romans, and what scent it was. Will he not at once quote the line, "*Tityre tu patchouli recubans*," &c.

WINTER AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

It is emphatically pleasant. From a Fine-Art point of view, it is "the winter of our great content." Only a few weeks ago we had an Exhibition of the Young Masters, and very-much-alive English Artists—to wit, the students of the Royal Academy—at Burlington House, and now Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON has waved his wand, and has given us a transformation scene in the way of a collection of works by the Old Masters and Deceased Painters of the British School. And a very good show it is, and very grateful we feel to those who have for a time stripped their rooms in order that we may enjoy a sight of their treasures. Very restful to the eye and soothing to the spirit are these grand contributions by the Old Boys. They may say what they please about the progress of modern Art, but *Mr. Punch* is of opinion that many of these fine specimens of CROME, GAINSBOROUGH, JANSEN, MURILLO, MULREADY, &c., are bad to beat. How time slips away! It only seems the other day that these Winter Exhibitions were started by the Royal Academy, and yet the present one is the twenty-first.

MUSICAL NOTES.—When the Oratorio of *Nineveh* is performed again, with incidents in the life of JONAH, one of the features will be a magnificent wail in a minor key.—There is to be a banquet given to musical Dr. TURPIN. It was graceful on the part of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY to make this excellent musician a Doctor—the name of TURPIN being more closely associated with York than Canterbury.



THE DIVORCE SHOP.

PRIVATE INQUIRY AGENT. "WANT A DIVORCE, SIR? CERTAINLY, SIR,—CERTAINLY! ANY EVIDENCE YOU MAY REQUIRE READY AT THE SHORTEST POSSIBLE NOTICE!!"

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXLI. EARL GRANVILLE, K.G., AT WALMER CASTLE.



So you step out of the railway carriage that has brought you at leisurely speed to Deal, you cannot help thinking of another arrival that, at the time, created even more attention on the part of the inhabitants. You, bent on a visit to the genial Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, arrive from landward. JULIUS CÆSAR came by sea. And yet, so narrow is the world, and so recurrent its movements, you both arrive at the same town!

As you walk down Beach Street, reading the *Commentaries*, which you have brought down in your coat-tail pocket, you recognise the "plain and open shore" which CÆSAR describes as being reached after passing the cliffs of Dover.

Here he landed, now many years ago, and your host who, eager for your coming, even now stands on the top of the great round tower that dominates his castle-home, can look upon the very spot on which the Conqueror stepped ashore. Presently he takes you to see the marks of the intrenchment, plainly visible to this day. With heightened colour and dramatic gesture the belted Earl tells how, on the fourth night after the arrival of the Roman fleet, that great storm which ever comes to Britain's aid in such emergencies, arose, wrecking J. CÆSAR'S galleys, and driving them far up the shingly beach.

"What's to be done now?" CÆSAR'S quartermaster asked.

"Done?" said J. CÆSAR in the colloquial Latin of the day. "Why, haul the fleet up on to the beach!"

So they brought the ships ashore; CÆSAR intrenched them within a camp, and remained there till the weather improved. Your host presses upon your acceptance a handful of soil from the *tumuli*.

"CÆSAR'S foot may have pressed it," he says, as you, with a perhaps exaggerated appearance of pleasurable interest, pocket the dust, being careful to turn your pocket inside out as soon as you are beyond sight of the castle on your homeward way.

As your hansom pulls up abruptly under the shadow of the antient castle, you find your further progress stopped by a *fosse*, across which is haughtily flung a sixteenth-century drawbridge. HENRY THE EIGHTH, in a rare moment of leisure from domestic affairs, built Walmer Castle for the defence of the coast. You are much struck with the architectural design, which resembles in some degree a mass of *blancmange* turned out of a mould. Four round lunettes of stone, wearily worked by hands now cold, stand four-square to all the winds that blow. In the middle is a great round tower, with a cistern on the top, and underneath an arched cavern which you are pleased to learn is bomb-proof. As you cross the drawbridge, you feel bound to admit that the prospect is not inviting. It seems as if you were going to prison instead of to visit, at his marine residence, one of the most courtly and (peradventure) the most hospitable noblemen of his age. The severe stonework frowns upon you; the portholes stare, and you almost wish that, regardless of expense, you had kept your hansom waiting.

But all uneasiness vanishes as you cross the reverberating stone floor, and pass into the apartments fronting the sea. You feel as if you had journeyed into a new world, a sunnier clime. Your host, with outstretched hand, welcomes you to Walmer, and makes kindly inquiries as to the incidents of your journey.

"It is, I expect, very cold in London," he says, with his genial smile; "you will find it Walmer here."

You protest that varieties of temperature are of very inconsiderable concern

to you, and, throwing yourself on the walnut couch by the recess window, daintily draped with orange-and-blue chintz, you gaze forth on the varied scene without. The stately ships go on to their haven under the hill; the ever-changing procession presses on, homeward or outward bound; and, beyond, the unbroken, treacherous barrier of the Goodwin Sands.

"It's strange you should choose that place," your host says, in his soft, liquid tones; "that was the favourite corner of a former predecessor in the honourable office I now hold. In the first year of this century, as you know, WILLIAM PITT was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and, tradition says, used, when he came down here, to sit at that very window by the hour, gazing across the Downs towards the coast of France, where his great enemy was preparing for a descent on the British coast."

Naturally pleased by this coincidence, you endeavour to make your eyes flash as you look across the sea (you remember to have read somewhere that PITT had "an eagle eye;" perhaps two, but only one is mentioned); try and think what PITT looked like generally, and what he did with his arms, which you finally decide to fold across your chest, though conscious that you more resemble NAPOLEON crossing the Alps than the Great Commoner sitting at his drawing-room window in Walmer Castle.

Your host is pardonably proud of his Arboretum, which he has set out on the roof where, in Tudor times, the cistern flouted the breeze. Here, bared to the winter sun, droops the long fronds of the *Fucus spungiosus nodosus*. Close by is a specimen of that rare plant the *Fucus Dealenis pedicularis rubrifolius*. Here, too, is the *Rhamnoides fructifera foliis sativis*, rarely seen so far north. Here, coyly hang the narrow leaves of the *Silene conoidea*; and here, slowly rocking in the S.S.W. wind, is the sand willow (*Salix arenaria*). You fancy that somewhere you have seen a finer *Hippophae rhamnoides*, but the *Dianthus carophyllus*, with its pleasant smell of cloves, well deserved the look of appreciation which your host bends upon it. Here, too, are the *Geranium maritimum*, and the wallflower-scented *Hottonia palustris* and even the humble *Brassica oleracea*.

"I have gathered them all in this district myself," your host says, opening the violet velvet smoking-jacket (for which he has exchanged the warlike garb he usually wears at Walmer) and casually displaying the belt that marks his earldom.

You would like to ask whether a belted Earl ever wears braces, but whilst you are thinking of how so delicate a question may be framed, GRANVILLE, GEORGE, LEVESON-GOWER, Earl GRANVILLE, Knight of the Garter and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, relates, with that never failing flow of natural humour which so greatly endears him to Lord SALISBURY, the story of his chequered career, since he left Christchurch, Oxford, now more than half a century ago and became Attaché to the Embassy at Paris. The narrative which is full of point, agreeably occupies the time up to half-past one, when the beating of a huge drum announces luncheon. You make a feint of at once leaving, and Lord GRANVILLE, with that almost excessive politeness which distinguishes him, hesitates to oppose your apparent inclination.

As you pass out, skirting the piece of old ordnance dragged from the sea in 1775, near the Goodwin Sands, by some fishermen who were sweeping for anchors in the Gull-stream, you reach the conclusion, that politeness may sometimes be carried too far. "Deale," notes IRLAND, in his interesting *Itinerary*, "is half a mile from the shore of the sea, a Finnsheher village iii myles or more above Sandwich." That is all very well for Deal; but a gentleman of healthy habits, who left London at ten o'clock this morning would, as the afternoon advances, certainly not be so much as three miles above a sandwich if it were offered.

Pleased with this quaint conceit, in which there is peradventure some little humour, you drop in at a confectioner's, and fortify yourself with a nineteenth-century bun, with which you trifle whilst the train tarries.

A SPORTING CORRESPONDENT, who says "he isn't in the know," asks "what we think of *Garter* for the Derby?" A word to the wise is sufficient. "*Garter*" rhymes to "*Starter*." The Motto of the *Garter* is, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. We have spoken.



THE POOR CHILDREN'S Pantomime; OR SAVED BY A MAGISTRATE'S ORDER.

THE MYSTIC LETTERS.

THROUGH the vast hall we stepped alone.
Books, books were everywhere,
In all the world he had not known
A library so fair.

Through pictured windows sunshine fell
On carven cedar old,
On velvet hangings, shading well
Fair bindings manifold.

Right joyfully he wandered on,
Yet marvelled much to see—
Gold letters on each volume shone,
D. W. and T.

"Some happy publisher," he mused,
"Is designated thus—
Perchance, who yet has not perused
My homeless genius.

"That publisher if I could view,
I'd fall down at his feet.
"Rise," he would cry. "For need of you
The whole is incomplete!"

His heart stood still. What wondrous sight
Struck him with joyful awe?
Inscribed in letters large and bright,
'Twas his own name he saw.

His own great works! All, all were there,
Each title that he knew,
In vellum, in morocco rare
Of deep æsthetic blue.

The Sonnets that his youth engrossed,
The Novel of his prime,
The Epic that he loved the most,
The Tragedy sublime.

He took the Epic from the shelf,
Engravings rare surveyed—
The Artist seemed a higher self,
Who knew and who portrayed.

"Notices of the Press"—His eyes
Grew dim as he descried
"True Genius we recognise"—
Ah, who was at his side?

He turned; but could it be, in truth,
The Publisher he scanned?
No austere presence, but a youth
With poppies in his hand,

Who smiled. Whereat the Author's mien
Grew slowly blank, as on
The mystic letters he had seen
A fatal meaning shone.

It seemed a melancholy wind
Swept by him as he spoke.
"D. W. and T. 'Declined
With Thanks!'" he said, and woke.

PUZZLES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The Emperor of Germany.—To make a couple of public speeches without making use ten times of the first personal pronoun.

Mr. Stanley.—To escape an overwhelming and universal ovation on his return.

The Czar.—To increase the Naval and Military Estimates of his country with one hand; and at the same time succeed in controlling so-called "legitimate National aspirations" with the other.

The Sultan.—To pay his way, and yet preserve a smiling countenance.

The Gas-Stokers' Union.—To learn the lesson taught them by the course of recent events, and grow wise in time, without making further mischievous efforts to alienate public sympathy.

Mr. Barnum.—To prove to the grumblers,



TANGIBLE.

Second Groom (waiting at Tea for the nonce, and handing thin Bread-and-butter—sotto voce).
"CLAP TWO OR THREE BITS TOGETHER, MISS, THEN YOU'LL GET A BITE!"

who write to the Papers to complain of the "Booking" arrangements in connection with "The Greatest Show on Earth," that the management is perfect, and could not be better.

The Emperor of Brazil.—To make ends meet on an income of nothing a-year.

The Covent Garden Lion.—To find that his quite sedate, leisurely, and altogether proper performance is watched every night in breathless suspense by an excited audience.

Mr. Augustus Harris.—To think already how he can manage to make his next year's Christmas Pantomime outdo even his,—this season's,—latest triumphant effort.

Mr. Gladstone.—How to fit the items of his new Radical programme nicely in with his Home-Rule Scheme, with a view to making some sort of stir with both in the approaching Parliamentary Session.

The Recently Unrolled Mummy.—To discover how he came to be so long neglected in a back room in Gower Street, and to find out, now that they have pounced on him, who the dickens he was when "up and doing" in Old Egypt thirty centuries back.

The Authorities at the War Office.—How to satisfy an inquisitive public that 18,000 troopers can be comfortably and efficiently mounted on the 12,000 horses, the total number provided for them for that purpose by those who are responsible for their supply.

The London Omnibus Horse.—How to get supplied with a proper shoe, that will enable him to keep on his legs with equal facility on granite, Macadam, wood, or asphalt.

The First Lord of the Admiralty.—How to satisfy the country, from his place in Parliament, that the "Department" is turning out big guns in any number, and that, when they are turned out, he'll pledge his word that they won't burst—unreasonably.

"KILLALOE DAM GONE."—Under this heading, boldly displayed, the *Scottish Leader* announces that the inundation of the Shannon has caused further serious damage to the new drainage works at Killaloe. The way of putting it is undoubtedly terse and emphatic. It sets forth in three words the consternation that fell upon Killaloe when the Shannon rose, and the ruthless ruin that whelmed the town when the waters retired. At the same time it is not quite the language we would have expected from an able and responsible journal which has bearded the *Scotsman* in its den, and shown that, after all, it is possible to establish a prosperous Liberal newspaper in the Lowlands.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. III.—THE MAN-TRAP.

THIS Drama, which, like our last, has been suggested by a poem of the Misses TAYLORS', will be found most striking and impressive in representation upon the Music-hall stage. The dramatist has ventured to depart somewhat from the letter, though not the spirit, of the original text, in his desire to enforce the moral to the fullest possible extent. Our present piece is intended to teach the great lesson that an inevitable Nemesis attends apple-stealing in this world, and that Doom cannot be disarmed by the intercession of the evil-doer's friends, however well-meaning.

THE MAN-TRAP!

A Thrilling Moral Musical Sensation Sketch in One Scene.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

William (a Good Boy). . . Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS. } who have kindly
Thomas (a Bad Boy). . . Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL. } offered their
Benjamin (neither one thing nor the other) . . Mr. SAMUEL SUPER. } services.
The Monster Man-trap . . . Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST.

SCENE—An elaborate set, representing, on extreme left, a portion of the high road, and wall dividing it from an orchard; realistic apple- and pear-trees laden with fruit. Time, about four o'clock on a hot afternoon. Enter WILLIAM and THOMAS, hand-in-hand, along road; they ignore the dividing wall, and advance to front of stage.



SCENE—An elaborate set, representing, on extreme left, a portion of the high road, and wall dividing it from an orchard; realistic apple- and pear-trees laden with fruit. Time, about four o'clock on a hot afternoon. Enter WILLIAM and THOMAS, hand-in-hand, along road; they ignore the dividing wall, and advance to front of stage.

Duet.—William and Thomas.

Wm. I'm a reg'lar model boy,
I am; so please make no mistake.

It's THOMAS who's the bad 'un—I am good!

Thos. Yes, I delight in naughtiness for naughtiness's sake,
And I wouldn't be like WILLIAM if I could!

Chorus.

Wm. Ever since I could toddle, my conduct's been model,

There's, oh, such a difference between me and him!

Thos. While still in the cradle, I orders obeyed ill,
And now I've grown into a awful young limb!

Together. Yes, now ^{he's} grown into a awful young limb.
I've made up my mind not to imitate him!

[Here they dance.]

Second Verse.

Wm. If someone hits him in the eye, he always hits them back!

When I am struck, my Ma I merely tell!

On passing fat pigs in a lane, he'll give 'em each a whack!

Thos. (impenitently). And jolly fun it is to hear 'em yell! [Chorus.]

Third Verse.

Wm. He's always cribbing coppers—which he spends on lollipops.

Thos. (A share of which you've never yet refused!)

Wm. A stone he'll shy at frogs and toads, and anything that hops!

Thos. (While you look on, and seem to be amused!) [Chorus.]

Fourth Verse.

Wm. As soon as school is over, THOMAS goes a hunting squirr'ls,

Or butterflies he'll capture in his hat!

Thos. You play at Kissing in the Ring with all the little girls!

Wm. (demurely). Well, THOMAS, I can see no harm in that! [Chorus.]

Fifth Verse.

Wm. Ah, THOMAS, if you don't reform, you'll come to some bad end!

Thos. Oh, WILLIAM, put your head inside a bag!

Wm. No, THOMAS, that I cannot—till you promise to amend!

Thos. Why, WILLIAM, what a chap you are to nag!

[Chorus and dance. THOMAS returns to road, and regards the apple-trees longingly over top of wall.]

Thos. Hi, WILLIAM, look . . . what apples! there—don't you see?
And pears—my eye! just ain't they looking juicy!

Wm. Nay, THOMAS, since you're bent upon a sin,

I will walk on, and visit BENJAMIN!

[Exit WILLIAM (L. 2. E.), while THOMAS proceeds to scale the wall and climb the boughs of the nearest pear-tree. Melodramatic Music. The Monster Man-trap stealthily emerges from long grass below, and fixes a baleful eye on the unconscious THOMAS.]

Thos. I'll fill my pockets, and on pears I'll feast!

[Sees Man-trap, and staggers.]

Oh, lor—whatever is that hugly beast!

Hi, help, here! call him off! . . .

The Monster.

My horders are—all trespassers to swoller!

You just come down—I'm waiting 'ere to ketch you.

(Indignantly.) You don't expect I'm coming up to fetch you!

Thos. (politely.) Oh, not if it would inconvenience you, Sir!

(In agonised aside.) I feel my grip grow every moment looser!

[The Monster, in a slow, uncouth manner, proceeds to scramble up the tree.]

Oh, here's a go! The norrid thing can climb!

Too late I do repent me of my crime!

[Terrific sensation chase! The Monster Man-trap leaps from bough to bough with horrible agility, and eventually secures his prey, and leaps with it to the ground.]

Thomas (in the Monster's jaws). I'm sure you seem a kind, good-natured creature—

You will not harm me?

Monster.

No—I'll only eat yer!

[THOMAS slowly vanishes down its cavernous jaws; faint yells are heard at intervals—then nothing but a dull champing sound; after which, dead silence. The Monster smiles, with an air of repletion.]

Re-enter WILLIAM, from R., with BENJAMIN.

Benjamin. I'm very glad you came—but where is THOMAS?

Wm. (severely). TOM is a wicked boy, and better from us,

For on the road he stopped to scale a wall! . . .

[Sees Man-trap, and starts.]

What's that?

Benj. It will not hurt good boys at all—

It's only Father's Man-trap—why so pale?

Wm. The self-same tree! . . . the wall that TOM would scale!

Where's THOMAS now? Ah, TOM, the wilful pride of you!

[The Man-trap affects an elaborate unconsciousness.]

Benj. (with sudden enlightenment). Man-trap, I do believe poor TOM's inside of you!

That sort of smile's exceedingly suspicious.

[The Man-trap endeavours to hide in the grass.]

Wm. Ah, Monster, give him back—'tis true he's vicious,

And had no business to go making free with you!

But think, so bad a boy will disagree with you!

[WILLIAM and BENJAMIN kneel in attitudes of entreaty on either side of the Man-trap, which shows signs of increasing emotion as the song proceeds.]

BENJAMIN (sings).

WILLIAM (sings).

Man-trap, bitter our distress is

That you have unkindly penned

In your innermost recesses

One who used to be our

friend!

In his downward course arrest him!

(He may take a virtuous tack);

Pause awhile, ere you digest him,

Make an effort—bring him back!

[The Man-trap is convulsed by a violent heave; WILLIAM and BENJAMIN bend forward in an agony of expectation, until a small shoe and the leg of THOMAS's pantaloons are finally emitted from the Monster's jaws.]

Benj. (exultantly). See, WILLIAM, now he's coming . . . here's his shoe for you!

The Man-trap (with an accent of genuine regret). I'm sorry—but that's all that I can do for you!

Wm. (raising the shoe and the leg of pantaloons, and holding them sorrowfully at arm's length). He's met the fate which moralists all promise is

The end of such depraved careers as THOMAS's!

Oh, BENJAMIN, take warning by it be-time!

(More brightly). But now to wash our hands—'tis nearly tea-time!

[Exeunt WILLIAM and BENJAMIN, to wash their hands, as Curtain falls. N.B. This finale is more truly artistic, and in accordance with modern dramatic ideas, than the conventional "picture."]

"A MONTAGU! A MONTAGU!"—Our common-sense Magistrate, Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, heavily fined a steam-rolling demon, which comes in our streets as anything but a boon and a blessing to men and horses. A propos of this "worthy beak," when are his "Reminiscences" to appear? The book is bound,—no, not yet, or it would have been published,—but, when it is ready, it is bound to be amusing.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

AMONG THE AMATEURS.

No. III.—REALISATION.

SCENE—*Theatre Royal, Blankbury, on the first night of the performance of the well-known Comedy of "Heads or Tails?" by the "Thespian Perambulatores."* Time, 7.50 P.M. A "brilliant and fashionable assemblage" is gradually filling the house. In the Stalls are many distinguished Amateurs of both Sexes, including Lady SURBITON, who has brought her husband and Mrs. GAGMORE (Lady SURBITON's particular friend). The rest of the Stalls are occupied by the immediate friends and relations of the Actors. A few professional Critics are to be seen. They are addressed with much politeness by the Amateurs in front of the House, and "played to" with feverish anxiety by the Amateurs on the Stage. The Orchestra is composed of excellent Amateur Musicians. The Curtain has not yet risen.

Lady Surbiton (to Mrs. GAGMORE). My dear, it's a wonder we ever got here. CHARLES of course forgot the date, and told me only



yesterday he'd invited some men to stay for a shoot. He had to listen to reason, though, and so we spent all yesterday sending telegrams to put them off. I've been at every performance of The Thespians for years, and it wouldn't do to begin missing them now, would it?

Mrs. Gagmore. Certainly not, dear, it would have been quite a calamity. There's the Duchess of MIDDLESEX nodding to you.

Lady S. So it is. (Smiles sweetly at the Duchess, who is sitting three rows off.) I call it scandalous of her to come out like this when both her twins have got the measles. Did I tell you I lent Mr. SPINKS my pet parrot, Penelope, for this performance?

Mrs. G. No, dear. I didn't know they ever played it with a parrot.

Lady S. Well, they don't usually, but Mr. SPINKS told me that, after studying the piece very very carefully, he had come to the conclusion that there ought to be a parrot in Lady Shorthorn's drawing-room, and he begged me to lend him mine. Fortunately it scarcely ever talks. Oh, there's Mr. PENFOLD! How old he's getting to look. He never seems to have a good word to say for anyone in his critiques. They're very late in beginning. I hope nothing has happened to Penelope. Ah! at last.

The Orchestra strikes up. After a few minutes the Curtain rises on "the Drawing-room at Bullivant Court." Sc. 1, Act 1. HARRY HALL, in livery as JOHN the Footman, is reclining on a sofa, reading a magazine. Penelope, in her cage, is a conspicuous object on the O.P. side.

John (yawning). "Nothin in the Fortnightly, as per usual. Heigh-ho! This is slow work. Who's that?"

Enter BELINDA, the Nursery-maid. The usual amatory scene follows. They both disappear, as TIFFINGTON SPINKS enters made up as "Colonel DEBENHAM," with a saffron complexion, a grey moustache, a red tie and an iron-grey wig. He shivers. A great deal of preliminary applause. He bows with dignity, conscious of his fame, and proceeds.

Col. Debenham. "Ugh! how horribly cold this is. I shall have to speak seriously to SHORTHORN about the state of his fires."

Penelope the Parrot (suddenly and with terrible distinctness). "Old fool!" [A titter from the irreverent. SPINKS pays no heed to the interruption.]

Lady Surbiton. How awful! I declare I haven't heard Penelope speak for six months. I hope to heaven she won't do it again.

Mrs. Gagmore. I thought it sounded so natural.

Lord S. So it did, that's why it was so out of place. He's getting on all right now, though.

Col. Debenham (concluding a peppery soliloquy). "And as for Lady SHORTHORN and that spiteful cat of a sister of hers, all I can say of TOM DEBENHAM is—"

Penelope (loudly). "Old fool!"

[Whistles up and down the scale. Much laughter. SPINKS feels that violent measures are necessary if the piece is not to be utterly ruined. He perceives JARP standing at the wings made up as BINNS the Butler. A happy thought flashes on him. He nods meaningly at JARP.]

Col. Debenham (improvising gag). "Oh, confound that bird! I must have it removed. I'll ring for the butler."

[Rings. Enter JARP as BINNS.]

Binns. "'Er Ladyship's compliments, Colonel DEBENHAM, and she would like—"

Spinks (in a whisper of concentrated fury to JARP). Not yet; take that infernal parrot away, quick!

Jarp (loses his head; still the Butler is strong within him). "'Er Ladyship is served!"

Spinks (aloud). "Oh, nonsense—nonsense, man! You're an idiot. Here, take this bird, and kill it!"

[Seizes cage, thrusts it into the flustered JARP's arms, and pushes him off, the Parrot, horribly frightened, yelling, "Old fool!"]

Lady Surbiton. How dare he speak of Penelope in that way? Kill her! If Mr. JARP so much as lays a finger upon her—

Lord S. She'll bite him. Oh, you may make your mind quite easy about that parrot. She's bitten every finger of mine to the bone, and I'm certain she's quite equal to defending herself against JARP.

The Act proceeds without any further hitch, until BELINDA wheels on her double perambulator containing two red-headed infants, one of whom is terrified into tears and calls for "Father!" in a shrill voice. After this everything, however, goes well, and the Curtain falls amidst thunders of applause.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Spinks. Yes, GUSHBY, I believe you did it. You were closeted with that parrot for an hour yesterday. I believe you deliberately taught it to say that, in order to crab my part. What's more, I'm certain of it, for I distinctly recognised your voice in the parrot's.

Gushby. Pooh! nonsense! If I had taught it to say anything, it would have been something worse than that, you may be sure.

Spinks. You always were kind. As for JARP, he was in the plot. Otherwise do you think any man could have made such a fool of himself?

IN FRONT OF THE CURTAIN.

Lady Surbiton. That's what I've always said. There's so much esprit de corps and good feeling amongst Amateurs—none of that wretched jealousy and bickering which ruins professionals.

Mrs. Gagmore. It is delightful to listen to them, certainly. They all look and act like perfect gentlemen. All Mr. JARP's Butlers are splendid. You can see at a glance that they have only been with good families.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Hon. B. Boldero. I fancy we shall have good notices to-morrow in the Morning Moonbeam. I saw PENFOLD laughing immensely.

Spinks (down on his luck). Did you? (Plucking up a bit.) Well, it "went" capitally. It was only that blessed parrot.

[Goes off intending to buy several copies of next morning's "Moonbeam."]

IN FRONT OF THE CURTAIN.

Mr. Penfold (to his neighbour, a brother journalist): Are you going to write anything about this? I have got to do a short notice for the Morning Moonbeam. It's no use abusing these fellows. That's been tried. I'll give them a little butter this time, and see whether that won't stop them. How would it do to say something like this?—"We advise the Thespians to keep clear as much as they can of professionalism. Of course, tradition demands that the ladies' parts should be played by professionals, but the introduction of a professional parrot and a professional baby in the First Act was a mistake, which might have ruined the performance."

[His Friend nods approval. Exeunt severally. Imagine tableau next day. Delight of Amateurs on reading the notice of their performance in the "Moonbeam."]

HOLIDAY CATECHISM.

Mr. P. Now little Master JACK HORNER, from your corner in Drury Lane what plums do you pick out of the Pantomime?

Master J. H. The Hansom Cab and King HARRY (NICHOLLS) returning home confronted by the Queen, then the GRIFFITHS Cow, the Giant's Dinner and his Servants, and the Dame LENO's wonderful Fowl.

Mr. P. What else?

Master J. H. Lots of things, but at the Circus at Covent Garden, the Shetland Ponies lovely. They come first, so you must be early.

Mr. P. Did you see anything else that pleased you?

Master J. H. I should think so. Such a game! Mlle. Gou-Gou quite shocked my little sister POLLY, by her strange conduct. But when it turned out that he was a man, how we laughed! It was funny.

Mr. P. And I suppose you stayed for the Lion?

Master J. H. You may be sure we did! POLLY was a little frightened at first; but when we found that the Royal Dane Boarhound and the Horse didn't mind him a bit, why we didn't mind either. Isn't it wonderful? Oh, you ought to go and see them. They are prime!

BARNUM'S MOTTO.—"Tout à fait La Shows."

MUZZLED AND PUZZLED; OR, "LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

(A Carol of Kentish Conservatism. Some way after Goldsmith.)*Sanderson, Jan 10, 1890.*

*Good Tories all, of County Kent,
Give ear unto my song,
And spare your puerile intent
To do your Party wrong.*

* * *
There was a mighty Minister,
To power appointed late;
A virtuous and valiant Vir,
A Pillar of the State.

If one who doth fat oxen drive
Should in himself be fat,
This Minister seemed bound to thrive
As to his post most pat.

A more bucolic personage
Bucolics never sang;
And when he took that post and wage,
All round his praises rang.

O'er Agriculture to preside,
CHAPLIN was surely born;
He bore his honours with the pride
Of Chanticleer at morn.

In Kent there were some Tories found,
For Tories still there be;
In fact, the species doth abound
In spite of W. G.

CHAPLIN and they at first were friends,
But when a feud began

They—whom a little thing offends—
Rounded on that good man.

The motto of these Men of Kent
Was, "Love me, love my Dog;"
And soon with angry discontent
The County was agog.

For CHAPLIN—it was like his cheek,
Cockiest of Ministers!—
Quite supererogant, did seek
To muzzle Kentish Curs!

Around to all the counties near
An angry protest ran;
To touch a Kentish dog, 'tis clear,
Touches a Kentish Man.

Fanatic lovers of the hound
Scorn hygienic laws,
And though their dogs should snap all round
You must not bind their jaws.

Restraint appeared both sore and sad
To every Kentish eye,
And, whilst they swore the Man was mad,
They swore the Dogs would die.

Nay, more, there came *this* fearsome threat
From true-blue Tory throats:
"With muzzles if our dogs you fret,
You shall not have our votes!"

O patriots true! Rads grin with glee!
The puzzle CHAPLIN fogs;
'Tis plain that Party loyalty
Is going to the dogs!

Kent's choice 'twixt Party seems, and pup,
The question stirs the town,
Whether the Tories will give up,
Or CHAPLIN will climb down!

SLAPS FOR SLIPPERS.

SIR,—I am at a loss to understand what is the meaning of all this futile discussion as to the respective merits of the various kinds of road pavement. There cannot be a moment's doubt, as to which is, far and away, the cheapest, the safest, and—in a word—the best. Without any hesitation, I maintain that it is the *Asphalte*. And I do not speak without experience. For many years I have picked mine up from the box-seat of a hearse, which I think my most virulent opponents will admit, from the ticklish character of its cattle, accustomed as they are to a stiff, formal and lugubrious method of progression, affords a test that must be regarded as supreme by all candid and unprejudiced inquirers into the matter under dispute.

In the *wettest* weather I have never had so much as a slip on the *asphalte*, whereas the moment I have got on to the wood, when it has been *comparatively dry*, I have frequently had the horses down as many as seven or eight times in half a mile, and on one occasion, that I can recall, the stumbling was so frequent, that the Chief Mourner stopped the procession, and sent me an irritable message to the effect that, if I could not manage to keep my horses more securely on their feet, I had better then and there "hand over the corpse, and let it finish its journey to the Cemetery on the top of the first mourning-coach."



Fortunately, we came shortly to a bit of *asphalte*, on which I was able to bowl merrily along, and make up for lost time; and, as at length we reached the Cemetery only an hour and three-quarters after the appointed time, the Chief Mourner, whatever may have been his disposition to make complaints, had the good taste to keep them to himself.

Still, the incident was annoying, and I attribute its occurrence simply and solely to that pest of all sure and stately-footed hacks—the *Wood Pavement*.

Beyond holding three thousand Preference Shares in the *European and Inter-oceanic Asphalte Paving Company*, and having signed a contract to supply them for seventeen years with the best Pine Pitch on favourable terms, I have not the slightest interest to subvert in writing this letter, which I think any quite impartial critic will allow, curtly, but honestly, expresses the unprejudiced opinion of AN UNBIASSED JUDGMENT.

SIR,—I am a private gentleman, who keeps a carriage, or rather, a four-horse coach, in which I am continually driving about all over London at full speed. We dash at such a rate over those portions of the Metropolis that are blessed with a wood pavement that my coachman is frequently summoned for furious driving, but we have never yet had a horse down. No sooner, however, do we get to the *asphalte* than all this is changed. Leaders and wheelers alike are instantly on their backs, and I have now made it a rule, the moment we come to a street paved with this dangerous and detestable composition, to



STUDIES IN REPARTEE.

Heavyside (Author of "*Epaminondas*" and other unread Epics). BY THE BYE, HOW MUCH DO YOU WEIGH, BINKS?"

Little Binks. "FOURTEEN STONE!"

Heavyside. "DEAR ME! YOU DON'T LOOK VERY BIG, TO WEIGH ALL THAT!"

Little Binks. "'EPAMINONDAS' DOESN'T LOOK VERY BIG—BUT IT'S PRECIOUS HEAVY!"

put my horses inside the coach, and, with the assistance of a policeman or two, drag the vehicle to the other end myself. Only yesterday, I think it was, on the north side of Leicester Square, I counted as many as nineteen ugly falls in as many minutes, necessitating, in nearly every case, the despatch of the creature on the spot by a shot from a revolver. The fact is, the laying of *asphalte* anywhere should be made criminal in a Vestry. I write impartially on this subject, as, beyond being a sleeping partner in a large firm of Wooden Road-Paving Contractors, I have no sort of interest to serve, one way or the other. But it must be obvious, from the account I have given of my own personal experience above, that in addressing you on the subject, I am actuated by no motives that are not consistent with and fitting to the signature of

AN UNPREJUDICED OBSERVER.

SIR,—I am in no way interested in the present pavement controversy, but I would direct public attention to the real source of all the mischief, and that is the ineffective shoeing of the unhappy horses, who are compelled to struggle with the difficulties created for them by a parcel of Paving Authorities. What we want is a general order issued by the Board of Trade obliging all horse-owners to provide those they possess with a couple of pairs of *The Patent India-rubber frog and flannel-soled Horse-Shoes*, warranted to support the most stumbling beast on any pavement whatever. I said I was in no way interested in the present controversy, and as I am merely the Inventor of the shoe above referred to, it must be obvious, that in making this communication to you, I am only fulfilling the commonest duties of AN ORDINARY SPECTATOR.

SIR,—Will not you, or someone, step in and deal with the matter comprehensively, without paying regard to vested interests? Surely, if the right people would only put their heads together, they must hit on some method of bettering the present wretched condition of those much ill-used but patient and long-suffering creatures, among whom the first to subscribe himself is

THE ORDINARY LONDON OMNIBUS HORSE.

ANOTHER TITLE FOR THE GUIDE TO THE EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY.—"New Edition of the *Tudor's Assistant*."

TO BE CREATED A KNIGHT HOSPITALIER.—MR. PETER REID.



Another Version of "La Toss-ca." The Cow in the Drury Lane Pantomime.

THE JUBILEE OF THE PENNY POST.

"On Jan. 10, 1840, the Penny Post became an accomplished fact."—*Times*.

ATTEND, all ye who like to hear a noble Briton's praise!
I tell of valiant deeds one wrought in the Century's early days;
When all the legions of Red Tape against him bore in vain,
Man of stout will, brave ROWLAND HILL, of true heroic strain.

It was about the gloomy close of Eighteen Thirty Nine,
MELBOURNE and PEEL began to melt, the P.O. "sticks" to pine,
For vainly the Official ranks and the Obstructive host
Had formed and squared 'gainst ROWLAND HILL's plan of the Penny
Still poor men paid their Ninepences for sending one thin sheet [Post.
From Bethnal Green to Birmingham by service far from fleet;
Still she who'd post a *billet doux* to Dublin from Thames shore,
For loving word and trope absurd must stump up One-and-four;
Still frequent "friendly lines" were barred to all save Wealth and
Or Parliamentary "pots" who held the privilege of "Frank;" [Rank,
Still people stooped to dubious dodge and curious device
To send their letters yet evade the most preposterous price;
Still to despatch to London Town a business "line or two,"
Would cost a Connemara peasant half his weekly "screw;"
Still mothers, longing much for news, must let their letter lie
Unread at country post-offices, the postage being too high
For their lean purses, unprepared. And Trade was hampered then,
And Love was checked, and barriers raised—by cost—twixt men
and men.

Then up and spake brave ROWLAND HILL in accents clear and warm,
"This misery can be mended! Read my *Post Office Reform*!"
St. Stephens heard, and "Red Tape" read, and both cried out
The fellow is a lunatic; his plan will never do!" ["Pooh! Pooh!
All this was fifty years ago. And now,—well, are there any
Who do not bless brave ROWLAND HILL and his ubiquitous Penny?
One head, if 'tis a *thinking* one, is very often better
Than two, or twenty millions! That's just why *we* get our letter
From Aberdeen, or Melbourne, from Alaska or Japan,
So cheaply, quickly, certainly—thanks to one stout-soul'd Man.

Fifty years since! In Eighteen Forty, he, the lunatic,
Carried his point. Wisacres winced; Obstruction "cut its stick."
He won the day, stout ROWLAND HILL, and then they made him
If universal benefit unmarred by bane gives right [Knight.
To titles, which are often won by baseness or a fluke,
The founder of the Penny Post deserved to be a Duke.
But then he's something better—a fixed memory, a firm fame;
For long as the World "drops a line," it cannot drop his name.
'Tis something like a Jubilee, this tenth of Janua-ree!
Punch brims a bumper to its hero, cheers him three times three,
For if there was a pioneer in Civilisation's host,
It was the cheery-hearted chap who schemed the Penny Post.
And when the croaking cravens, who are down on all Reform,
And shout their ancient shibboleth, and raise their tea-pot storm,

Whene'er there's talk of Betterment in any branch of State,
And vent their venom on the Wise, their greed upon the Great,
Punch says to his true countrymen, "Peace, peace, good friends—
be still!

Reform does not spell Ruin, lads. Remember ROWLAND HILL!!!"

A CURIOUS CURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *January 13, 1890.*

So much attention is now bestowed upon the prevailing epidemic that I will not apologise for troubling you with a letter detailing a case that has recently come under my own notice. My eldest son, AUGUSTUS, returned home from the educational establishment admirably conducted by my eminent and reverend friend, Dr. SWISHTALE, apparently in excellent health and spirits, shortly before Christmas Day. On the 4th (just a week before the date fixed for his return to the educational establishment to which I have referred) he showed symptoms of influenza. He complained of low spirits, seemed inclined to quarrel with (and thrash) his younger brothers, and flatly declined to accompany me to an inspection of the treasures contained in the Natural Historical Museum at South Kensington. I immediately prescribed for him a diet of bread and water, and an enforced retirement to bed. He spent the remainder of the day in loudly-expressed expostulation and lamentation. On the Sunday (after a consultation with his mother) I decided to adopt a home treatment of kindness, which I trusted would prevent the necessity of calling in our family doctor. I give the remainder of the case in diary form.

Monday.—AUGUSTUS very poorly. Complaints of pains in his head, arms, legs, back, nose, and right little finger. Says he has no appetite, but, urged by his mother, manages to eat for breakfast two sausages and a couple of eggs. Quite unable to get up; but shortly before two o'clock, on learning that I proposed visiting the Morning Performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, expresses his desire to accompany me. He seemed to enjoy *Cinderella* thoroughly, in spite of his ailments; but, at the conclusion of the performance, became so very languid, that we found it desirable to take a Hansom home.

Tuesday.—AUGUSTUS prostrate. Pain in the right little finger unconsciously shifted to the left little finger. He says he had nightmare continuously, but "had not slept a wink." Breakfast, of course, in bed. No appetite for anything save muffins, herrings, and marmalade on buttered toast. Unable to move until one o'clock, when he thought (at the suggestion of his mother) that a visit to the Crystal Palace might probably do him good. The excursion was a happy thought, as certainly he seemed quite himself at Sydenham. After a hearty dinner from soup and the joint, he once more seemed languid, and had to be carried home by rail and cab.

Wednesday.—AUGUSTUS still very unwell. Seems much troubled at a dream he has had, in which he apparently died through going back to school. Still complains of insomnia. Says he did not close his eyes all night. Wished to "punch the head" (to adopt his own phraseology) of his younger brother for saying, that he had heard him snoring. However, recovered towards the evening sufficiently to accompany the rest of the family to the Circus at Covent Garden. In the theatre appeared more himself, but ill immediately afterwards.

Thursday.—AUGUSTUS (according to his own account) alarmingly ill. Found by his bedside a medical dictionary (taken from the shelves of my library) which he says, he had been reading. He thinks, that he has all the worst symptoms of *delirium tremens*. This is strange, as his habitual drink is ginger-beer. He complains of pains in his ears, eyes, knees, elbows, and big toes on both feet. Quite unable to get up before five o'clock, when he was fortunately, sufficiently recovered to accompany his younger brothers to a juvenile party and Christmas tree. According to SAMMY (my second son) AUGUSTUS danced every dance, and served as an assistant to an amateur conjuror. But this last statement I give with some reserve, as it does not correspond with the report furnished by AUGUSTUS himself.

Friday.—AUGUSTUS at his worst. In the morning he alarmed his mother by a passionate burst of weeping. He seems to think that, if he goes back to school to-morrow, he will die immediately. Feeling that this was an unhealthy state of mind, I took him to the Zoological Gardens in the afternoon, and must confess that, while there, he appeared to experience a keen delight in feeding the bears with fragments of newspaper, concealed in stale buns. But at night his melancholia returned, and he was scarcely able to eat his dinner.

Saturday.—Received a letter from my eminent and reverend friend, (Dr. SWISHTALE, informing me that, in consequence of the prevalence of influenza, it had been thought advisable to extend the Christmas vacation for a fortnight or three weeks. On conveying this intelligence to my eldest son, he seemed to rapidly recover, and has (I am happy to say) been well ever since.

Trusting that the history of this singular case may afford some hints and comfort to parents with children afflicted (as was my dear AUGUSTUS) with a disease so eccentric in its ramifications as influenza,

I remain, dear Mr. Punch,

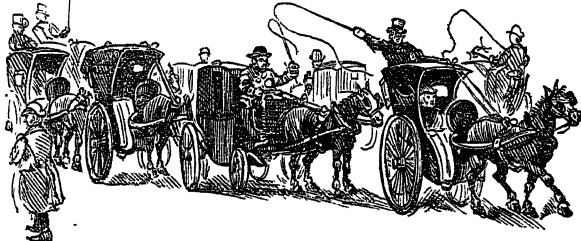
Yours most truly,
SIMON SIMPLE WIDEAWAKE.
Malingier Villa, Blarney Road, S.W.

VOCES POPULI.

THE CADI OF THE CURBSTONE.

SCENE—A thoroughfare near Hyde Park. Shortly before Scene opens, an Elderly Gentleman has suddenly stopped the cab in which he has been driving, and, without offering to pay the fare, has got out and shuffled off with a handbag. The Cabman has descended from his seat and overtaken the old gentleman, who is now perceived to be lamentably intoxicated. The usual crowd springs up from nowhere, and follows the dispute with keen and delighted interest.

Cabman. Look 'ere, you ain't goin' not without payin' me, you know—where's my two shillings?



A Cab-array.

The Elderly Gentleman (smiling sweetly, and balancing himself on his heels against some railings). I'm shure I dunno.

Cabman. Well, look, can't yer? don't keep me 'ere all day—feel in yer pockets, come!

[The Old Gentleman makes an abortive effort to find a pocket about him somewhere, and then relapses into abstraction.

Crowd. Let 'im take 'is time, he'll pay yer right enough, if you let the man alone.

A Woman. Ah, pore gentleman, the best of us is took like that sometimes! [Murmurs of sympathy.

Cabman. I don't want no more than what's my own. 'E's rode in my keb, and I want my fare out of 'im—an' I mean 'aving it, too!

[Here the Old Gentleman, who seems bored by the discussion, abruptly serpentines off again and is immediately overtaken and surrounded.

The E. G. Wha' d'ye mean? 'founded, 'perrinence! Lemme 'lone ... 'portant bishnish!

Cabman. Pay me my fare,—or I'll have your bag!

[Seizes bag; the Elderly Gentleman resisting feebly, and always smiling.

Crowd. Why can't yer pay the man his fare and have done with it? There, he's feeling in his pockets—he's going to pay yer now!

[The Elderly Gentleman dives vaguely in a pocket, and eventually produces a threepenny bit, which he tenders magnificently.

Cabman. Thruppence ain't no good to me—two shillings is what I want out o' you—a florin—'jear me?

The E. G. (after another dive fishes up three halfpence). Thash all you're 'titled to—go 'way, go 'way!

Crowd (soothingly to Cabman). 'E'll make it up in time—don't 'urry 'im.

Cabman. D' ye think I kin stand 'ere cooling my 'eels, while he's payin' me a 'apn'y every 'arf 'our? I've got my living to earn same as you 'ave!

Crowd. Ah, he's right there! (Persuasively to Elderly Gentleman.) 'Ere, Ole Guv'nor, fork out like a man!

[The Old Guv'nor shakes his head at them with a knowing expression.

Cabman. Well, I shan't let go o' this 'ere bag till I am paid—that's all! [Here a Policeman arrives on scene.

Policeman. Now, then, what's all this? Move along 'ere, all of you—don't go blocking up the thoroughfare like this! (Seathingly.)

What are yer all lookin' at? (The Crowd, feeling this rebuke, move away some three paces, and then linger undecidedly.) 'Ere, Cabman, you've no right to lay 'old on that gentleman's bag—you know that as well as I do!

Cabman (somewhat mollified by this tribute to his legal knowledge, releases bag). Well, he ain't got no right to ride in my keb, and do a guy, without paying nothink, 'as he?

Policeman. All I tell you is—you've no right to detain his bag.

Cabman. Let 'im pay me my legal fare, then—two shillings it is 'e owes me. I don't want to hinterfere with 'im, if he'll pay me.

Pol. (with a magnificent impartiality, to the E. G.). What have you got to say to that?

The E. G. (with a dignified wave of the hand). Shay? Why, tha' I'm shimplly—a gerrilm'n.

Pol. (his impartiality gradually merging into official disgust). Well, all I can say to you is, if you are one, don't abuse it . . . Where are you going to?

The E. G. (brimming over with happy laughter). I dunno!

Pol. (deciding to work on his fears). Don't you? Well, I do, then. I know where you're goin' to—ah, and where you'll be, too, afore you're much older—the station—us!—(with a slight lapse into jocularity, in concession to his audience)—“for one night honly”—that's your direction, unless you look out. (With virtuous indignation.) 'Ere are you—calling yourself a gentleman, and old enough to know better—riding in this man's keb, and trying to bilk him out of his money. Why, you ought to be ashamed o' yourself!

A Funny Onlooker. Now, Policeman, why do you interfere? Why can't you leave them to settle it between them?

Pol. (turning on him with awful dignity). I don't want no suggestions from you, Sir. I know my dooty, and them as tries to obstruct me'll get no good by it. I'm not 'ere to take one man's part more than another.

Cabman. Well, ain't you goin' to do something now you are here? What's the good of a Copper if he won't 'elp a man to git his rights, eh? [Murmurs of sympathy from Crowd.

Pol. Now, you mind yourself—that's what you'd better do, or you'll be gitting into trouble next! I've told you I can't interfere one way or the other; and—(generally, to Crowd)—you must pass along 'ere, please, or I shall 'ave to make yer.

Crowd (to Eld. G.). Give the man his money, can't yer? Pay 'im!

Cabman. Come, look sharp! Just you pay me!

The E. G. How c'n I pay, man? P'fectly 'shurd! Go to bleeshes! [Bolts again, and is once more overtaken by the indignant Cabman.

Pol. (following up). Now, then, Cabman, don't go hustling him!

[Crowd's sympathy veers round to the E. G. again.

Cabman. 'Oo's 'ustlin'? I ain't laid a finger on 'im. (Magnanimously.) I've no wish to 'inder 'im from going wherever he likes, so long as he pays me fust!

Pol. You've no right to touch the man, nor yet his bag; so be careful, that's all I tell you!

The E. G. (with maudlin enthusiasm). Pleeshman's perfelly ri'! Pleeshman always knowsh besht! [Tries to pat Policeman on back.

Pol. (his disgust reaching a climax). 'Ere, don't you go pawin' me about—for I won't 'ave it! If I'm right, it's more than what you are, anyhow! Now be off with you, wherever it is you're going to!

Cabman (desperate). But look 'ere—can't you take his name and address?

Pol. (rising to the occasion). Ah! that's what I was waitin' for! Now you've ast me—now I kin act! (Pulls out a pocket-book full of dirty memoranda, and a stumpy pencil.) Now then, Sir, your name, if you please?

The E. G. (sleepily). Shtupid thing a-do, but qui' forgot . . . Come out 'thout mi' name, 'shmornin'!

Pol. (sternly). That won't do with Me, you know. What's your name? Out with it!

The E. G. (evidently making a wild shot at it). FERGUSHON.

[Smiles, as if he feels sure the Policeman will be pleased with a name like that.)

Pol. JOHN? GEORGE? JAMES?—or what?

The E. G. You can purr 'em all down t' me—it don't marrer!

Pol. (briskly). Where do you live, Mr. FERGUSON?

The E. G. (mechanically). Shirty-one, Lushington Street, Gargleshbury Park.

Pol. (writing it down, and giving leaf to Cabman). There, will that do for you?

Cabman. That's all I want. (To the E. G.) You'll 'ear from me later on.

The E. G. (affectionately). Alwaysh pleash'd shee you, any time . . . Pleeshman too . . . Shorry can't shtop—mos' 'portant bishnish!

Pol. Which way do you want to go?

The E. G. Earlish Court.

Pol. Then get there, if you're capable of it. And now, you boys, clear the road, will you?

[The Elderly Gentleman, smiling in the full conviction of having extricated himself from a difficult situation with consummate tact and diplomacy, goes off unsteadily in the direction of Piccadilly, accompanied by a suite of small boys who have kindly resolved to see him through any further adventures that may await his progress. The Cabman remains to discuss the affair at great length on the curbstone. The Policeman paces slowly on, conscious that he has worthily maintained the dignity of his office.

A CORRESPONDENT, *à propos* of the prevailing epidemic, writes,—“Sir, there must have been an epidemic of influenza at Cambridge about thirty-three years ago, as in a travesty of *Faust*, produced at the A. D. C. about that time, occurs a parody of the song ‘*Di Frenza*’ from *La Traviata*, commencing ‘*Influenza* is about, So I’ll stay no longer out.’ History repeats itself occasionally.—I am, Yours, AN INFLUENZIAL PERSONAGE, Trin. Coll. Cam.”



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Miss Amy. "AND DO YOU ADMIRE MISS TRAVERS, MR. GOSLIN?"

Mr. G. "YES—AWF'LY! SHE'S SO UNLIKE ALL OTHER GIRLS, DON'TCHERKNOW!!"

PLAIN ENGLISH!

JOHN BULL loquatur:—

"ENGLISH as she is spoke," my little friend, Is not precisely what your pundits deem it. Let me give you a lesson! This must end. That flag, however lightly you esteem it, Has not so long waved folds fair, broad, and ample

To all earth's winds for *you* at last to trample.

No! What the mischief is your little game? Monkeyish tricks help neither power nor dignity.

A little country heir of much fair fame, I'd like to treat with patience and benignity; But memories of CAMOENS and DE GAMA Should save you from the clown's part in earth's drama.

Clowning it is to caper in this style, Trying to make a foot-cloth of my banner. You ought to know the temper of our Isle, You've tested it in circumstantial manner.

Down before SOULT and JUNOT you'd have gone But for that very flag, and WELLINGTON.

Old friends? Of course we are. Old rivals too, In commerce and adventure the world over. From JOHN THE GREAT's time to the present, you

In Africa have been a daring rover; "The Rover's free"! Ah! that's good lyric brag—

He is not free to trample on my flag!

VASCO DE GAMA and CABRAL, no doubt, Held an exceedingly free hand aforetime.

Cocks of the walk were those adventurers stout, [your time.

But then their time was different from In what you call your "civilising labours," You'll have to think a little of your neighbours.

"Prancing proconsuls" often stir up strife, Which to abate diplomacy must strain. Your PINTO seems to mean war to the knife—He's too much given to the 'Ereles vein. I'm sure I do not want to hurt your feelings, I simply say I can't stand SERPA's dealings.

Plain English this, my little Portuguese, And BARROS GOMES will tell you I mean it. Fight? Pigmy *versus* Titan? Fiddlededee! My meaning—without menaces, you'll glean it—

Is this—I would not hector, no, nor Only, my lad—you'll just come off that Flag!

LONDON FOR THE LONDONERS;

Or, How to Please Everybody.

SCENE—*Railway Compartment.* BROWN and JONES discovered reading Newspapers.

Brown (putting down his journal). Not much news, Sir.

Jones (following the example). Quite so, Sir—not much.

Brown. Perhaps, Sir, the most interesting item is this talk about London Improvement.

Jones. So I think, Sir. But what do we want with this plan for widening the Strand, and making a road to Holborn? It seems to me, Sir, that the suburbs are being neglected.

Brown. I agree with you, Sir. Now, if they would develop the North of London, it would be more to the purpose. If they would run a road direct from Charing Cross to, say, Zanzibar Terrace, Upper Kensal Green, West, it would really be of service to the public.

Jones. Very likely, Sir—very likely. For my part, it seems to me that Chiswick also requires a helping hand. The construction of a broad boulevard running from Charing Cross in a straight line to, say, Upham Park Road, would tend to show that the County Council justly appreciated its own responsibilities. And I say this, knowing the necessities of Chiswick, for in that neighbourhood I happen to reside.

Brown. And I, too, Sir, am equally cognisant of the requirements of Upper Kensal Green West. As a matter of fact, Sir, I happen to have a comfortable house in Zanzibar Terrace.

Jones. And I, Sir, a delightful villa in Upham Park Road.

[*Whistle.* Train enters tunnel, and further conversation is drowned by the rattle of the carriages.]

A Musical Anticipation.

FRED COWEN's *Viking* Sure to be striking. Think there is luck in BARTON MCGUCKIN.

UNSUGHT HONOUR.—After his last Birthday, Mr. GLADSTONE was unanimously elected a Member of "the Eighty Club."



PLAIN ENGLISH!

JOHN BULL. "LOOK HERE, MY LITTLE FRIEND, I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOUR LITTLE FEELINGS,—
BUT, *COME OFF THAT FLAG!!!*"



Jenkinson (to M. F. H., who dislikes being bothered). "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS HORSE?" (No answer.) "BRED HIM MYSELF, YOU KNOW!"

M. F. H. (looking at Horse out of corner of his eye). "UMPH! I THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T HAVE BEEN SUCH A SILLY IDIOT AS TO HAVE BOUGHT HIM!"

OLD COLDS FOR NEW.

(A Fairy Tale of Anglo-Russian Origin.)

ONCE upon a time there was a feeble little Ailment called "Cold-in-the-head," which was treated in the most contemptuous fashion by its relations. The nearest of its kith and kin—Measles and Scarlatina—absolutely laughed when its name was mentioned, and scarcely recognised it as a connection. So Cold-in-the-head had rather a bad time of it generally.

One day the feeble little Ailment was wandering aimlessly about in search of a resting-place, when it came upon an enormous establishment thronged with thousands of working-men. When the *employés* are described as "working-men," it is not, however, quite accurate, for at that moment they were not working.

"Why are you idle?" sneezed out little Cold-in-the-head in a tone of compassion.

"Because," replied one of the *employés*, rather gruffly, "there is nothing to do. If you want further information, you had better inquire at that office."

And the man pointed to a door bearing the legend, "Editor's Room." The poor little Ailment entered the apartment, and found a Gentleman seated in front of a desk covered with papers. The Gentleman was staring before him, and the ink in his pen had dried up.

"What do you want?" asked the Gentleman. "And why don't you shut the door behind you?"

"I should cease to exist without draughts," explained the poor little Ailment, "and please don't speak roughly to me, as I want to help you."

"You help me!" exclaimed the Editor—for the Gentleman was an Editor. "How can you do that?"

"I think I can give you a subject."

"You are very welcome if you can do that," was the reply, "as in this dead season of the year ideas are as scarce as coals; nay scarcer. But surely, didn't you do something for the Press ages ago?"

"That was in the 'forties; but I am quite different now."

Then the little Ailment related to the Editor stories of Russia, and the East, and all sorts of wonderful things.

"Well," murmured the Editor, after some consideration, "I think you may be useful, after all, if we are helped by the Doctors."

"What a fuss they are making about this new rival of ours!" said Measles, angrily.

"Too absurd!" commented Scarlatina, in a tone of annoyance.

Then there was a grand procession. First came Correspondents, then Interviewed Physicians, then the General Public. It was a sight that had never been seen before. In the midst of the excitement an Ailment appeared.

"Why, bless me!" cried Measles. "Only fancy!"

"Can I believe my eyes?" shouted Scarlatina. "Why, it's poor little Cold-in-the-head, that no one used to care a jot about six months ago!"

"Silence!" said the Ailment, with great dignity. "You must learn to treat me with the respect due to my exalted station. And please don't call me 'Cold-in-the-head,' for I am known as 'The Russian Influenza!'"

Then the Ailment turned towards Mr. Punch, who (as was his wont) was smiling, and bade him do homage.

"Not a bit of it," exclaimed the Sage of Fleet Street, raising a glass of Ammoniated Tincture of Quinine to his lips, and quaffing merrily a teaspoonful. "I defy you! You are puffed up with conceit, my poor little Illness, and when, in a few weeks' time, we have another sensation to talk and think about, you will sink back into your native obscurity."

And Mr. Punch (as the event will prove) was—as he always is—entirely right!

AT THE PORTE ST. MARTIN.—If there were ever any question as to the genius of SARA BERNHARDT, she has now settled it by appearing as *Jeanne d'Arc*, and showing us what she is Maid of. By the way, as of course she wears golden or auburn hair, *Jeanne d'Arc* must appear as *Jeanne Light*. Irreverent scoffers may say this is historically correct, as from their point of view *Joan* was rather light-headed. Of course, *Joan* is coming over to London. Why not to Mr. HARE's Theatre, and finish the evening with a prime Garrick Stake.



MR. PUNCH'S EXHIBITION OF GRAND OLD MASTERS."



"ALL ALIVE!"

Cheesemonger. "WHAT IS IT, MY DEAR?"

Little Girl. "OH, MOTHER'S SENT BACK THIS PIECE O' CHEESE, 'CAUSE FATHER SAYS IF HE WANTS ANY BAIT WHEN HE'S A GOIN' A FISHIN', HE CAN DIG 'EM UP IN OUR GARDEN!"

A COMING BIG BORE.

Being a probable Extract from the "City Intelligence" for 1900.

THE half-yearly meeting to discuss the Report just issued by the Chairman and Directors of the Amalgamated International Anglo-French Submarine Channel Tunnel Railway Company was held in the Company's Fortress Board-room yesterday afternoon, and, owing to the present critical Continental outlook, as might have been expected, succeeded in securing the attendance of an unusually large number of shareholders.

The Chairman, who on rising was received with prolonged hooting and a chorus, again and again renewed *con amore* by the assembled audience, of "And he's a jolly bad fellow!" having, at length, though frequently interrupted, obtained something like a hearing, was understood to say, that he had little to offer in the shape of comment on the Report submitted to the meeting. (Groans.) The causes of its unsatisfactory nature were patent to all. Owing to their having been compelled, in what he now fully recognised was a slavish and mistaken obedience to a popular clamour (*a Voice, "You're right!"*), three years ago, in the height of a sudden scare about invasion—"Oh! oh!"—to let the water in and flood the Tunnel—(groans)—they had been occupied ever since in pumping it out again, and though now he was glad to announce that the last bucketful had been emptied out, and that the traffic would be resumed forthwith—(cheers)—still the operation had cost them three millions of money, that they had to get from the market in the shape of Seventeen per Cent. First Preference Debentures—"Oh! oh!"—on which, however, he trusted that a favourable season's receipts might enable them possibly to pay a next half-year's dividend of three and sixpence. (Prolonged groans.) It was not much; still, it was something. "Oh! oh!" But if they wished to secure even this modest remuneration for their money, they must make up their minds, especially at the present moment, when there was a daily,—he might almost say, an hourly,—expectation of the withdrawal of their Ambassador from Paris, that there must be no more craven yielding to delusive impulses of an idiotic patriotism—(loud cheers)—in a word, no more talk about closing the Tunnel on the paltry plea of "national security." (Prolonged cheering.) He was glad to hear those cheers. It was an endorsement of the standpoint that he and his Directors meant to take in the present crisis, which was, in effect, to remind themselves that they were shareholders of the Anglo-French Submarine Channel Tunnel Railway Company first—and Englishmen afterwards—(thunders of

applause, and loud and prolonged cheering);—and that, if called upon to shed their life's blood, it would be solely in defence of that great engineering work, the true monument of peace, in which their aspirations, their hopes, and, above all, their capital, had been so fearlessly embarked and largely invested. (Renewed enthusiasm.)

A Shareholder here rose, and said, that if there really was, as the Chairman seemed to imply, a probability that war with our friendly neighbours might break out at any minute, would it not be advisable, in the interests of the Company, to come to some amicable and therefore satisfactory commercial arrangement for the transit of troops through the Tunnel, which, no doubt, it would be their first object to secure. (Laughter.) There might possibly be some stupid attempt of our own Government forces to seize upon and even damage, with a view to rendering the Tunnel useless, the works commanding this end of it. Should not a Volunteer Corps of Shareholders be at once organised—"Hear! hear!"—for the purpose of keeping them until the French Military Authorities came over in sufficient force to enable them to seize and securely hold them against all comers? He trusted he was not wanting in a well-balanced and legitimate patriotism—"No! no!"—but like their respected Chairman, he felt that there was a higher claim, a louder call than that addressed to an Englishman by his country, and that was the deep, grim, stern and stirring appeal made to the Seventeen per Cent. Debenture-holder by his Company. (Roars of laughter.)

Considerable uproar here arose over the ejection from the meeting of a protesting Shareholder, who injudiciously proposed an Amendment to the Report to the effect that, "In the face of grave National danger, the Company ought to be prepared, even if it involved serious financial loss, to close their Tunnel, if such a step should be regarded as necessary to the security of the country by the military advisers of the Government." This proposition was howled down, and the Chairman was again about to address the now somewhat quieted meeting, when a copy of an evening paper, announcing the declaration of war, and the simultaneous seizure of the British end of the Tunnel that morning by two hundred French troops, who had crossed from Boulogne by yesterday's evening Mail-boat, and had passed the night at Folkestone in disguise, was handed up on to the platform.

THE CHAIRMAN (after reading out the various items of intelligence to the Audience, who listened to them with breathless excitement). Well, Gentlemen, in the face of this not entirely unsuspected news—(laughter)—our course is, I think, pretty clear. We must at once dispatch a deputation to make the best terms we can with the French General in command, for the transit of the one or two, or even three hundred thousand troops they propose to bring over. (Cheers.) Even if we get only an excursion fare out of them, it will be something. ("Hear, hear!") And, at least, we shall be able to congratulate ourselves on this occasion with a sterling and heartfelt satisfaction that, whether the country go to the dogs or not—(roars of laughter)—the property of the Company will, at any rate, be preserved. (Enthusiastic applause.) The Chairman, who continued his address amid mingled cheers and laughter in the same strain, having submitted the names to form the proposed deputation to the meeting, the Shareholders dispersed, apparently in the highest spirits, singing a parody of the great national ditty, in which the line, "Britons ever, ever, ever will be knaves," with an accompaniment of loud guffaws of laughter, struck the listening ear, as they betook themselves to their respective homes.

THE IRISH QUESTION IN BOND STREET.

VERY calmly and pleasantly is this matter settled at Messrs. DOWDESWELL'S Galleries. Mr. O. RICKATSON takes us a mighty pleasant tour through Wicklow, Wexford, and Waterford. He gives us his views on the Land Question (Shure there are Sixty-two of them, bedad!) in Water-colours, and very bright, breezy, and delightful they are. If they will have Home Rule, if they persist in having Ireland for the Irish, we have no desire to pick a quarrel with this accomplished *aquarelliste* (Ha! ha!) for showing us the beauties of the "distrißful country;" and if we are not allowed to have the real thing, we shall find the peaceful possession of Mr. RICKATSON's delightful pictures no mean substitute.

ENTERTAINING AN ENTERTAINER.



Mr. Toole, before partaking of all the farewell luncheons, dinners, and suppers, previous to his departure for Australia.



Mr. J. L. Toole after all the farewell lunches, &c., &c. * * P. & O. Co. won't make any reduction on taking a quantity.

THE PILFERER.

TO ALL VOLAPUK-SPEAKING FOLK.

THERE exists at this moment no institution which even aspires to be to the Volapuk-speaking world what We were whilst still We remained in Northumberland Street, and looked after things generally. The wise are few. The governing minds are never numerous. But We have one, and We have determined to expand it over a new Monthly Magazine. At the outset We, being, after all, human, were confronted by the difficulty of finding a title. Several suggested themselves to a Mind not lacking in scope. A few may be mentioned. There was the *Pilbuster*; the *Summum Bone-em*; *Macheath's Miscellany*; the *Monthly Marauder*; the *Eviscerator*; the *Literary Leech*; the *Monthly Misappropriator*; the *Sixpenny Scoop*. Each has its particular attraction and appropriateness. But, having submitted the selection of titles for the consideration of some of the foremost men of letters, lawyers, soldiers, scientists, and divines of our time, with a request for an expression of their opinion, we decided upon the title which appears at the head of these few preliminary remarks. We are the *Pilferer*, price sixpence, published monthly; a reduction on taking a quantity.

The *Pilferer* will not be a colourless reflection of public opinion for the time being. It will certainly not be a Party organ, and that for sufficient reason. Neither Party has at this moment any distinctive body of doctrine, any well-conceived system of faith, which would justify Us in labelling Our new monthly with a Party badge. Moreover than which, We have some reason to believe that neither Party, nor any subdivision of Party, particularly cares to be associated with Us. We shall therefore be independent of Party, because, having a very clear, intelligible belief in Ourselves, We are able to survey the struggles of contending parties from the standpoint of sublime egotism. We are the man who can interpret the best thought of his day in such a manner as to render it accessible to the general intelligence of Our age. We are the true Prophet of Our time, and We hope to make a modest profit out of Our new venture. Hence, Our first starting point will be a deep and almost awestruck regard for the destinies of the Volapuk-speaking race. The American Republic we especially take under our wing (price of the Magazine in the United States 50 cents.), whilst we work for the Empire, seek to strengthen it, to develop it, and, when necessary, to extend it. We believe in Ourselves, in England, and in Humanity. We are not mad. We do not "hear them dancing in the hall," as used to happen when HENRY RUSSELL still filled the stage of the Concert Hall. But we have our mission, which is to hold the world straight, keep ourselves *en evidence*, and earn a modest living.

How is this to be done? By the preaching of a man who energises the activity of the Church by the ideals of chivalry and the production of a Sixpenny Monthly, made up of pickings from other people's pockets. Visible in many ways is the decadence of the Daily Press since We left it. The Mentor of Young Democracy has abandoned philosophy, and stuffs the ears of his TELEMACHUS with the skirts of CALYPSO's petticoats, the latest scandals of the Court, and the prurient purrings of abandoned womankind in places where you accept the unaccustomed cigar, and

drink the unfamiliar champagne. All the more need, then, that there should be a Voice which, like that of the Muezzin from the Eastern minaret, shall summon the Faithful to the duties imposed by their belief. We go into this waste land to possess it. It is capable of being made to flourish as of old under the stimulating radiance of a great ideal, and the diligent and intelligent culture of one who, like Ourselves, has the capacity for direction.

Who will help Us? There is not a street in London, nor a village in the country, which is not capable of producing, even at short notice, and under slight pressure, a man or a woman who will spend two hours a week, every week in the year, in more or less irksome voluntary exertion in order to sell the *Pilferer*. To such we say, "If, by canvassing, or otherwise, you secure, say, six subscribers, the *Pilferer* shall be sent to you as long as the six continue their subscriptions." In this case, the subscriptions should be paid in advance.

Are there any among the readers of the *Pilferer* craving for counsel, for sympathy, and for the consolation of pouring out their soul's grief at so much a quart, so to speak? If so, may we ask them to communicate with Us? Their cases, as they submit them, will be placed before such competent and skilful advisers as We are able to gather round Us from the best men and women in the Volapuk-speaking world. Their confidences will be printed free of cost, and, touched up with the literary art that shaped many a spicy series, are likely to produce copy at once tasty and cheap. We have a heap of letters and post-cards from eminent persons to whom we submitted the design lightly sketched above. They may be known as "Some Letters of Marque to the Editor of the *Literary Privateer*."

MR. GL-DST-NE.

DEAR MR. PILFERER.—The idea you suggest appears to me highly useful, as well as ingenious in relation to all who are able to appreciate it. Personally I am outside this circle, and so will save my sixpence a month. I hope you enjoyed your 'bus tour along the Commercial Road?

Yours faithfully, W. E. GL-DST-NE.

MR. B-LF-R.

1, Carlton Gardens, S.W., Dec. 12, '89.

I THINK your scheme ought to prove useful. But isn't there some difficulty with the original proprietors of the goods? If I can help you in any way, by putting anyone in prison, pray count upon me. Obstruction must be put down in any form in which it presents itself.

Yours faithfully, A. J. B-LF-R.

EARL OF C-RN-RV-N.

THERE is, [no doubt, a large amount of valuable matter which appears from time to time in the Magazines, but which, being buried under a mass of unimportant writing, is overlooked. I have found this in reference to my own contributions, which have occasionally been passed over by the public, who have preferred to read the other contents.

LORD C-L-R-DGE.

AT one time of my life I wrote far too many articles to have much opinion of the ability required to produce them, or their value to anyone when produced. What I did write was much better than the general run of articles. Now I do not write, there is nothing in the Magazines. If you can get it out for nothing, and sell it for sixpence, you will do well.

LORD W-IS-L-Y.

Ranger's House, Greenwich Park, S.E. Sunday.

DEAR MR. PILFERER,—In answer to your note, I have nothing to say of any interest.

W-IS-L-Y.

LORD T-NNYS-N.

Hangford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight.

LORD T-NNYS-N presents his compliments to Mr. *Pilferer*, and begs to point out to him that had he thrust his corporeal presence upon Lord T-NNYS-N over his garden hedge, or by his area-steps, he would have been incontinently cast forth by the domestics. Lord T-NNYS-N finds it impossible to discover any appreciable difference between that step and the one whereby Mr. *Pilferer* impertinently, through the medium of the unsuspecting penny post, forces himself upon Lord T-NNYS-N's notice, and impudently begs him to assist him with a gratuitous advertisement for a commercial undertaking.

MR. CHARLEY BATES.

Middle of Next Week. Nix Alley, No. 0.

DEAR PAL,—Excuse this address, but sometimes it's well not to go into too many perticklers. I have yours giving me an account of your new lay. As far as I can make out, there's a lot of tradesmen in London who, at considerable give out of swag, get swell fellers to write articles for them. Then you plunge in, romp around, fill your pockets with the pick of the lot, and go and sell it on your own hook. That's good. But what I like best is the putting on of the bands and surplice, the taking of the good book in the right hand, the uprising of the eyeballs, and the general trotting out of the loftiest principles, the purest motives, and the general welfare of our brother men. You are a regular wonner, old pal, and should do; leastways, you have the good wishes of your old friend,

CHARLEY.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volentiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XVII.

"THE Humours of the Town!" Archaic phrase,
 Breathing of BRUMMEL and
 the dandy days
 Of curly hats and gaiters!
 'Humours' seem rarer now,
 at least by night,
 In this strange world of gilt
 and garish light, [ters."
 And bibulous wits and wai-
 So I. The Shadow smiled.
 "There's food for mirth
 In every nook of the sun-
 circling earth [trodden.
 That human foot hath
 Man, the great mime, must
 move the Momus vein,
 Whether he follow fashion
 or the wain,
 In ermine or in hoddin.

"A City of Strange Meet-
 ings! Motives strong
 Why men in well-dressed
 multitudes should
 throng,

Abundant are and various.
 Strongest, perhaps, the vague desire to meet;
 No animal as Man so quick to greet,
 So aimlessly gregarious.

"In Council, Caucus, Causerie, there's an
 aim
 Which many know and some might even
 name;

But see yon motley muster,
 Like shades in Eblis wandering up and down!
 Types there of every 'Show Class' in the
 Town
 Elbow and glide and cluster."

I see long rooms, *en suite*, with lofty walls,
 And *portières* sombre as Egyptian palls;
 I hear the ceaseless scuffle
 Of many trim-shod feet; the thin sweet sound
 Of stricken strings which faintly echoes round
 Those draped vistas muffle.

Susurrus of a hundred voices blent
 In the bland buzz of cultured chat; intent
 Set faces mutely watching
 From cushioned corner or from curtained nook;
 Hands that about old ears attentive crook,
 The latest scandal catching.

Cold rock-hewn countenances, shaven clean,
 Hard lips, and eyes alert with strength and
 spleen;

Visages vain and vapid,
 All wreathed with the conventional bland
 smile
 That covers weary scorn or watchful guile,
 Shift here in sequence rapid.

"Why is this well-dressed mob thus mustered
 here?"

I asked my guide. "On every face a sneer
 "Curis—when it is not smirking.
 Scorn of each other seems the one sole thing
 In which they sympathise, the asp whose sting
 Midst flowery talk is lurking."

"Friend, mutual mockery, masked as mutual
 praise,
 Is a great social bond in these strange days.
 ROCHEFOUCAULD here might gather
 Material for new maxims keen and cold.
 They meet, these *convives*, if the truth be told,
 For boredom and bland blather.

"Royston's Reception,—ah! yes; beastly
 bore!
 But must drop in for half an hour, no more.
 The usual cram,—one knows it.



Big pudding with a few peculiar "plums."
 Everyone kicks, but everybody comes
 Don't quite know how he does it!"

"So SNAGS, the slangy cynic. See him there
 With pouching shirt-front and disordered
 hair,

Talking to CRAMP the sturdy,
 Irreverent R. A. And he,—that's JOYCE,
 The shaggy swart Silenus, with a voice
 Much like a hurdy-gurdy.

"You see him everywhere, though none knows
 why;
 Every hand meets his grip, though every eye
 Furtively hints abhorrence.
 Society's a gridiron; fools to please,
 Wise men must sometimes lie as ill at ease
 As might a new St. Lawrence."

A buzz, a bustle! How the crowd makes way,
 And parts in lines as on some pageant day!
 'Tis the Great Man, none other,

"Bland, beaming, bowing quick to left and
 right;
 One hour he'll deign to give from his brief
 To flattery, fuss and pother.

"Though the whole mob does homage, more
 than half

Behind their hands indulge in sorrel chaff,
 And venomous invective.
 And he, the hard-faced Cleon with his ring
 Of minor satellites? Could glances sting
 His were not ineffective!

"Crouched in yon corner, huddled chin to
 knees,
 Like some old lion sore and ill at ease
 Left foodless in the jungle,
 Sits GRUMPER, growling oaths beneath his
 breath

At CLEON, who—to him—sums party-death
 And diplomatic bungle.

"'Beshrew him for a—!" "GRUMPER's
 speech is strong;

Flanders and screeds of old satiric song
 Blend in his vigorous diction.
 Around, in lounging groups or knots apart,
 Are lesser lights of thought, small stars of art,
 And petty chiefs of fiction.

"Hosts of the nameless, fameless, 'Small
 Unknown';

Men who can form a 'corner,' float a loan,
 Wire-pull a local Caucus,

But cannot paint poor pictures, write bad
 plays,
 Or on a platform wildly flame or praise
 In rolling tones or raucous.

"These lounge and hover, sip champagne and
 whiff

Mild cigarettes; these too, in secret sniff
 At 'the whole queer caboodle.'
 Why do they meet? How shall I say, good
 friend?

Modern symposiasts seem a curious blend
 Of porcupine and poodle.

"In these Saturnian days Amphitryon spreads
 His meshes wide, and counts not brains but
 heads

The Tadpoles and the Tapers
 Are scorned by the few Titans; true; but
 aims

Differ: to some 'tis much to see their names
 Strung in the morning papers.

"So Private Views are popular, and men
 Meet just to prompt the social scribe's smart
 Taste too austere winnows [pen.
 Town's superfluous chaff from its scant wheat:
 Our host prefers to mix, in his Great Meet,
 The Tritons and the minnows!"

"With mutual scorn!" I cried. "Has
 Fashion power

Thus to unhumanise the 'Social Hour,'
 Theme of old poets' vaunting?
 Gregarious spites and egotisms harsh!—
 Foregathering of frog-swarms in a marsh
 Yields music as enchanting."

(To be continued.)

HOLIDAY CATECHISM.

Mr. Punch. Well, Master JACK HORNER,
 where have you been this time?

Master J. H. POLLY and I visited Madame
 Tussaud's,—they have got Mr. SALA there, look-
 ing so amiable! We were pleased to see him!
 And POLLY afterwards would take me into the
 Chamber of Horrors! But I paid her out by
 getting her to try a boat on "Ye Ocean
 Wave," as they call it, at HENGLER'S!

Mr. P. Done anything else?

Master J. H. To be sure. Looked in at
 "Niagara," where they have got a Forest
 of Christmas trees. Capital! Popped into
 "Waterloo," opposite. Smashed skull in a
 trophy of arms amongst the relics—lovely!
 The picture, too, not half bad. Then im-
 proved our minds at the Tudor Exhibition.

Mr. P. And where else have you been?
 Master J. H. To the Crystal Palace, where
 they have got *Cinderella* this year. It's first-
 rate!

"VANITY UN-FAIR."—A week ago a cari-
 cature of one of the most popular and plea-
 sant-looking of officials—a scholar and a
 gentleman—Mr. EDWARD FIGOTT—the
 Examiner of Plays, was published in *Vanity
 Fair*. Unrecognisable as a portrait, the
 picture was painfully hideous. Why it
 should have been allowed to appear is a
 mystery, as Mr. FIGOTT is a man that either
 is, or should be, without an enemy. There is
 only one thing to be done—our contemporary
 (following a recent precedent preserved in
 its own columns) should publish an apology.

"SPEED THE PARTING."—The last four
 weeks of BARNUM at Olympia are announced.
 If this is a fact, won't there arise a chorus of
 general jubilation from Theatrical Managers?
 Rather!

"ANA."—*Obiter dicta* anent the Parnell
 Commission will be published in one supple-
 mentary volume, entitled, *Osheana*.



GRADUAL TRANSFORMATION SCENE.—FLIGHT OF THE DEMON INFLUENZA AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

THE DITTY OF THE DAGGER.

[A writer on Fashion says, "The latest fad is the wearing of large daggers in the hair, which renders a lady quite dangerous to her neighbours."]

ETHELINDA hath a dagger; IRVING gave it; calmly there,
As the fashion is, she sticks it in her coronal of hair.

It looks very like the dagger 'bout which *Macbeth* told such fibs,
That cold steel which tickled *Duncan* underneath his royal ribs.

Whomsoever she approaches, that three-cornered dagger prods,
And a hecatomb of corpses follows when her head she nods.

KATE and MARGARET were wounded as if they'd been to the wars,
HILDA too and OLGA owe her very aggravating scars.

BEN and TED have both been prodded, and unhappy LIONELLO,
Looks as if he'd been engaging in a terrible *duello*.

If the fashion thus continues of stilettos worn like this,
Men must case their heads in helmets, or ne'er go near girls, I wis.

Nathless, were I ETHELINDA's mother, I would say, "Beware!
If you must keep such a dagger, leave it upstairs—with your hair."

ETHELINDA fiercely would repel the base insinuation,
But the hint might save her neighbours any further laceration.

SET DOWN FOR TRIAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

DURING the Winter Vacation, now at an end, I have been visiting some of the theatres with a view to educating my eldest son. Hearing that in *A Man's Shadow* at the Haymarket there was a representation of "the Assize Chamber, Palais de Justice, Paris," I took NORTHBUTT (the name I have given to my boy, in recognition of the kindness that is habitually shown to the Junior Bar by two of the most courteous Judges of modern times) to that temple of the Drama, and was delighted at the dignity and legal acuteness displayed by Mr. KEMBLE as the President of the Court. On referring to the programme, I found that the part of the Usher was played by Mr. ROBB HARWOOD, and I trust that learned Gentleman (I cannot help feeling that from his Christian name, Mr. HARWOOD must be connected with the law) will forgive me if I make a few suggestions. It has been my good fortune to be present in a French Court, and I can assure Mr. ROBB, that the Usher is an infinitely more important personage than he represents him to be. I am not a dramatist, but I can readily understand that it might interfere with the interest of the play, and perhaps, unduly damage the importance properly attributable to the utterances of the Lessee of the theatre, were Mr. ROBB to give increased prominence to his rôle while Mr. BEERBOHM TREE is present in the character of *Lucien Laroque*. But this is unnecessary, as Mr. KEMBLE about the middle of the sitting very properly adjourns the Court presumably for luncheon. It is then, that the Usher should emerge from his comparative obscurity, and, so to speak, make his mark. I jot down a rough idea of my notion in dramatic form for the consideration of the adapter of the piece, Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN.

SCENE—The Assize Chamber (Palais of Justice, Paris). Mr. KEMBLE has just retired with his colleagues to luncheon. Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, as *Laroque*, has been removed in the custody of an old officer, in a uniform produced by Messrs. NATHAN, from a sketch by "KARL." (Vide Programme.) Mr. FERNANDEZ is seen seated beneath the dock. Advocates fraternise with a Young Abbé, who has evidently a taste for sensational murder cases.

Usher (to Crowd). Now then, Gentlemen, although the Court has retired, you must keep order. (A murmur.) What, my authority defied! Gendarmes, do your duty! (The Gendarmes suppress Crowd.) M. l'Abbé, a word with you. (The Abbé approaches Usher respectfully.) I am told by the Nurse of Mademoiselle SUZANNE that Madame LAROQUE is dying. Can you kindly let me see the Doctor who has the case in hand?

M. l'Abbé (glad of something to say). Certainly, Monsieur. The Doctor is one of my intimate friends, and will be proud of an introduction. [Retires, in search of the Medical Man.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"IT'S VERY ODD—BUT I CAN'T GET RID OF MY PICTURES. THE HOUSE IS FULL OF THEM!"
 "CAN'T YOU GET YOUR GROCER TO GIVE 'EM AWAY WITH A POUND OF TEA, OR SOMETHING?"

Usher. Thank you! (is given a letter by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, who has reappeared as his own Shadow). Well, Sirrah, what do you want?

Mr. Tree's Shadow (clearing his throat). Urrrrrr! Take that to Mr. FERNANDEZ over yonder, and wake him up with it! Urrrrrrrr! [Exit.

Usher. With pleasure; but (smiling) what a quaint noise! (Approaching Mr. FERNANDEZ) Monsieur, allow me to offer you my snuff-box—it is heartily at your service. (Mr. FERNANDEZ accepts the courtesy with effusion.) And now, my old friend, take this packet, which I fancy is from your wife. I hope Madame is well? (Mr. FERNANDEZ smilingly bows and eats a sandwich.) I am delighted to hear it. (Sternly to Mr. TREE, who has entered in another disguise.) Well, Monsieur, and what do you want with me?

Mr. Tree in another disguise (seizing the opportunity of showing his well-known versatility). I am the Doctor who is attending Madame LAROQUE! She is very ill! Believe me, Usher—(Makes a pathetic speech in a new voice with appropriate gesticulation, finishing with these words), and if he dies, she will die also!

Usher (who has been weeping). Sad! sad! sad! Ah! Monsieur, you have a hand of silver—
Mr. Tree (in the other disguise). And a heart of gold! [Exit.

Usher (wiping his eyes). Dear me his story has affected me strangely! But, I must dissemble! Let not the hollow heartless crowd see my emotion! I must laugh and joke, although my heart may be breaking! (Suddenly.) I will tell a good story to Mr. FERNANDEZ who, I notice, is deeply concerned at the news contained in the letter he has just received from his wife—that news may be the revelation of her own miserable past! (Approaching the Counsel for the Defence.) Ah, my old and valued friend, let me cheer you up with an amusing anecdote. You must know that once upon a time a man was seated before the kitchen-fire watching a leg of mutton! His dog was seated near him! Mr. Fernandez (in an undertone—as himself). Go away!

Usher (ignoring the interruption). The dog seized the mutton, and the man cast the stool after him—thus it was said that two legs, finding four legs had stolen one leg, threw after him three legs! Ha! ha! ha! You will see two legs—the man—four legs, the dog—one leg, the mutton—and three legs, the stool! A quaint conceit! A quaint—ha! ha! ha!—a quaint conceit indeed!

Mr. Fernandez (as before, but more so). Go away! [Mr. KEMBLE here returns, and the Usher resumes his ordinary manner. Scene concluded according to Mr. BUCHANAN's version.

Wishing you the compliments of the season (in which NORTHBUTT joins),

I remain, dear Mr. Punch,
 Pump-handle Court, Temple, 20th Jan., 1890.

Yours truly, A BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"It is reported from Gibraltar, that the 110-ton guns of the *Bombow*, have developed defects similar to those recently developed in the *Victoria*."—*Naval Intelligence*.

THERE was a hoodwinked Man
 Who, in buying his big guns,
 Very often by the nose was deftly led, led, led.
 For when he fired them first
 They did everything but burst,
 Though guaranteed by Whitehall's Naval head,
 head, head!

So when by foes defied
 At length in action tried
 'Tis found that they won't fire a single shot, shot, [shot.
 Let us hope, at any rate,
 Though the Nemesis come late,
 That some party who's to blame will get it hot,
 hot, hot!



How JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET WOULD HAVE TREATED THE INFLUENZA.

VOCES POPULI. AT THE TUDOR EXHIBITION. IN THE CENTRAL HALL.

The usual Jocosse 'Arry (who has come here with 'ARRIET, for no very obvious reason, as they neither of them know or care about any history but their own). Well, I s'pose as we are 'ere, we'd better go in a buster for a book o' the words, eh? (*To Commissionnaire.*) What are yer doin' them o' rect guides at, ole man? A shillin'? Not me! 'Ere, 'ARRIET, we'll make it out for ourselves. A Young Man (who has dropped in for five minutes—"just to say he's been, don't you know"). 'Jove—my Aunt! Nip out before she spots me... Stop, though, suppose she has spotted me? Never can tell with gig-lamps... better not risk it.

[Is "spotted" while hesitating.] His Aunt. I didn't recognise you till just this moment, JOHN, my boy. I was just wishing I had someone to read out all the extracts in the Catalogue for me; now we can go round together.

[JOHN affects a dutiful delight at this suggestion, and wonders mentally if he can get away in time to go to afternoon tea with those pretty Chesterton Girls.

An Uncle (who has taken MASTER TOMMY out for the afternoon). This is the way to make your English History real to you, my boy!

[TOMMY, who had cherished hopes of Covent Garden Circus, privately thinks that English History is a sufficiently unpleasant reality as it is, and conceives a bitter prejudice against the entire Tudor Period on the spot.

The Intelligent Person. Ha! armour of the period, you see! (*Feels bound to make an intelligent remark.*)

'Stonishing how the whole art of war has been transformed since then, eh? Now—to me—(*as if he was conscious of being singular in this respect*)—to me, all this is most interesting. Coming as I do, fresh from FROUDE—

His Companion (a Flippant Person). Don't speak so loud. If they know you've come in here fresh, you'll get turned out!

Patronising Persons (*inspecting magnificent suit of russet and gilt armour*). 'Pon my word, no idea they turned out such good work in those times—very creditable to them, really.

BEFORE THE PORTRAITS.

The Uncle. Now, TOMMY, you remember what became of KATHERINE of Aragon, I'm sure? No, no—tut—tut—she wasn't executed! I'm afraid you're getting rather rusty with these long holidays. Remind me to speak to your mother about setting you a chapter or so of history to read every day when we get home, will you?

Tommy (*to himself*). It is hard lines on a chap having a Sneak for an Uncle! Catch me swotting to please him!

'Arry. There's old 'ENERY THE EIGHTH, you see—that's 'im right enough; him as 'ad all those wives, and cut every one of their 'eds off!

'Arriet (*admiringly*). Ah, I knew we shouldn't want a Catalogue.

The Int. P. Wonderfully HOLBEIN's caught the character of the man—the—er—curious compound of obstinacy, violence, and good-humour, sensuality, and—and so on. No mistaking a Holbein—you can tell him at once by the extraordinary finish of all the accessories. Now look at that girdle—isn't that HOLBEIN all over?

Flippant P. Not quite all over, old fellow. Catalogue says it's painted by PARIS BORDONE.

The Int. P. Possibly—but it's HOLBEIN's manner, and, looking at these portraits, you see at once how right FROUDE's estimate was of the King.

F. P. Does FROUDE say how he got that nasty one on the side of his nose?

A Visitor. Looks overfed, don't he?

Second V. (*sympathetically*). Oh, he did himself very well; you can see that.

The Aunt. Wait a bit, JOHN—don't read so fast. I haven't made out the middle background yet. And where's the figure of St. Michael rising above the gilt tent, lined with *fleurs-de-lis* on a blue ground? Would this be GUINNESS, or ARDRES, now? Oh, ARDRES on the right—so that's ARDRES—yes, yes; and now tell me what it says about the two gold fountains, and that dragon up in the sky.

[JOHN calculates that, at this rate, he has a very poor chance of getting away before the Gallery closes.

The Patronising Persons. 'Um! HOLBEIN again, 'you see—very curious their ideas of painting in those days. Ah, well, Art has made great progress since then—like everything else!

Miss Fisher. So that's the beautiful QUEEN MARY! I wonder if it is really true that people have got better-looking since those days?

[Glances appealingly at Phlegmatic Fiancé.]

Her Phlegmatic Fiancé. I wonder.

Miss F. You hardly ever see such small hands now, do you? With those lovely long fingers, too!

The Phil. F. No, never.

Miss F. Perhaps people in some other century will wonder how anybody ever saw anything to admire in us?

The Phil. F. Shouldn't be surprised.

[Miss F. does wish secretly that CHARLES had more conversation.

The Aunt. JOHN, just find out who No. 222 is.

John. (*sulkily*). Sir GEORGE PENRUDDOCKE, Knight.

His Aunt (*with enthusiasm*). Of course—how interesting this is, isn't it?—seeing all these celebrated persons exactly as they were in life! Now read who he was, JOHN, please.

The Int. Person. FROUDE tells a curious incident about—

Flippant P. I tell you what it is, old chap, if you read so much history, you'll end by believing it!

The Int. P. (*pausing before the Shakspeare portraits*). "He was not for an age, but for all time."

The Fl. P. I suppose that's why they've painted none of them alike.

A Person with a talent for Comparison. MARY, come here a moment. Do look at this—"ELIZABETH, Lady HOBY"—did you ever see such a likeness?

Mary. Well, dear, I don't quite—

The Person with &c. It's her living image! Do you mean to say you really don't recognise it?—Why, Cook, of course!

Mary. Ah! (*apologetically*)—but I've never seen her dressed to go out, you know.

The Uncle. "No. 13, Sir ROWLAND HILL, Lord Mayor, died 1561!"

Tommy (*anxious to escape the threatened chapters if possible*). I know about him, Uncle, he invented postage stamps!

OVER THE CASES.

First Patronising P. "A Tooth of QUEEN KATHERINE PARR." Dear me! very quaint.

Second P. P. (*tolerantly*). And not at all a bad tooth, either.

'Arriet (*comes to a case containing a hat labelled as formerly belonging to HENRY THE EIGHTH*). 'ARRY, look 'ere; fancy a king going about in a thing like that—pink with a green feather! Why, I wouldn't be seen in it myself!

'Arry. Ah, but that was ole 'ENERY all over, that was; he wasn't one for show. He liked a quiet, unassumin' style of 'at, he did. "None of yer loud pot 'ats for Me!" he'd tell the Royal 'attors; "find me a tile as won't attract people's notice, or you won't want a tile yerselves in another minute!" An' you may take yer oath they served him pretty sharp, too!

'Arriet (giggling). It's a pity they didn't ask you to write their Catalogue for 'em.

The Aunt. JOHN, you're not really looking at that needlework—it's QUEEN ELIZABETH'S own work, JOHN. Only look how wonderfully fine the stitches are. Ah, she was a truly great woman! I could spend hours over this case alone. What, closing are they, already? We must have another day at this together, JOHN—just you and I.

John. Yes, Aunt. And now—(thinks there is just time to call on the CHESTERTONS, if he goes soon)—can I get you a cab, or put you into a 'bus, or anything?

His Aunt. Not just yet; you must take me somewhere where I can get a bun and a cup of tea first, and then we can go over the Catalogue together, and mark all the things we missed, you know.

[JOHN resigns himself to the inevitable rather than offend his wealthy relative; the Intelligent Person comes out, saying he has had "an intellectual treat," and intends to "run through FROUDE again" that evening. 'ARRY and 'ARRIET depart to the "Ocean Wave" at HENGLER'S. Gallery gradually clears as Scene closes in.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE EMPIRE.

SINCE the SHAH spent a pleasant evening in the Theatre of Varieties North of Leicester Square (and if it comes to that, long



The Empire of Melpomene and Terpsichore.

before) the Empire has been a notable place of entertainment. At the present moment there is an exceptionally strong programme. Two ballets, both extremely good. The first, "The Paris Exhibition," pleasingly recalls the glories and expenses of last year so inseparably connected with the Cairo street dancing and the Tour Eiffel. The second, "A Dream of Wealth," is interesting amongst other matters for proving conclusively that the Demon of Avarice (conscientiously impersonated by Signor LUIGI ALBERTI), is a singularly gentlemanly creature, and not nearly so black as he would conventionally be painted. The story of the *divertissement* by Madame KATTI LANNER, if rather obscure, is still thoroughly enjoyable. It would seem that a miser with a comic but sound-hearted clerk, after an altercation with some well-fed representatives of "the most distressful" tenantry that ever yet were seen, makes the acquaintance of "an apparition," and dreams that he is the tenant of his own jewel-casket. In his sleep he is present at a ballet replete with silver and gold and precious stones, to say nothing of shapely limbs and pretty faces, and makes great friends with the "apparition," who shows him much graceful courtesy, with the assistance of one of her acquaintances, that singularly gentlemanly creature, the Demon of Avarice. That all ends happily goes without saying.

But perhaps the feature of the Empire Theatre of Varieties (a title justified by the programme—a document, by the way, for which 'a uniform charge of two pence should be made, instead of "anything you please, Sir," subsequently translatable into at least sixpence) is the realisation, by Miss AMY ROSELLE, of *The Woman and the Law*, written by Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT. The accomplished actress, in a simple black dress, in front of a scene suggestive of (say) an unused ball-room in the Vatican, holds her audience in her grasp. In spite of the smoke of the stalls, the levity of the lounge, and the general incongruity of her surroundings, Miss ROSELLE scores nightly a distinct success. Lastly, Mlle. VAVONI, returning to the scene of her former triumphs, once again delights all beholders by the sprightliness of her singing and dancing. No reason to fear the disruption of the Empire at present.

KICKED!

(By the Foot of Clara Groomley.)

CHAPTER I.

I HAD come back from India. I was in Southampton. Only a few months before I had been teaching whist to the natives on the banks of the Ganges, and I had made my fortune out of the Indian rubber. I wonder if they remember the great Sahib who always had seven trumps and only one other suit. Tailoring is in its infancy over there, and the natives frequently had no suit at all. I had not placed my money in the Ganges banks, because they are notoriously unsafe. I had brought it with me to Southampton. I was rich, but solitary. Yet I was a dashing young fellow, especially in my printed conversation. When it rained, I said "dea." Just smack your lips over the delightful wickedness of it, and then proceed.

There was nothing to do. I couldn't go to Ryde, although the waiter assured me it was a pleasant trip. Neither did I care to go for a walk. The situation was at a dead-lock, and I said so.

"Well," said the waiter, "there's the quay."

So I went to the quay. I heard a sweet young voice remark, "What a shocking bad hat!" I fell in love with her at once. She was with a governess—obviously French—who remonstrated.

"Ush! Naughty! Signor will overhear you, Mees SMITH. Then I give you spans."

"Well, he shouldn't wear such a bad hat, Mademoiselle."

I was just turning round to introduce myself, when I saw that they had both stepped on to the steamer. I followed them. The French Governess seemed to be in doubt about the boat.

"Antelope of the western horizon," she said, to a surly onlooker, "I will give you three piastres and a French halfpenny if you have ze goodness to tell me if this is ze Ryde steamer."

"How the dickens am I to know whether it's the right steamer or not, when I don't know where you're going to?" asked the man.

I knocked him down at once, and as he rose to return the compliment my hat fell off. Miss SMITH caught it on the tip of her toe as it was falling, sent it twenty feet into the air, caught it again in her large beautiful hands, and pressed it firmly down over my eyes.

In the wilds of Assam one gets unused to the grand freedom and cultured geniality of English ladies. I hardly knew what to do, but I extricated myself slowly from the folds of the hat, chucked her under the chin, and remarked, "*Houp-là!*" The French Governess had retired to the cabin to be ill, and we were rapidly steaming from the quay.

"Don't!" said Miss SMITH, looking very shy and pretty.

"Certainly not," I replied. "Of course you will have some tea with me?"

"Oh, my!" she murmured, in her sweet, refined voice. "Well, I must first go and look after poor Mlle. DONNERWETTER."

While she was below, I secured two umbrellas from the stoker, and improvised a sort of tent with this and a back number of the *Times*. I also procured a few delicacies such as young girls love—a pot of French mustard, two bottles of ginger-beer, some shrimps, and several large buns. I spread them all out in a row. It seemed to make them look more luscious, somehow. We were very warm and cosy, seated over the boiler of the engine. Was I in love? Pshaw! Decidedly not, and yet—well, she looked very pretty as she sat there, chattering freely about herself, and lightly dusting with her handkerchief one of the shrimps which was a trifle soiled. I gathered from her conversation that she was very rich, that she had no parents, and would lose all her money if something happened.

"And is that something—er—marriage?" I ventured to ask.

"Gar'n!" she replied, in her pretty school-girl slang. "What are yer getting at?"

"Suppose the boiler blew up, what then?"

"Ah!" she replied, sadly; "Mademoiselle will blow me up if she finds us out. Listen! she's calling."

"Then it's all right, because if she calls now she'll find us in."

At this moment the steamer reached its destination, and I was compelled to leave Miss SMITH. However, I followed her and the Governess until they entered the gates of Plumfields, a large school for young ladies. Why should I go back to Southampton? I think I will remain at Ryde. (To be concluded in Four Chapters.)



She looked charming.

THE PRINCE "STARBLING" AT POOLE.—His Royal Highness was just as successful last week at Poole in Dorsetshire (everyone who was there will indorse it) as he was at Pyramids in Egypt.



SOCIAL ECONOMY.

"WHAT! GOING TO WEAR THAT FRIGHTFUL GOWN? AND AT YOUR OWN DANCE, TOO?"
 "THAT'S JUST WHY! TO-NIGHT THEY HAVE TO ASK ME!"

'COUNTING THE CHICKS!'

ME PARTLET broods in reverie beatific
 Over as nice a "sitting"
 golden eggs as ever fowl prolific
 Tended, untired, unfitting.
 And eggs and of good stock, there is no
 doubt of them.

What will come out of them?

at question interests nor PARTLET only;
 No; while the speckled beauty
 s in quiescent state, content though lonely,
 The poultry-yard's prime duty
 ling her soul, how many minds are watching
 That hopeful hatching!

orthy Exchequer Hen! Layer and sitter
 Of really first-rate quality.
 ough rival fowls are enviously bitter,
 That doth not bate her jollity.
 r duties CAQUET BONBEC's game to tackle,
 Without much cackle.

d then, what luck! A "run" unpre-
 cedented,
 Or almost so; and fodder
 ith which the Laureate's Bird had been
 contented:
 Fortune has freaks far odder
 an e'en a poet's whimsies, any day,
 Her rivals say.

e must, they swear, have "raked in golden
 barley,"
 Like the great Fleet Street "Cock."
 eir jealous jeremiads, sour and snarly,
 PARTLET's prim feelings shook.
 luck! Not at all; but the reward emphatic
 Of skill villatic."

"Of course 'tis obvious that the Tory rooster
 Has 'crammed a plumper crop'
 Than Grand Old Chanticleer, that barn-yard
 boaster,
 Whose crowings now must stop. [equal.
 He thought his 'Surplus' none would nearly
 Behold the sequel?"

"Not quite as many eggs? No, but far finer,
 And not one will be addled.
 He, in his day, was a Distinguished Shiner,
 But then the yard he saddled
 With cross-bred cocktail chicks, unprofitable
 For nest or table."

So PARTLET, in her own complacent musings;
 And as for the outsiders,
 Reckoning up their probable gains and losings,
 Some fain would be deriders
 Of her, her fortune, and the brood forthcoming,
 Which she seems summing.

"Don't count your chickens ere they're
 hatched!" they snigger. [rious)
 (Old saws are always dear to the censo-
 "We've seen small chickens out of eggs
 much bigger.
 You Tory hens are always so vain-
 glorious. [Chorus-
 We'd see—before we join this Farm-yard
 The birds before us.

"'Free Education' Chick? 'Free Breakfast-
 table'?"
 Or else 'Income-Tax Penny'?"
 Humph! All good breeds! We cannot say
 we're able
 To cackle against any. [gladly,
 Were they but in *our* nest, we'd hatch 'em
 But doubt *you* sadly!"

Meanwhile complacent PARTLET sits and
 broods,
 Blandly anticipative.
 As for the Public, well, of all the moods
 They clearly love the dative;
 And, so the brood be good, won't greatly
 bother
 As to who's mother!

Shall Women Smoke?

I SEE, by an advertisement, that a cork tip
 put to a cigarette prevents tongue irritation.
 I have no objection to my wife's smoking, if
 she will use these cigarettes. Her "tongue
 irritation" is something too trying to
 Yours truly, SOCRATES.

P.S.—Might call these cigarettes the "Xan-
 cork-tippé Cigarettes."

"STREET MUSIC.—If the sole musical solace
 of the children of the back slums be the
 Italian organ-grinder, let him remain there;
 but don't let him emerge thence to worry
 and drive to distraction authors, composers,
 musicians, artists, and invalids. It was
 mainly the organ-grinding nuisance that
 killed JOHN LEECH.

"HOLY Trinity Church," said the *Pall
 Mall Gazette* recently, "contains many
 notable memorials of past times." Among
 others, appears to be the head of the Earl of
 SUFFOLK, who was beheaded in 1554. This
 though a memorial of times past, can hardly
 be pronounced a relic of pastimes, except by
 those to whom beheading was good sport.



“COUNTING THE CHICKS!”



ONE MAN CAN TAKE A HORSE TO WATER, BUT TEN CAN'T MAKE HIM JUMP.

THE SOUNDS OF THE STREETS.

MR. PUNCH's Special Nuisance Commissioner continued yesterday afternoon this adjourned inquiry, which, having now arrived at the stage of dealing with "street-music," at present attracting so much public notice, invested the proceedings with an unusual amount of interest.

The Commissioner, on taking his seat, said that, since they last met, he had been rather puzzling himself with the distinction that might be drawn between a "particular" and a "general" or a "pretty general" nuisance, and he had come to the conclusion that he much doubted whether this latter kind had any definite existence, as there were always to be found disagreeable people, themselves the most intolerable nuisances, ready to support and encourage anything that might prove a source of annoyance or even distraction to their more rational neighbours. It was by these growling and cantankerous philanthropists that German "Bands of Three," or even damaged bagpipes, were invited by halfpence to make hideous noises in quiet back-streets. He merely offered these remarks for what they were worth, in passing, and he would now proceed to listen to such fresh evidence as might be forthcoming.

A Nervous Invalid (who was led in tottering, and immediately supplied with a chair, into which he sank in an exhausted condition) said, in a feeble voice, that his present shattered state he attributed solely to the never-ceasing strain to which his nerves had been subjected by the continuous Babel of street-noises that invaded the suburban quarter in which he had been induced to take up his residence in the belief that he was ensuring himself a quiet and snug retreat. (*Sensation.*) From the moment when he was roused from his slumbers in the early morning by Sweeps who came to attend to somebody else's chimneys—(*cries of "Shame!"*)—to a late hour, frequently close on eleven at night, when a loud-lunged urchin bawled out a false alarm of a local murder in the "latest edition," his whole life was one continual contest with organs, with or without monkeys or babies, shouting fern-vendors, brass bands, broken-winded concertinas, Italian brigands, choruses of family beggars, tearing milk-carts, itinerant twilight ballad-singers, and other disturbers of the public peace. (*Groans.*) And the result, from the series of shocks his system had now been continually sustaining for several years, was the condition to which the Commissioner could see he had been reduced, which he could only characterise as that of one who, once blithe, gay, happy, and active, was now a complete physical and mental wreck, to whom, if he could see, no prospect of coming relief, the gloom of life appeared to stretch away as a vast wilderness, with a

prospect of such overwhelming depression, that he could only conclude his evidence with the significant but heartrending warning that he could face it no longer! The Witness here fairly broke down, and, bursting into a hysterical fit of weeping, had to be led from the room by a bevy of sympathising friends.

THE COMMISSIONER (*much moved*). Dear me! this is very distressing! Can the Police be of no use? (*A Voice. "Not the slightest!"*) Indeed! Ah! that's very awkward. However, we had better proceed with the evidence. Is there anyone to be heard on the other side?

A Big Drum of the Salvation Army hereupon said he had something to say.

THE COMMISSIONER. By all means. We are all attention.

The Big Drum said he had been frequently charged with creating a disturbance. This charge he utterly repudiated. Of course, if such trifles as destroying the tranquillity of an English Sunday, disturbing the peaceful worship of other denominations, creating a street obstruction or two, frightening an occasional omnibus horse into a fit of kicking, and perhaps leading up to some local excitement culminating in a possible riot, be regarded as "disturbing the public peace" then, of course, the Salvationists must plead guilty. As to "making a noise," their mission was to "make a noise," and he flattered himself that the "Big Drum" was not behind-hand, at all events, in that business. As far as "making a noise" was concerned, all processions accompanied by bands aimed at this. The Salvation Army was only in the same boat with the rest. (*Oh! oh!*)

THE COMMISSIONER. Just so. And for that reason a short Act should be passed licensing only such processions as have a national, civic, or State character as their *raison d'être*. That, I think, would effectively dispose of the big drum nuisance. (*Cheers.*)

A Flute-player, who from his habit of playing, in the dim twilight, Scotch airs without sharps or flats, but with sudden turns and trills, had become the terror of several quiet suburban squares, was here about to be heard in his own defence, when the proceedings were interrupted by strains of a German Band that had taken up its station in the street outside, and commenced an imperfect rehearsal of an original valse composed by the Conductor.

On the Commissioner having given orders that it should be stopped forthwith, and it being intimated to him that, in the absence of any policeman, it declined to move off or cease playing under eighteen-pence, he thereupon expressed himself strongly on the present unsatisfactory condition of the existing law, and, explaining at the top of his voice, that it would be no use continuing his remarks through a noise in which he could not possibly make himself heard, hastily adjourned the meeting. And thus the business of the day came suddenly to an unexpected and abrupt conclusion.

A VERY SILLY SONG.

(By a Syndicate of Singers.)

In the gay play-house mingle
The gallant and the fair;
The married and the single,
And wit and wealth, are there;
And shirt-front spreads in acres,
And collar fathoms high;
Dressmakers and unmakers
In choice confections vie.
A sight to soften rockers!
Yet low my spirit falls,
For *she* is in the boxes,
And *I* am in the stalls.

The music's lively measure,
The curtain's plushy fold,
I hear untouched with pleasure,
Unsolaced I behold.
And rank and fashion vainly
My wandering eyes survey,
Though Mrs. B. and Lady C.
Look well in green and grey.
The watchful leader knocks his
Desk, as the prompter calls,
And *she* is in the boxes,
And *I* am in the stalls.

How dully moves the drama
To one whose heart is dumb.
In listless panorama
The actors go and come.
The couple just before me
Keep bobbing to and fro,
It doesn't even bore me
To see them doing so.
The lover closely locks his
Emotions one and all,
When *she* is in the boxes,
And *he* has got a stall.

But sudden brilliance reaches
The playwright's mouthing
shams,
And the long-winded speeches
Grow brisk as epigrams.
My heart, in sudden clover,
With smiles adorns my face,
For, when the Act is over,
I need not keep my place.
I'll chase my fears, like foxes,
When next the curtain falls—
I'll then be in the boxes,
Though now I'm in the stalls.

DIARY OF A JOLLY PARTY.

Monday.—We are a party of twelve at breakfast. A merry party. With children we make fifteen. Some one reads out about Russian Influenza. We laugh. In the daytime, we ride, lounge, shoot. Dinner. Somebody is indisposed and doesn't appear. Also a child has caught cold. But Russian Influenza!—absurd!

Tuesday.—We are a party of ten this morning at breakfast. Only three children appear. One, a boy who hears his holidays have been extended over the fortnight, is very happy. No Russian Influenza here. Our hostess does not think it necessary to send for the Doctor, who lives three miles off, as the two children have only a slight cold, and the two guests don't happen to be quite well, that's all. Headache slightly, both. At dinner our host, who won't believe in Russian Influenza, says that he's afraid he has rheumatism coming on. Hot grog, we all agree, is the best remedy. Remedy accordingly, with pipes. Two of the ladies retire early, "not feeling quite the thing," and at



"TREATMENT."

Doctor. "No, SIR; IT IS NEARLY OBSOLETE IN PRACTICE. WE DON'T BLEED NOW AS THEY USED TO DO FORMERLY." *Atribilious Patient.* "AH!—NOT WITH THE LANCET, YOU MEAN!"

eleven our host says he thinks he'll turn in. We bid him good-night, hope he'll be better, and then sit down and discuss news. Odd that people and children should be taken ill, but no one will for a moment admit the possibility of Influenza touching us.

Wednesday. Seven at breakfast. No host. No children down for breakfast; but all apparently "down" with cold, or—something. Hostess comes in, apologises for being late, but much bothered about children, specially the boy who has got extra fortnight. He's got "something" now besides extra fortnight. "Something," but not Influenza. Very feverish in the night; so were the two ladies; so was the host. The hostess, who is great in medicines, specially new ones, has cupboards full of bottles of Eno and Pyrrhetic Saline (or some such name—I'm not sure that it isn't "Pyrotechnic Saline") and her latest fad is Salt Regal. "Children like it," she says, "because it turns pink, and is pretty to look at." If some of her simple remedies, including foreign waters with strange names on them, don't succeed, she will send for Doctor. We begin to think of returning to town. Also begin to wonder if all this can possibly be the Epidemic.

Thursday.—Dinner, rather dull. The Butler is feeble. Crossing the parquet he is down with a dish. In another hour he is down with—shall we begin to say—Influenza? I thought Influenza was sneezing and coughing and the most violent of colds. Yet I hear very little of that in the house. I shall pack up and leave to-morrow morning. Sharp pain in back as I stoop over port-manteau. Feel queer in head. Pains all down my legs. Within an hour pains everywhere. Remember at school when one boy obstructed another's view, the latter, would ask him to "get out of the light, as your father wasn't a glazier, and I can't see through you." Think my father must have been a glazier as I am so full of "panes." How bad my head must be to make this jest.

Friday.—Don't know how many at breakfast. I'm not. Doctor summoned, visits me. "I suppose," I say, by way of instructing him in the view that I want him to take, "I suppose I've got a slight chill, and this afternoon I shall be able to wrap up and get to town?" "Oh, dear, no," replies Doctor. "You'll take Ammoniated Quinine at once." "You don't mean to say that it's—" "Influenza?" he asks. I nod. Yes, that is exactly what it is, they have all got it in the house, he tells me, and no one will be able to leave for the next ten days!! How pleasant for our hosts!! I did not believe in Influenza. I do now. Its French name is *La Grippe*. *Je suis grippé*. This means more than a weak name like "Influenza."

CALLS FOR THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR?

Not for the first time, and not for the last, *Mr. Punch* asks, where is The Public Prosecutor? Why is it that the observations of Mr. Justice BUTT and Sir HENRY HAWKINS are disregarded? Very much "for the public benefit" was the sentence of one year's imprisonment passed on the journalist who, without one tittle of trustworthy evidence, attempted to blast the character of an innocent man. But is it not still more for the public benefit that professional perjurers, suborners of witnesses, and fabricators of false evidence—the suborners first and foremost—should be publicly proceeded against, and treated with the utmost rigour of the law? WINNER, the cabman, who gave his false evidence so gaily in the Thirkettle Case, has been had up, and sentenced. Having dealt with WINNER, it is only a short step from Winner to SLOVEN—but perhaps such a slough of muck, that it wants the pluck of a Hercules in the Augean stable to commence operations, and a *deus ex-machina*—that is, the Public Prosecutor from the Treasury—to see that the proceedings are not abortive. Oh, where, and Oh, where is The Public Prosecutor?

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXLII. THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K.G., AT HATFIELD HOUSE.



H. FURNISS

ARRIVING at the Great Northern Station at King's Cross, and desirous of testing the culture of the clerk at the Booking-office, you ask for a first-class return for Hetfelle. The clerk mechanically puts out his hand towards the receptacle for tickets, drops it, stares at you, and says Hetfelle is not on their line. You insist that it must be, being clearly set forth in *Domesday Book*. The clerk shows a disposition to speak alliteratively but disrespectfully of *Domesday*, and, as the crowd presses at your heels, you yield to modern prejudice, and take your

ticket for Hatfield. Still, you have the satisfaction of knowing that it was *Hetfelle* when the Abbey of Ely held it by favour of King EDGAR.

When Ely was made a bishopric, the Bishops lived at *Hetfelle*, which presently came to be known as Bishops Hatfield, and a sumptuous palace was built, that housed in turn a son of EDWARD THE THIRD, and the son and heir of HENRY THE EIGHTH. The latter Prince coming to the throne, under the title of EDWARD THE SIXTH, he gave Hatfield to his sister, the Princess ELIZABETH. When, in due time, you arrive at Hatfield, your host takes you out, leading you by the stately avenue to show you the oak under which ELIZABETH was sitting, reading Greek, when news came to her that MARY was dead, and ELIZABETH reigned in her stead.

"*La reine est morte: Vive la reine!*" you opportunely remark.

"Quite so," says the MARKISS, evidently struck by your readiness of rejoinder.

You approach Hatfield House by the gateway near the Church, and enter an oblong court bounded by the west wing of the Bishop's Palace, now a stately wreck, with horses stabled in the Hall where one time Bishops and Princes sat at meat. You feel inclined to linger here, and moralise upon the theme. But you perceive your noble host awaiting you on the broad steps of the magnificent Jacobean mansion, a picture worthy to be set in such a framework. It is like a portrait of one of the earlier CECILS stepped out of the frame in the Long Gallery. The stately figure is attired in white doublet, trunks, and hose, embroidered with pearls. On the purple surcoat, lined with red, gold buttons gleam. The white ruff is fastened at wrist and throat with gold buttons: the black cap is solely adorned with a knot of pearls; a golden cord hangs from the neck; the right hand rests upon the head of a large dog, that has, perhaps, a rather stuffed look; whilst the left negligently lounges on the hip above the ready sword.

Is it THOMAS, Earl of Exeter? Or is it his half-brother, ROBERT, Earl of Salisbury, joint ancestor of the two great branches of the CECIL family? Or is it, perchance, ROBERT, Earl of Salisbury, or JAMES CECIL, first MARKISS?

A familiar voice breaks the charm, and discloses the secret.

"Welcome to Hatfield, Toby, dear boy; but don't suppose that every day I am got up in this style. It is only in honour of your visit, and as soon as you are gone, I doff my doublet and hose, put on an old coat, and go down into my workshop, where I have a little tinkering to do with one of the electric wires which has gone wrong, and threatens to burn up the premises. So glad to see you. Always think these informal conferences between individual members of the two Houses are not only personally agreeable, but may be fraught with the greatest benefit to the State, which we both serve. Wait till you see my dog move."

The noble MARKISS, stooping down a little stiffly (owing to the tightness of the hose), turned a clock-key. After a few rotations, the dog, being set in the right direction, moved out of the way.

"Yes," said the MARKISS, pleased at my enthusiasm, "that is rather a

triumph, I think. It is common enough to see an automatic dog move its two fore-paws; but, observe, all the paws here work in natural sequence. Took me six months to bring this to perfection, working at it at the time when you would read in the newspapers of my conspiring with HARTINGTON to keep out GLADSTONE, or negotiating with BISMARCK to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for him in Africa."

Your host leads you to King James's Room, a fine apartment, which stands to-day in exactly the state in which the King left it when he got up to breakfast. But the place is a little stuffy, and you do not care for the particular state of fadedness yet reached by the Turkey carpet. Walking beside your host, with one eye on the sword, which seems determined to get between somebody's legs, you pace the Marble Hall, cricking your neck with gazing upon the heads of the Cæsars that look down on you from panels in the coved ceiling. Up you go by the grand staircase with its massive carved baluster with unclothed Highlanders playing the bagpipes and lions bearing heraldic shields; into the Long Gallery, with its coats of mail, its antique japanned cabinets, its cradle in which ELIZABETH squealed, its massive fireplaces, its rare panelling; into the Armoury, where you try on several suits of armour and handle relics of the Great Armada cast ashore in the spacious times of ELIZABETH; on to the Library with its rare collection of papers, including Lord BURLEIGH's *Diary*, in which you are privileged to read in the original manuscript the well-known poem which tells how:

"Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he."

On to the Summer Dining-room through the Winter Dining-room, into the Drawing-room, and thence into the Chapel where you admire the painted window of Flemish work, representing in compartments various scriptural subjects.

You have been so interested in the journey, that there has been no time for ROBERT ARTHUR TALBOT GASCORNE-CECIL, P.C., K.G., Third Marquis of Salisbury, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Prime Minister of England, to tell you the story of his life. This you the less regret, as the MARKISS is manifestly growing increasingly uncomfortable in his doublet and hose. So he conducts you to the hall, and bids you a friendly farewell. As you walk down the Avenue—"The Way to London," as CECILS dead and buried used to call it—you turn to take one last look at the noble pile, Italian renaissance in character, of two orders, the lower Doric, the upper Ionic, with a highly-enriched Elizabethan central gate-tower, and stepped gables.

TOMMIUS ETONENSIS LOQUITUR.

VULTNE Gubernator rursus spoliare Hiemales
Holidiæ? Durum debet habere jecur!
Nunc iterum versus—pejor Fortuna—Latinos
(Deque meo capite) conquire ille jubet.
Fecit idem quondam; nunc et—cogitatio læta!—
Stratagemâ veteri vendere eum potero.
Materiæ sors ulla, puto, descendit eodem;
Namque Latina illi "mortua lingua" manet.
De quo nunc scribam?—Vidi spectacula Barni,
Et res, considero, non ita prava fuit.
Sed quia Neronem atque Romam introducere oportet?
Est socio prorsus sat dare cærulea!
Tunc vidi Dominum Silvæ Coventis ad Hortum,
Et Circum Hengleri, Pantomimosque simul.
Ad scholam redeo—lamentor dicere—mox nunc;
Notio nuda manet bestialissima mi!
O utinam tactum possem capere Influenzæ!
Cuncta habeo morbi symptoma, dico patri.
"Undique mortalitas"—addo—"excessiva videtur.
In valli est Tamesis particulare malus!"
"Russigenus morbus!" Frigus commune cerebri;"
Ille ait arridens. "Hoc Russ in urbe vocas?"
"Sed pueros per me fortasse infectio tanget;
Oh, nonne in cerâ Busbius (arguo) erit!"
Jingo! Gubernator respondit—"Shammere cessa!
Aut aliquid de quo vere dolere dabo!"
Hei mihi! Deposuisse pedem nunc ille videtur.
Sunt lineæ duræ!—Terminat Holidiæ.

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XVIII.

"MRS. MÆCENAS!" So some
 would-be wit
 Dubbed the fair dame. The title
 may not fit

With accurate completeness;
 It soars some shades too high, this
 modish *mot*,
 As 'Mrs. LYON-HUNTER' sinks too
 low;

Both nick-names fail in neatness.
 "The '*acu tetigisti*,' tribute rare,
 Not oft is earned, in Fleet Street or
 Mayfair,

In these hot days of hurry.
Salons, Symposia, both have met
 their doom, [room,
 And wit, in the Victorian drawing-
 Finds a fell foe in flurry."

So spake the Shadow, with the
 covert sneer [ing ear.
 That struck so coldly on the listen-
 Soft was his speech, as muffled

By some chill atmosphere surcharged with
 snow,
 In unemphatic accents, level, low,
 Unhasting and unruffled.

"Mrs. MÆCENAS, then, no HORACE finds
 In all her muster of superior minds,
 Her host of instant heroes?
 That's hard!" I said. "She does not
 greatly care,"
 My guide rejoined. "Behold her seated
 there!

Her court's as full as NERO's.

"SENECA stands beside her. He's a prim,
 Sententious sage. If she is bored by him,
 The lady doth not show it.
 But there's a furtive glancing of her eye
 Toward the entry. There comes MARX M'KAY,
 The Socialistic Poet.

"His lyric theories mean utter smash
 To all his hostess cares for. Crude and rash,
 But musically 'precious.'
 His passionate philippics against Wealth
 Mammon's own daughters read, 'tis said, by
 stealth,
 And vote them 'quite delicious!'

"All that makes life worth living to the
 throng
 Of worshippers who mob this Son of Song,
 Money, Monopoly, Merriment,
 He bans and blazes at in 'Diræ' dread;
 But then they know his Muse is merely Red
 In metrical experiment.

"Well-dressed and well-to-do, the flaming
 Bard
 Finds life in theory only harsh and hard.
 His *chevelure* looks shaggy,
 But his black broad-cloth's glossy and well-
 brushed,
 And he'd feel wretched if his tie were crushed,
 His trousers slightly baggy.

"KARL MARX in metre or LASSALLE in verse,
 The vampire-horde of Capital he'll curse,
 And praise the Proletariat;
 But having thus delivered his bard-soul,
 He finds it, practically, nice to loll
 With DIVES in his chariot.

"Lyrical Communism will not fright
 Those 'Molochs of the Mart' this Son of Light
 Keeps his poetic eye on.

"Who takes a Singer *au grand sérieux*?
 Mrs. MÆCENAS asks. So he's on view,
 Her Season's latest lion.

"But not alone," I said. "If all this host
 Are right authentic Leos, she must boast
 As potent charm as CIRCE'S.



What is her wand? Is't wit, or wealth, or
 both?"

"Listen! That's MUMPS the mimic, nothing
 Rolling out VAMPER's verses!

"VAMPER looks on and smiles with veiled
 delight.

Boredom's best friends are fellows who recite.
 None like, not many listen,
 But all must make believe to stand about
 And watch a man gesticulate and shout,
 With eyes that glare and glisten.

"'Tis hard indeed to hold in high esteem
 The man who mouths out *Eugene Aram's*
Dream

In guttural tones and raucous.
 All these have heard a hundred times before
 Young VOX, the vain and ventriloquist bore
 They'd fain despatch to Orcus.

"So have they listened many and many a time
 To little JINKS, the jerky comic mime,
 And his facetious chatter.
 But ill would fare Town's guest if he refused
 For the five hundredth time to be 'amused'
 By gush, or cockney patter.

"HORACE'S *Piso* were a pleasant chum
 Compared with slangy laureates of the slum.
 Hist! There's a tenor twitter,
 A tremulous twangle of the minor strings.
 'Tis SERAPHIN, sleek Amateur, who sings,
 "Glide where the moonbeams glitter!"

"To puling girls that listen and adore
 Your love-lorn chants and woful wailings
 pour!"

Sang HORACE to HERMOGENES.
 SERAPHIN's a TIGELLIUS, and his style
 Would bring the bland Venusian's scornful
 smile

The scowl of sour DIOGENES.

"'Twere 'breaking butterflies upon the wheel'
 To let such fribbles feel the critic steel

With scalp-el-like severity?
 Granted! But will no pang the victims
 urge [scourge
 To abate that plague of bores, which is the
 Of social insincerity?

"Wisdom is here, and Wit, Talent and Taste:
 The latest wanderer from the Tropic Waste,
 Sun-bronzed and care-lined, saunters
 In cheery chat with mild-faced MIRABEL,
 Who with Romance's wildest weirdest spell
 Has withed your Mudie-haunters.

"Colossal BAYARD, *beau-sabreur*, whose
 blade

A dozen desert spearmen faced and stayed,
 Stoops his high-shoulder'd stature

To hear the twittering tones of Tiny TIM,
 A midget, but the soul of wit and whim,
 The genius of good-nature.

"Boy-faced, but virile, vigorous, and a peer,
 Lord MOSSMORE talks with VIOLET DE VERE,
 The latest light of Fiction;
 Steadily-rising statesman, season's star!
 Calmly he hears, though Caste's keen
 instincts jar,
 Her strained self-conscious diction.

"MELDRUM, the modish *medico*, laughs low
 At ruddy RASPER's keenly-whispered *mot*—
 RASPER, a soul all strictures,
 Holds the great world a field for sketchy
 chaff.

Many love not the man, but how they laugh
 At his swift, scathing pictures!

"Wits of all grades, and Talents of all sorts,
 With rival beauties holding separate courts,
 Find here parade, employment.
 And yet, and yet, they all look cross, or
 tired;

Your cultured city has not yet acquired
 The art of true enjoyment.

"Strange! London's poor find pleasure far
 too dear,
 But here, with wealth, and wit, and charm,
 and cheer,

All should go so delightfully.
 Time gay as in the Golden Age should fleet,
 But the most brilliant stars in Babylon meet,
 And—bore each other frightfully."

(To be continued.)

IN THE NAME OF CHARITY—
GO TO PRISON!

LAST week *Mr. Punch* asked, "Oh, where, and oh where, is The Public Prosecutor?" and he has received an answer. It appears that the official has been recently engaged (his letter is dated the 30th of November) in suppressing an "illegal scheme" to aid the funds of the North-West London Hospital. It appears that, with a view to increasing the revenue of that most deserving charity, it was arranged to treat some presents that had been made to the Institution as "prizes," to be given to those who sent donations to the hospital. There was to be a "drawing," which was to be duly advertised in the daily papers. But this could not be tolerated. Sir A. K. STEPHENSON, Solicitor to Her Majesty's Treasury, after denouncing the scheme in the terms above set forth, informed the Secretary of the Hospital, "that all persons concerned therein subjected themselves to the penalties imposed by the Acts passed for the suppression of illegal lotteries." Well, the law is the law, and it would never do for *Mr. Punch* to dispute the point with so learned a gentleman as Sir A. K. STEPHENSON—the more especially as Sir A. K. S. has just been patented a Q.C.—but if the Public Prosecutor can stop "illegal schemes" for benefiting the sick, why can he not also deal with the professional perjurers, suborners of witnesses, and fabricators of false evidence? *Mr. Punch* pauses for a reply, but is disinclined to pause much longer!

OUR TURN NOW.—An excited paragraph in the morning papers announces that "two Doctors of Vienna have succeeded in discovering the Influenza bacillus after a series of experiments in the Chemical and Physiological Laboratory of the University." This is capital. Hitherto the Influenza bacillus has discovered us. Now the tables are turned, and the question is, What shall we do with our prize? A little transaction in boiling lead might not be bad to begin with.



AN OLD FABLE.

Frog. "I MEAN TO BE AS BIG AS YOU, ONE DAY, AND SWALLOW YOU UP. BUST IF I DON'T!"

A "FISH OUT OF WATER" AT GREENWICH.

In a not very wise speech delivered while presiding at the opening of a new series of lectures in connection with the Greenwich Branch of the Society for the Extension of University Teaching, Lord WOLSELEY modestly admitted "that whatever information he had acquired in life had been acquired from the ordinary penny newspaper which he had read day by day." No doubt this rather humiliating fact accounts for the florid style of the proclamations "Our Only General" used to publish in Egypt and elsewhere—proclamations at the time recognised as having the tone of Astley's in the good old days of the *Battle of Waterloo* and other military melodramas. However, if it pleases Lord WOLSELEY to give materials for a future biography, that is no one's concern but his own.

Unfortunately he touched upon another matter, about which he knows evidently very little, if anything at all. His Lordship spoke in very disrespectful terms of what he called the "Shilling Dreadful," which, he declared (in this instance accurately enough), was "prized by many people." Certainly the novelette is more popular than *The Soldier's Pocket-book*, although both *brochures* are equally works of imagination. So it should be, considering that amongst the authors who have produced it have been WILKIE COLLINS, HUGH CONWAY, F. ANSTREY, ROBERT BUCHANAN, GRANT ALLEN, WALTER BESANT, RHODA BROUGHTON, and others equally well known to fame. He concluded by remarking, "that if men of all politics were to be shaken up in a bag, he believed there would be very little difference between them." Quite true, if the bag were shaken sufficiently long to complete the transformation—but it would be rather a brutal experiment!

A PAGE FROM A DIARY.

(Purely Imaginary.)

First Week.—Now let me see what I have to do. I will leave out of consideration my extra-parliamentary utterances—they will take care of themselves. Shan't forget them. But other matters. Well, I have to turn the works of my dear old friend ALF TENNYSON into Greek—of course, omitting certain highly injudicious lines of a reactionary character. Then I must read through the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. No skipping, but go through every article thoroughly and conscientiously. Then, of course, there is Grand Day at Gray's Inn. Must not forget that. Should like, above all things, to be present. Now let me see that I have got the date all right. Yes, I remember. Grand Day, Hilary Term. Falls on a Thursday. I shan't forget.

Second Week.—Translation of TENNYSON into Greek going on famously. Not had time to cut down any trees, so busy have I been. Got as far as "Foghorn" in *Encyclopædia Britannica*. New edition a very good one. Glad I made up my mind to read it. Let me see, anything else? Why, to be sure, Grand Day at Gray's Inn! Rather cut off my hand or even my head, than forget that! Treasurer particularly nice man. So are all the Benchers. So are all the Barristers and the Students. Excellent fellows, all of them—yes, excellent. So must not forget Grand Day at Gray's Inn. To be sure. Falls on a Thursday.

Third Week.—A. T. progressing nicely. Little difficulty about the translation of the *Northern Farmer*. Rather awkward to give the proper weight of a country dialect in Greek. However, it reads very well, indeed! Think my dear old friend ALF will be pleased with it; he should be, as it has given me a good deal of trouble. However, all's well that ends well. E. B. also satisfactory. Got into the "D's." Article upon the "Docks," scarcely exhaustive enough to please me, so have been reading some other books upon the same subject. Forgotten nothing? No, because I remember I have to dine at Gray's Inn. Yes, to be sure—23rd of January. Grand Day. Hilary Term. Falls on a Thursday. Would not forget it to save my election! Looking forward to the port. Excellent port at Gray's Inn, I am told. Well, well, I shall be there! I don't believe much in artificial memory, but to assist my recollection, I have tied knots in all my pocket-handkerchiefs. Wouldn't forget the fixture for a kingdom. Falls on a Thursday.

Fourth Week.—Finished Greek translation of TENNYSON'S Poems. Very pleased with the result. Must send a copy to dear old ALF. Perhaps it might suggest to him that it would be a graceful compliment in return to translate all my speeches into Latin verse. Dear old friend! There is not another man to whom I would entrust such a task with equal heartiness. He would do it so well. Must look up my earlier orations. If ALF does any of it, he should do it all. I do not believe in half measures. Nearly finished the E. B. Article upon "Music" very interesting. "Pigs" not so good; however "Wheel-barrows" excellent and exhaustive. Rather angry to find knots in my handkerchiefs, &c., until I suddenly remembered they were to remind me of my engagement to dine at Gray's Inn. To be sure. Grand Day. Hilary Term. Falls on a Thursday. Sure to be a delightful evening. Several of my young Irish friends are members of the Society. I am looking forward to it so much. Useful things, knots. Remembered it at once! Tie them again. Also put grey wide-awake hat over clock in my study. That will remind me of Gray's Inn. Falls on a Thursday!

Last Week.—There, now I can come to this book with a clear conscience. Done everything. Greek translation of TENNYSON ready for press. Finished letter "Z" last night, in final volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Nothing omitted. Rather annoyed to find someone has been tying knots in my handkerchief. Hate practical jokes! Careless person, too, has been hanging my old grey wideawake on the clock in my study. Rather a liberty! Don't like liberties. Always courteous to everybody—consequently, expect everybody to be courteous to me! Still, can't help smiling. It was a quaint idea to hang my old wideawake on the clock in my study. I wonder what put such a freak into the joker's head! Now let me look at the paper that has just reached me from London. Dear me, "The Vacant Chair." That seems a good title. And all about Gray's Inn! Now, I like Gray's Inn—a most excellent place; everyone connected with it great friends of mine. And writing of Gray's Inn, that reminds me—Good gracious! Why, last night was Thursday, and I forgot to be there!!!



REFRESHMENTS IN VOGUE.

"QUININE OR ANTIPYRINE, MY LADY?"

MENU-BETTING.

GENTLEMEN who bet on every event in life—who cut cards to decide whether they shall go into the City by cab or by underground train, and toss up to see whether they had better dine at home or at the Club, may be interested to know of a new game of chance which can be played at dinner-time, and in which ladies not only may but must take part. "Betting on the menu" it is called; and it is done in this way. You ask the lady next to you on the right—the one you have taken in to dinner—permission to speculate as to what dishes she will choose from among those inscribed on the menu; and you back your selection in a series of bets either with the lady herself, or—if she happens not to be what the French call "*sportive*"—with any gentleman who may be willing to do business with you. Suppose the lady takes you? You make a pencil-mark against each dish which, it seems to you, she will fancy; and if you are right more often than you are wrong, you win—and the lady does not pay you. In the contrary case you lose—and you pay the lady. It need scarcely be said that you annotate your own copy of the menu, and that the lady does not see it until the dinner is at an end. The same principle is observed in betting with a gentleman in reference to a lady's probable selection; but in this latter case neither of the parties interested is at liberty to express any opinion, directly or indirectly, as to the merits or demerits of the different dishes from which the lady has to choose. Any member of the unfair sex may make sure of winning from her antagonist—who will naturally have marked a certain number of dishes—by simply abstaining from food throughout the dinner; though the lady of the house might think this impolite. Menu-betting is in any case an agreeable pastime for both sexes. It promotes digestion; and any woman of moderate ability may make money by it.

"MORE LIGHT!"—The British Museum is, it appears, presently to be opened at night, its (Elgin) marble halls and others being illuminated with the electric light. Concurrently with this happy event Mr. LOUIS FAGAN, of the Departments of Prints and Drawings, announces a course of three popular lectures on the Treasures of the Museum, to be delivered next month at the Steinway Hall. No one knows more about the Museum than Mr. FAGAN, and, with the assistance of 170 photographic reproductions, exhibited by oxyhydrogen light, he will teach the public a thing or two about its foundation, progress, and present content.



PHENOMENAL.

NEAR-SIGHTED MAN IN CHURCH, INSPECTING SHAM INSECT ON LADY'S BONNET. HE IS SO EXCITED BY THE DISCOVERY, THAT HE HURRIES OUT OF CHURCH IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SERVICE, IN ORDER TO WRITE TO THE PAPERS TO ANNOUNCE THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN OF THE LARGE TORTOISE-SHELL BUTTERFLY ON OUR SHORES IN MID-JANUARY, AS A PROOF OF THE MILDNESS OF THE CLIMATE.

AMONG THE AMATEURS.

No. IV.—RETROSPECT.

SCENE—A large Room, in which Guests are assembling previous to a Supper in honour of a Great Actor, who is about to leave for a tour to the United States. There has been a magnificent farewell performance, in which the Great Actor has surpassed himself. The public has shown unparalleled enthusiasm; the G. A. has appeared before the Curtain, and in a voice choked with emotion has assured his audience that the one thing that sustains him at this trying moment is the prospect of seeing them all again when he returns.

TIME—11.45 P.M. The Room is full of histrionic, literary, and artistic Celebrities, with a few stray Barristers and Doctors, who like to show publicly that, in spite of the arduous labours of their professions, they can enjoy a mild dissipation as well as any man. Most of the leading lights of the "Thespian Perambulators," BOLDERO, TIFFINGTON SPINKS, GUSHBY, ANDREW JARP, and HALL, have come to prove by their presence the sympathy of the Amateur Stage. On the last night but one they had concluded their series of performances at Blankbury. The Chairman of the Banquet is a middle-aged Peer, who is a regular attendant at first nights, and occupies a subordinate office in the Ministry. The Guest of the Evening has not yet arrived. A buzz of conversation fills the air. The Secretary of the Banquet, an actor, is anxiously hurrying about with a list, on which he ticks off names.

The Secretary (to BOLDERO). So glad all you fellows have been able to come. I've put you pretty well together, as you wished. I wonder where—oh! here he is at last.

Enter Great Actor. The Secretary rushes to him. Hand-shakings and congratulations all round. The G. A. moves up the room to where the Amateurs are standing.

G. A. (shaking hands.) Ah! this is really friendly, TIFFINGTON, really friendly. Were you in front to-night?

Tiffington. Of course we were. We wouldn't have missed it for a thousand pounds. It went first class. I thought your idea of stabbing ALPHONSO from behind instead of in front, was a genuine inspiration.

G. A. Approbation from Sir HUBERT. (Bows and leaves quotation unfinished). But I've always played it like that, I think.

[Supper is announced. The Guests troop in to the supper-room.

Tiffington (to JARP, as they walk in). He's wrong there. Never did it like that before; and, after all, I'm not sure it is such an improvement. But if you don't praise these fellows they never forgive you.

Jarp. Didn't he say anything about our show at Blankbury? I thought you wrote to him about it.

Tiffington. So I did; wrote specially to tell him how well things had gone off. But you might just as well try to pump wine out of a pillar-box, as expect a word of sympathy or encouragement from a professional. They're all the same.

[They take their seats, TIFFINGTON and JARP on one side of the table, the other three opposite them. The supper begins.

Friend of the G. A. (on TIFFINGTON's right). Splendid performance, was it not? I never saw him in finer form in my life. It's quite impossible to imagine anything more dignified and pathetic than his death-scene.

Tiffington (dubiously). Hum! Yes. I'm not sure I should do it like that quite. What do you say, GUSHBY?

Gushby. It's not my idea at all. He spins it out far too long. I should like to see you act that, TIEFF.

Tiffington (complacently). Ah, well, so you might if things were managed with common fairness. But (bitterly) you know well enough there's a regular conspiracy against me. (To Friend of G. A.) Now, of course, you've read the notices of our performance of *Heads or Tails*? Yes. I thought you had. Well, you must have observed, that I don't get more than two lines in any one of them, not a word more than two lines upon my soul, and yet any fool knows that my part was the chief one. But there you are. The beggars daren't abuse me. They know the public won't stand that, so, just to spite me, they try to leave me out. But they're very much mistaken if they think I care. Pooh! I snap my fingers at them and their wretched conspiracy.

[Snaps them, and drinks moodily. The supper proceeds. Conversation everywhere ranges over all kinds of topics,—literature, art, the drama, the political situation, the last Divorce Case. The Amateurs continue to discuss themselves.

Jarp (to BOLDERO). Did you see that infamous notice in *The Moonbeam*? Just like that rascal PENFOLD. He can't help showing his jealousy, because we never asked him to join the Perambulators.

Boldero. Yes. There you have it in a nutshell. I tell you what it is, we shall have to exclude all critics from our show in future.

Tiffington. Ah! that would punish them—and serve them right, too. Are you going to sing to-night, HALL?

Hall (with a sigh of resignation). I suppose I shall have to. I told BATTERDOWN I should be ready, if wanted.

Jarp. Have you got anything new?

Hall. Rather. Something particularly neat, I think. I call it "*The Super at Supper*." It goes like this:—

[Hums to his friends, who listen with rapt attention, occasionally interchanging glances expressive of enthusiastic admiration.

I once knew a Super, a festive soul,
Who quaffed champagne from a brimming bowl,
And all night long as he quaffed he sang,
"The Dukes may swing, and the Earls go hang,
And the Duchesses, 'drat 'em, may go and be blown;
They're all been there, and they know the road—
They're slaves, but the Super who sups is free—
Oh! the Super's life is the life for me!"

Chorus.

With a hey-diddle-diddle and fiddle-di-dee,
Oh! the supping Super's the man for me!"

Spinks, Boldero, Gushby, Jarp (with enthusiasm). My dear fellow, that's immense.

Hall. Yes, it's not bad. There are six verses, some of them even better than that.

[The Chairman rises to propose the only toast of the evening, "Success to the Great Actor who is about to leave us for a short time." The usual speech—reminiscent, anecdotic, prophetic of tremendous triumphs, mildly humorous, pathetic.

The Chairman (concluding). Therefore I bid you all charge your glasses as full of wine as your hearts are full of sympathy, and join me in wishing success to the Great Man, who is about to cull new laurels in a foreign land.

[Roars of applause. Immense enthusiasm. The Great Actor responds. He is moved to tears. He assures his friends, that wherever he may go his heart will ever turn fondly to them. Great cheering.

Tiffington (puffing his cigar). Not so bad. I always said he could speak better than he could act.

[The supper concludes. HALL has not been asked to sing. Friend of Great Actor (departing, to TIFFINGTON). It's been a splendid evening, hasn't it?

Tiffington (putting on his coat). Yes. Pretty fair. (To HALL.) Sorry for you, old chap. But the song will keep.

HALL. Keep? Oh, yes, it'll keep. I'll make it red-hot for the lot of 'em, and sing it at Blankbury next year. They won't like that, I rather think.

Jarp. No, by Gad!

[Exeunt omnes.

THE SHREWING OF THE TAME.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

MR. F. R. BENSON deserves commendation for a new idea. SHAKESPEARE has been presented in many forms, but the notion of giving the Bard without any acting to speak of is a novelty. And it is not quite certain that it is a mistake. After all, a bad actor is an infiction, and it is better to have gentlemen who have not spent centuries in mastering the intricacies of their profession than a noisy personage who tears his passions to atoms. The recent revivals of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Taming of the Shrew* at the Globe Theatre show how pleasing Shakspearian representations may be made, even when their success depends less upon elocution than scenic effect. The first of these plays was simply delightful, with its fairy glades and "built-up" temples. The last, too, is well off for "cloths," pleasingly representing Padua and Verona. The performers (with the exception of Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, who speaks his lines with admirable effect) are not so noticeable. One of the best-played parts in the piece is filled by an actor whose name does not appear in the programme. He has nothing to do but to carry off *Katherina* (Mrs. F. R. BENSON), in Sc. 5., Act III., on his back. That he looks like an ass while doing this goes without saying, but still he is a valuable addition to the cast. From an announcement in the programme, it appears that *Othello*, *Hamlet*, and the *Merchant of Venice* are shortly to be played. It seems at the first blush a difficult task to pick out of Mr. BENSON's present company a gentleman quite suited to fill the title rôles in the two first, and *Shylock* in the last. But, no doubt, the Lessee and Manager thinks the playing of the characters of the Prince of Denmark and the Moor a matter of minor importance. And, if he does, it may be argued, from the cordial reception that has been accorded to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Taming of the Shrew*, that he has an excellent reason for his opinion.

Believe me, yours truly,
ONE WHO IS EASILY PLEASED.

HOW TO MEET IT.

SIR,—Having read all the letters that have appeared in the papers suggesting a treatment for the prevailing epidemic, I have got, perhaps, a little confused; but, on the whole, the following is the course, as far as I can make out, that it would be prudent to pursue on finding oneself threatened with any of the well-known symptoms. Immediately get into a warm bath several degrees hotter than you can possibly bear it, then get out again. Now go to bed, send for your family solicitor, and make your will, meantime trying every half hour half a tumbler or so of any patent medicine the advertisement of which occurs to you. Call in a homoeopathic doctor, and give his system a turn for four-and-twenty hours; then send for your own medical man. Take care that they do not meet on the stairs. Take anything and everything he gives you for the next eight-and-forty hours, interspersing his prescriptions with frequent tumblers of hot and steaming ammoniated quinine-and-water, getting down at the same time more beef tea, oysters, champagne, muffins, mince-pies, oranges, nuts, and whiskey than, under ordinary circumstances, you feel would be good for you. Continue the above treatment for a couple of months. This is what I am going to try, if I am down with it. As I said above, it is, if a little complicated, sure to be all right, for I have got every item of it from a careful perusal of those infallible guides and directors in all modern difficulties and doubts,

THE DAILY PAPERS.

KICKED!

(By the Foot of Clara Groomley.)

CHAPTER II.

I AM still at Ryde, and it is still raining. On a day like this, a little Ryde goes a great way. No Ryde without rain. *Telle est la vie.*

The young girls at Plumfields sit writing themes indoors instead of taking their exercise in the open air.

If this rain keeps on, I shall go to wild Assam again, or to the Goodwin Sands. JAMES, the head-waiter, has told me thirteen different stories of the haunted room of this hotel. None of them are amusing, or interesting, or have anything to do with this tale. If I were writing a shilling volume, I should put them in by way of padding. As it is, they may go out. I too will go out.



I have seen Mlle. DONNERWETTER. She was racing along on the pier, and I was pacing along in the rear. I saw her and caught her up. I hastily pressed all the valuables that I had with me—four postage-stamps and an unserviceable watch-key—into her hand, and entreated her to give me an interview with Miss SMITH.

"Me muchee want to oblige English Sahib," she said, in her pulverised English, "but ze Effendina—ze what you call 'ead-mistress, French lady like myself—she no like it. She give me the *bottine*, if I let great bukra massa talk to Fraulein SMEETS. But lookee—I give you straight tip. Miss SMEETS is on ze pier now—you write note—slip it in her hand. I wink ze eyebrow. I have a grand envy to oblige the English Signor. Ah! Bismillah! *Quelle alouette!*"

She is French, very French, but she has a kind heart. I hurriedly wrote a few impassioned words on my left cuff, and folded it into a three-cornered note. I dropped it down Miss SMEET's neck as I found her leaning over the side of the pier, and then ran away. I heard her murmur, "Someone's mistaken me for the post-office."

It is still raining, but I am quite happy. I have seen her again, and I feel that she loves me. It was impossible to mistake the *tendresse* with which she murmured, "post-office." In my little note I requested her to send a reply to this hotel. I have asked her to tell me plainly what her income is, and to state on what conditions she will forfeit it. Of course, she has no income now, as she is a minor, but I would wait a year or two for a certainty. Shall I write her some verses—lines to a minor, or thoughts on the Southampton quay? Perhaps I had better wait until I obtain the statistics. Ah, here is JAMES, bringing me a note. It must be from my darling—no, it is from Mademoiselle.

DEAR SIR,—Miss SMITH am going away to Londres. A telegram come for her, and I look over the shoulder. It say, 'Poor TOMMY's kicked! Come at once,' Miss SMITH make the tears.

Yours, LUCIA DONNERWETTER.

I must be off to London and get this matter traced. JAMES entreats me to buy a new hat when I am away. He says it's bringing disgrace on the hotel, and keeping away custom. What! Give up the hat which her dear foot has kicked! Never! But, perhaps, I will have it ironed. The iron has entered into my soul, and perhaps, it would be doing more good on my hat. Yes, I will have it ironed. It does look a little limp. Ironed or starched—what matter, when my darling is gone, and left me with no information as to her income?

(To be concluded in Two more Chapters.)

"Venice Preserved" in The Haymarket.

No—not ORWAR's tragedy, and not under Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's management, but at the Gallery next door to the Theatre, and under the superintendence of Mr. McLEAN, you will find not only Venice, but Florence, Prague, Heidelberg, Capri, Augsburg, Nuremberg, Innsbruck, and a good many other picturesque places, preserved in about a hundred water-colour drawings, by Mr. EDWARD H. BEARNE. If there were not so many rivers and lagoons in the exhibition, it might be called the "Bearnese Oberland." These pictures are well painted, and, during the gruesome weather, a tiny tour round this sunny gallery is mighty refreshing.

STUDY FOR THE PELICAN CLUB.—The "Logic and Principles of Mill."



HAPPY THOUGHT.

OUR ARTIST, FINDING HE CANNOT EXTERMINATE THE STREET MUSICIANS, AND UNWILLING TO BE EXTERMINATED BY THEM, HAS HIT UPON A PLAN FOR HARDENING HIMSELF—WITH THE HAPPIEST RESULTS. JUST ONE WEEK OF THE DISCIPLINE REPRESENTED ABOVE HAS MADE HIM ABSOLUTELY INVULNERABLE—HE THINKS, FOR LIFE!

"BRITONS NEVER WILL BE SLAVES!"

(A Scene from a Domestic Comedy.)

Mrs BOB BULL was the wife of a British Workman, and she got up at four o'clock in the morning.

"Must rise early," she said, "to see that my man has his breakfast."

So she lighted the fire, and put the kettle on to boil, and laid the cloth, and swept out the rooms. Then down came Bob rather in a bad humour, because he had been late over-night at the "Cock and Bottle," detained (as he explained to his wife) by a discussion about the rights of labour.

"Of course," said Mrs. BULL; "and why shouldn't you, after a hard day's work, enjoy yourself?"

But Bob contended that he had not enjoyed himself, although he had undoubtedly expended two shillings and eight-pence upon refreshment. What Bob wanted to know was, why there was a button off his coat, and why his waistcoat had not been properly mended.

"Well, I was busy with the children's things," replied Mrs. Bob; "but I will put all straight when you have gone to work."

"Gone to work, indeed!" grumbled Bob. "Yes, it's I that does all the work, and worse luck to it!"

The moment Bob was out of the house, Mrs. Bob got the children up and dressed them, and gave them their breakfasts and sent them off to school. When they were gone, she "tidied up" and dressed the baby. Then she did one of "the bits of washing," that came from a family in whose service she had been before she married Bob, and that family's connection. And this occupied her fully, what with soaking, and mangling and ironing, until it was time to carry Bob his dinner. In the pauses of her work she had been able to cook it, and it was quite ready to go with her when she was prepared to take it. It was a long walk (in the rain) to Bob's place of work, and it seemed the longer because she could not leave the baby. But both got there, and the dinner, without any accident. And then Mrs. Bob hurried back to give the children, now home from school, their midday meal. And Mrs. Bob had plenty of work

to do afterwards. She had to mend, and to scrub, and to sweep, and to sew. She was not off her legs for a moment, and had she been a weaker woman, she would have been thoroughly done up. Then came the children's evening toilette and the cooking of Bob's supper. Her lord and master entered in due course, and she helped him off with his coat, and (when he had finished his food) lighted his pipe for him.

"Mended my clothes?" asked Bob.

"Of course I have."

"And washed my linen, and druv nails into my boots, and baked the bread, and pickled the walnuts, and all the rest of it?"

"Yes, Bob, I have done them all—every one of them."

This put Bob into a better temper, and he took out an evening paper, and began to read it.

"I say," said he; "what do you think! They have got white slaves in Turkey!"

"You don't say so, Bob!" replied Mrs. Bob, lost in amazement. Then she said as she paused tidying up the room, "Ah! they wouldn't allow anything of that sort in England!—would they, Bob?"

And Bob, smoking his pipe, and sprawling before the fire, agreed with her!

The Riviera in Bond Street.

WHY take a long journey and spend a lot of money, when the Riviera is within a shilling cab-fare? Why not apply at 148, New Bond Street, and obtain one of the Fine Art Society's "excursion coupons," and get yourself personally conducted by Mr. JOHN FULLEYLOVE to Nice, Monte Carlo, Genoa, and all sorts of delightful places? Take Mr. Punch's advice, and go there at once! And, when you have exhausted the Riviera, you have another treat in a series of well-nigh seventy drawings of Cambridge. These are skilfully limned, with scrupulous architectural accuracy and charming pictorial effect, and will give great delight to Cantabrians, old and young. They are worthy to take their place beside the excellent series of pictures of Oxford which Mr. FULLEYLOVE exhibited some time ago.



THE FOREIGN FOX.

(With apologies to *Asop*.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"BRING me my books!" said the Baron, not for the first time. But on this occasion the Baron was a prisoner in bed, and likely to remain so for many days. Consequently, he required amusement. He had heard of a book, called *Three Men in a Boat*, by Mr. JEROME K. JEROME, some of whose observations, in a collection of papers entitled *Stage-land*, had caused him to laugh several times, and to smile frequently, for the subject has not been so well touched since GILBERT ABBOTT & BECKETT wrote his inimitable *Quizziology of the Drama*, which for genuine drollery has never been surpassed. Anticipating, then, some side-splitters from *Three Men in a Boat*, the Baron sent for the work. He opened it with a chuckle, which, instead of developing itself into a guffaw and then into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, gradually subsided altogether, his smile vanished, and an expression of weariness came over the Baron's face, as after heroically plodding through five chapters he laid the book down, and sighed aloud, "Well, I'm hanged if I see where the fun of this is." The Baron may be wrong, and the humour of this book, which seems to him to consist in weak imitations of American fun, and in conversations garnished with such phrases as "bally idiot," "bally tent," "doing a mouch," "boss the job," "put a pipe in his mouth, and spread himself over a chair," "land him with a fryng-pan," "fat-headed chunk," "who the thunder," and so forth—a style the Baron believes to have been introduced from Yankee-land, and patented here by the *Sporting Times* and its imitators,—interspersed with plentiful allusions to whiskey-drinking, may not be, as it is not,



to his particular taste; and yet, for all that, it may be marvellously funny. So the Baron requested an admirer of this book to pick out the gems, and read them aloud to him. But even the admirer was compelled to own that the gems did not sparkle so brilliantly as he had at first thought. "Yet," observed the admirer, "it has had a big sale." "*Three Men in a Boat* ought to have," quoth the Baron, cheerily, and then he called aloud, "Bring me *Pickwick*!" He commenced at the Review, and the first meeting of Mr. *Pickwick* with the Wardle family. Within five minutes the Baron was shaking with spasmodic laughter, and CHARLES DICKENS'S drollery was as irresistible as ever. Of course the Baron does not for one moment mean to be so unfair to the *Three Men in a Boat* as to institute a comparison between it and the immortal *Pickwick*, but he has heard some young gentlemen, quite of the modern school, who profess themselves intensely amused by such works as this, and as the two books by the author of *Through Green Glasses*, and yet allow that they could not find anything to laugh at in *Pickwick*. They did not object to *Pickwick*, as ladies very often do, that there is so much eating and drinking in it. "No," says the Baron, in bed, "Give me my *Pickwick*, and, after him, for a soothing and pleasant companion, give me WASHINGTON IRVING. When I'm in another sort of humour, bring me THACKERAY. For rollicking Irish life, give me LEVER. But as to youth-about-town life of the present day, I do not know of any second-class humorist who approaches within measurable distance of the author of *The Potiteton Legacy*, in the past." So far the Baron. And now "The Co." speaks:—

A Tour in a Phaeton, by J. J. HISSEY, is an interesting account of a driving trip through the Eastern Counties. It abounds in hisseytorical research; we are taken to all kinds of out-of-the-way and picturesque places, of which the Author gives us graphic pictures with pencil as well as pen. A fresher title to the work might have been devised, as the present one bears a striking likeness to Mr. BLACK'S *Adventures of a Phaeton*,—who, by the way, was the first to render driving tours popular. The volume abounds in poetical quotations. The authority, however, is seldom given, and inverted commas are conspicuous by their absence. It can hardly be imagined that all this poetry is by the writer of the book. In one instance he quotes a well-known verse by ASHEY-STERRY, without acknowledgment, in which, for some inscrutable reason, he has introduced a

rugged final line which effectually mars the harmony of the original stanza.

Those who prefer Scotch broth well peppered to Butter-Scotch, should read *Our Journey to the Hebrides*, by Mr. and Mrs. PENNELL. They seem to have gone out of the beaten track in their tour, which is pleasant, and their views of Scotland, though they may cause controversy, are novel, and at the same time indescribably refreshing. As to the views of Scotland chronicled by Mr. PENNELL'S clever and facile pencil, they are full of thought, elaborate detail and wondrous originality. There are some forty of these, all remarkable for their everlasting variety and high artistic excellence.

Dr. Hermione (Blackwood) is rather an idyl than a novel, and would have done better still if it had been cast in the form of a comedy. The still anonymous author who followed up *Zit and Zoë* by *Lady Bluebeard* possesses the gift, rare among novelists, of writing sparkling dialogue. The quickly changing scenes in the last chapter of *Dr. Hermione*, with its sprightly chatter would serve the poor player almost as it stands. It is not too late to think about the comedy. In the meanwhile the novel does very well, and if he had made his story a book for the play, we should have missed many dainty descriptions of scenery. Nothing is so good as his description of the Lake District in Autumn, unless it be his pictures of the surroundings of the Nile as it

Flows through hushed old Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought, threading a dream.

Some Places of Note in England (DOWDESWELLS) have been deftly noted by a notable artist, namely, BIRKET FOSTER. From the "places of note," he has evolved some of the most delicate of harmonies. Whether he gives us a Canterbury cantata, a Richmond rondo, a Stratford symphony, a Lambeth lied, or a Tilbury toccata we are equally delighted with his choice of *motivo* and his brilliancy of execution. In this volume we have five-and-twenty pictures, admirably reproduced in the highest style of lithography. Mr. BIRKET FOSTER has been before the public for many years—he appeared, if we mistake not, in the early numbers of the *Illustrated News*: his work has been constant, and his pictures countless ever since, and yet, in the present volume, we find him better than ever.

Sporting Celebrities. The first number of this new monthly contains two excellent portraits by M. WALERY. One is of the Duke of BEAUFORT, the other of Mr. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL. They are accompanied by crisp well-written biographical notices. The two portraits are well worth the price charged for the Magazine. A couple of good photographs for a shilling, cannot be considered dear. In addition to this, there are twenty pages of letterpress—so altogether it is a splendid shillingsworth. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INSANITARY DUST-BINS.—That your servants should have thrown half a lobster, several potted meat-tins, an uneatable rabbit-pie, and all the vegetable refuse of your household, into your dust-bin, and that it should not have been "attended to" for upwards of two months, is quite sufficient to account for the intolerable odour of which you and all your neighbours on that side of the street have had reason to complain; but, as you seem to think nothing but an epidemic fever, caused by the nuisance, will rouse the Authorities, you might, by throwing in a pound or two of phosphate of lime, the same quantity of copper shavings, and a gallon or so of nitric acid, as you suggest, create such an intolerable stench, that something would have to be done, and that without delay, to preserve your entire neighbourhood from a visitation of the plague. Try it, by all means. In the meantime have a notice, as you propose, put in your kitchen window, to the effect that a champagne luncheon, and half-a-crown a head, will be provided for the dustmen if they will only call. Failing this, you might take the steps you seriously contemplate, with a view to marrying into the dust-contractor's family. This, perhaps, coupled with a series of urgent letters to the *Times*, would be your wisest course. But, in the present unsatisfactory state of the law, it is difficult to know how to advise you for the best. Your idea, if the worst comes to the worst, and you cannot get the Vestry to attend to it, of blowing up your dust-bin yourself with gunpowder, you might resort to as a last expedient; but, as you seem to think it might bring down your portico, and possibly the whole front of your house as well, we should advise you not to put it into execution till quite assured that your attempts to get your dust-bin emptied by some less violent means have all hopelessly failed. Anyhow, try the copper shavings and nitric acid first. We think you will find, if steadily persevered in, that they will, coupled, possibly, with some legal proceedings, settle the matter for you.

MORE GLOXY.—The fall of a fragment of a chandelier has shed an additional lustre—or a portion of a lustre—on the *Brav' Général*.

QUITE THE FIRST BRIDGE.—The Forth Bridge.



THE GRAND OLD UNDERGRAD.

MR. GLADSTONE'S VISIT TO OXFORD.—It has been stated in several papers that Mr. GLADSTONE intends to reside at All Souls' College, Oxford, of which he is an Honorary Fellow, from January 30, till the meeting of Parliament, on February 11. Mr. GLADSTONE, who, we believe, is going up for quiet study, will occupy a set of College rooms.



"ANNALS OF A QUIET PARISH."

The Vicar's Wife (to Country Tradesman). "Now, HOSKINS, AFTER SO MANY YEARS OF OUR LIBERAL PATRONAGE, IT WAS REALLY TOO BAD OF YOU TO SEND US SUCH A GLOBE—CRACKED FROM TOP TO BOTTOM——!"

Vicar (calling from the Study-door at end of passage). "MY DEAR, DID YOU RECOLLECT TO SEND FOR HOSKINS ABOUT THE GLOBE YOU HAD THE LITTLE ACCIDENT WITH LAST WEEK!"

AN UNSCIENTIFIC DIALOGUE.

(On a highly Uninteresting Topic.)

First Aspiring Political Economist (picking his way cautiously). What the Bimetallists maintain is this: that by fixing an artificial ratio between the relative values of gold and silver, you somehow (a little vaguely) keep up prices; and so, at least,—so I fancy,—assist the circulation of capital. At all events, that is what I take M. EMILE DE LAVELEYE to mean. (Tentatively.) You see that, don't you?

Second Aspiring Political Economist. Not a bit of it. Why, EMILE DE LAVELEYE is an ass. (Emphatically.) GIFFEN says so. And you can't have a higher authority than GIFFEN (clinching the matter). Why, he's Hon. Assistant Deputy Secretary to the Board of Commerce; (with animation) in fact, he says that all Bimetallists are hopeless lunatics, and, in my opinion, he's about right.

Third Aspiring Political Economist. I don't see that at all. But if you are going to settle the matter by merely quoting names, what have you got to say to FOXWELL, the London Professor? He's a Bimetallist, and no mistake.

Second Aspiring Political Economist. "Got to say?" Why, ask LEVIN of Cambridge what he thinks of him. LEVIN backs up GIFFEN in every word he says, and I agree with both of them. How can you have two standards? (Explicitly.) The thing is preposterous.

First Aspiring Political Economist. It is all very well to lay down the law in that fashion, but it will not dispose of facts. You may quote GIFFEN, or LEVIN, or anyone you like, but they will not be able to do away with the circumstance, that prices are regulated by the quantity of money in circulation (with a little hesitation); at least, that is what I understand the other side to maintain.

Second Aspiring Political Economist. Sheer nonsense. How does the quantity of money you possess affect the price you pay for a commodity? The fact of your having twenty sovereigns in your purse won't make your butcher charge you an extra halfpenny a pound for a leg of mutton! That must be clear to any fool!

First Aspiring Political Economist. But you don't understand.

It's numbers that do it. They mean, if thirty millions of people each have twenty sovereigns a-piece in their purses (doubtfully, then, I suppose, the butchers would raise the price of their meat. At least, that's what I fancy they imply when they talk of "artificial currency" raising prices (with some vagueness), or is "artificial prices" creating an increased currency. I couldn't quite follow them in this. But I am sure, whichever of the two views was expressed by M. EMILE DE LAVELEYE, that one had, no doubt, great deal of sound argument to back it.

Third Aspiring Political Economist. I think you miss the point. Take an illustration. Say you arrive at a cannibal island with thousands complete sets of evening dress clothes, and that another ship, just before the arrival of yours, has taken the last ten-pound note off the island, how, supposing there was to be a national rush to obtain one of your suits, would the absence of any money pay for them affect their market value? I mayn't have got it quite correctly, but this, or something like it, is one of the cases that GIFFEN brings forward to prove his point. The matter, however, appears to me to be a little complicated.

Second Aspiring Political Economist. Not in the least. It proves the humbug of the Bimetallic position up to the hilt. Of course you must assume, that the cannibals desire to dress in evening clothes. I confess that has to be considered, and then the question lies in a nutshell. There can't be two opinions about it.

First Aspiring Political Economist. Well, to me, though, of course, I am willing to admit there may be something in it, I confess that the matter is, at first sight, convincingly clear. (Candidly.) My chief difficulty is, I confess, to arrive at any definite conclusion with myself, as to what "Bimetallism" really means, and what it does not; and I own I feel still vague as to the two questions of influence of the quantity of money on prices, or the price of a commodity on the value of money respectively, and, though I carefully read all that appears in the daily papers on the subject, I am compelled to own that I do not seem to be nearer a solution of the perplexing difficulty. However, it is, no doubt, a highly absorbing if not a very useful, subject for investigation.

[Left investigating it as Curtain falls.]

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. IV.

OUR present example is pure tragedy of the most ambitious kind, and is, perhaps, a little in advance of the taste of a Music-hall audience of the present day. When the fusion between the Theatres and the Music-Halls is complete—when Miss BESSIE BELLWOOD sings “*What Cheer, 'Ria?*” at the Lyceum, and Mr. HENRY IRVING gives his compressed version of *Hamlet* at the Trocadero; when there is a general levelling-up of culture, and removal of prejudice—then, and not till then, will this powerful little play meet with the appreciation which is its due. The main idea is suggested by the Misses TAYLOR's well-known poem, *The Pin*, though the dramatist has gone further than the poetess in working out the notion of Nemesis.

THE FATAL PIN.—A TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Emily Heedless. By either Miss VESTA TILLEY or Mrs. BERNARD BEERE.

Peter Paragon. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON or Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS (only he mustn't sing “*The Good Young Man who Died*”).

First and Second Bridesmaids. Miss MAUDE MILLETT and Miss ANNIE HUGHES.

SCENE.—EMILY's Boudoir, sumptuously furnished with a screen and



sofa, c. Door, R., leading to EMILY's Bed-chamber. Door, L. EMILY discovered in loose wrapper, and reclining in uncomfortable position on sofa.

Emily (dreamily). This day do I become the envied bride of PETER, justly sur-named PARAGON; and much I wonder what in me he found (he, who Perfection so personifies) that he could condescend an eye to cast on faulty, feather-headed EMILY! How solemn is the stillness all around me! (A loud bang is heard behind screen.) Methought I heard the dropping of a pin!—perhaps I should arise and search for it . . . Yet why, on second thoughts, disturb my-

self, since I am, by my settlements, to have a handsome sum allowed for pin-money? Nay, since thou claim'st thy freedom, little pin, I lack the heart to keep thee prisoner. Go, then, and join the great majority of fallen, vagrant, unregarded pinhood—my bliss is too supreme at such an hour to heed such infidelities as thine.

[Falls into a happy reverie.]

Enter First and Second Bridesmaids.

First and Second Bridesmaids. What, how now, EMILY—not yet attired? Nay, haste, for PETER will be here anon!

[They hurry her off by R. door, just as PETER PARAGON enters L. in bridal array. N.B.—The exigencies of the Drama are responsible for his making his appearance here, instead of waiting, as is more usual, at the church.]

Peter (meditatively). The golden sands of my celibacy are running low—soon falls the final grain! Yet, even now, the glass I would not turn. My EMILY is not without her faults—“was not without them,” I should rather say, for during ten idyllic years of courtship, by precept and example I have striven to mould her to a helpmate fit for me. Now, thank the Gods, my labours are complete—she stands redeemed from all her giddiness! (Here he steps upon the pin, and utters an exclamation.) Ha! what is this? I'm wounded . . . agony! With what a darting pain my foot's transfixed! I'll summon help (with calm courage)—yet, stay, I would not dim this nuptial day by any sombre cloud. I'll bear this stroke alone—and now to probe the full extent of my calamity. (Seats himself on sofa in such a position as to be concealed by the screen from all but the audience, and proceeds to remove his boot.) Ye powers of Perfidy, it is a pin! I must know more of this—for it is meet such criminal neglect should be exposed. Severe shall be that house-maid's punishment who's proved to be responsible for this!—but soft, I hear a step.

[Enter First and Second Bridesmaids, who hunt diligently upon the carpet without observing PETER's presence.]

Emily's Voice (within). Oh, search, I pray you. It must be there—my own ears heard it fall! [PETER betrays growing uneasiness. The Bridesmaids. Indeed, we fail to see it anywhere!]

Emily (entering distractedly in bridal costume, with a large rent in her train). You have no eyes, I tell you, let me help. It must be found, or I am all undone! In vain my cushion I have cut in two—'twas void of all but stuffing . . . Gracious Heavens, to think that all my future bliss depends on the evasive malice of a pin!

[PETER behind screen, starts violently.]

Peter (aside). A pin! what dire misgivings wring my heart! (Hops forward with a cold dignity, holding one foot in his hand.) You seem in some excitement, EMILY?

Emily (wildly). You, PETER! . . . tell me—have you found a pin?

Peter (with deadly calm). Unhappy girl—I have! (To Bridesmaids.) Withdraw awhile, and when we need you, we will summon you. (Exit Bridesmaids; EMILY and PETER stand facing each other for some moments in dead silence.) The pin is found—for I have trodden on it, and may, for aught I know, be lamed for life. Speak, EMILY, what is that maid's desert whose carelessness has led to this mishap?

Emily (in the desperate hope of shielding herself). Why, should the fault be traced to any maid, instant dismissal shall be her reward, with a month's wages paid in lieu of notice!

Peter (with a passionless severity). From your own lips I judge you, EMILY. Did they not own just now that you had heard the falling of a pin—yet heeded not? Behold the outcome of your negligence!

[Extends his injured foot.]

Emily. Oh, let me kiss the place and make it well!

Peter (coldly withdrawing foot). Keep your caresses till I ask for them. My wound goes deeper than you wot of yet, and by that disregarded pin is pricked the iridescent bubble of illusion!

Emily (slowly). Indeed, I do not wholly comprehend.

Peter. Have patience and I will be plainer yet. Mine is a complex nature, EMILY; magnanimous, but still methodical. An injury I freely can forgive, forget it—(striking his chest)—never! She who leaves about pins on the floor to pierce a lover's foot, will surely plant a thorn within the side of him whose fate it is to be her husband!

Emily (dragging herself towards him on her knees). Have pity on me, PETER; I was mad!

Peter (with emotion). How can I choose but pity thee, poor soul, who, for the sake of temporary ease, hast forfeited the bliss that had been thine! You could not stoop to pick a pin up. Why? Because, forsooth, 'twas but a paltry pin! Yet, duly husbanded, that self-same pin had served you to secure your gaping train, your self-respect—and Me.

Emily (wailing). What have I done?

Peter. I will not now reproach you, EMILY, nor would I dwell upon my wounded sole, the pain of which increases momentarily. I part from you in friendship, and in proof, that fated instrument I leave with you (presenting her with the pin, which she accepts mechanically) which the frail link between us twain has severed. I can dispense with it, for in my cuff (shows her his coat-cuff, in which a row of pins' heads is perceptible) I carry others 'gainst a time of need. My poor success in life I trace to this—that never yet I passed a pin unheeded.

Emily. And is that all you have to say to me?

Peter. I think so—save that I shall wish you well, and pray that henceforth you may bear in mind what vast importance lies in seeming trifles.

Emily (with a pale smile). PETER, your lesson is already learned, for precious has this pin become for me, since by its aid I gain oblivion—thus! [Stabs herself.]

Peter (coldly). Nay, these are histrionics, EMILY.

[Assists her to sofa.]

Emily. I'd skill enough to find a vital spot. Do not withdraw it yet—my time is short, and I have much to say before I die. (Faintly.) Be gentle with my rabbits when I'm gone; give my canary chickweed now and then . . . I think there is no more—ah, one last word—(warmly)—warn them they must not cut our wedding-cake, and then the pastrycook may take it back!

Peter (deeply moved). Would you had shown this thoughtfulness before!

[Kneels by the sofa.]

Emily. 'Tis now too late, and clearly do I see that I was never worthy of you, PETER.

Peter (gently). 'Tis not for me to contradict you now. You did your best to be so, EMILY!

Emily. A blessing on you for those generous words! Now tell me, PETER, how is your poor foot?

Peter. The agony decidedly abates, and I can bear a boot again.

Emily. Then I die happy! . . . Kiss me, PETER . . . ah! [Dies.]

Peter. In peace she passed away. I'm glad of that, although that peace was purchased by a lie. I shall not bear a boot for many days! Thus ends our wedding morn, and she, poor child, has paid the penalty of heedlessness!

[Curtain falls, whereupon, unless Mr. Punch is greatly mistaken, there will not be a dry eye in the house.]

THE NEW TUNE.



Le Brav' Général tootles:—

HEROES bold owe much to bold songs.
What's that? "Cannot sing the old songs"?
Pooh! 'Tis a Britannic ditty.
Truth, though, in it,—more's the pity!
"En revenant de la Revue."
People tire of that—too true!
I must give them something new.
Played out, Frenchmen? *Pas de danger!*
Whilst you've still your *Brav' BOULANGER!*

Do they think BOULANGER "mizzles,"
After all his recent "fizzles"?
(Most expressive slang, the Yankee!)

Pas si bête, my friends. No thank ye!
Came a cropper? Very true!
But I remount—my hobby's new,
So's my trumpet. Roovey-too!
France go softly? *Pas de danger!*
Whilst she has her *Brav' BOULANGER!*

Cannot say her looks quite flatter.
Rather scornful. What's the matter?
Have you lost your recent fancy
For me and my charger prancy?
Turn those eyes this way, now *do!*
Mark my hobby,—not a screw!

Listen to my *chanson* new!
BISMARCK flout you? *Pas de danger!*
He's afraid of Brav' BOULANGER.

Of your smile be not so chary!
The sixteenth of February
Probably will prove my care is
The especial charge of Paris.
Then you'll know that I am true.
"En revenant de la Revue."
Stick to me, I'll stick to you.
Part with you, sweet? *Pas de danger!*
Not the game of *Brav' BOULANGER!*

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "PARIS."

CAPTAIN SHARP, of the Newhaven steamer, *Paris*, you're no craven;
 Grim and growling was the gale that you
 from your dead reckoning bore;
 And, but for your brave behaving, she might
 never have made haven,
 But have foundered in mid-Channel, or been
 wrecked on a lee-shore.
 With your paddle-floats unfeathered, wonder
 was it that you weathered
 Such a storm as that of Sunday, which
 upset our nerves on land,
 Though in fire-side comfort tethered. How
 it blew, and blared, and blethered!
 All your passengers, my Captain, say your
 pluck and skill were grand.
 Much to men like you is owing, when wild
 storms around are blowing,
 As they seem to have been doing since the
 opening of the year:
 Howling, hailing, sleeting, snowing; but for
 captains calm and knowing,
 Passage of our angry Channel were indeed
 a task of fear.
 Well, you brought them safely through it,
 when not every man could do it,
 And your passengers, my Captain, are in-
 spired with gratitude.
 Therefore, *Mr. Punch* thus thanks you, and
 right readily enranks you, [brood.
 As a hero on the record of our briny island
 Verily the choice of "*Paris*" in this case
 proved right; and rare is
 Fitness between name and nature such as
 that you illustrate.
 Captain SHARP! A proper *nomen*, and it
 proved a prosperous omen
 To your passengers, whom *Punch* must on
 their luck congratulate.



NOTHING LIKE A CHANGE!

Dr. Cockshure. "MY GOOD SIR, WHAT YOU WANT IS THOROUGH ALTERATION OF CLIMATE. THE ONLY THING TO CURE YOU IS A LONG SEA VOYAGE!"
Patient. "THAT'S RATHER INCONVENIENT. YOU SEE I'M ONLY JUST HOME FROM A SEA VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE title of the second chapter of *The Days of the Dandies*, in *Blackwood*, is calculated to excite curiosity,—it is, "Some Great Beauties, and some Social Celebrities." After reading the article, I think it would have been styled more correctly, "A Few Great Beauties." However, it is discursively amusing and interesting. There is much truth in the paper on Modern Mannish Maidens. I hold that no number of a Magazine is perfect without a tale of mystery and wonder, or a ghost-story of some sort. I hope I have not overlooked one of these in any Magazine for this month that I have seen. Last month there was a good one in *Macmillan*, and another in *Belgravia*. I forget their titles, unfortunately, and



have mislaid the Magazines. But *After-thoughts*, in this month's *Macmillan*, is well worth perusal.

My faithful "Co." has been looking through the works of reference. He complains that *Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knighthood* for 1890 is carelessly edited. He notes, as a sample, that Sir HENRY LELAND HARRISON, who is said to have been born in 1857, is declared to have entered the Indian Civil Service in 1860, when he was only three years old—a manifest absurdity. As *Mr. Punch* himself pointed out this *bêtise* in *Dod's &c., &c.*, for 1889, it should have been corrected in the new edition. "If this sort of thing continues," says the faithful "Co.," "*Dod* will be known as *Dodder*, or even *Dodderer*!" Sir BERNARD BURKE's *Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage* is, in every sense, a noble volume, and seems to have been compiled with the greatest care and accuracy. *KELLY's Post Office Directory*, of course, is a necessity to every man of letters. *Whitaker's Almanack* for 1890 seems larger than usual, and better than ever. WEBSTER'S

Royal Red Book, and GARDINER's *Royal Blue Book*, it goes without saying, are both written by men of address. The *Century Atlas and Gazetteer* is a book amongst a hundred. Finally, the *Era Almanack* for 1890, conducted by EDWARD LEDGER, is, as usual, full of information concerning things theatrical—some of it gay, some of it sad. "Replies to Questions by Actors and Actresses" is the liveliest contribution in the little volume. The Obituary contains the name of "EDWARD LITT LEMAN BLANCHARD," dramatist, novelist, and journalist, who died on the 4th of September, 1889. It is hard to realise the *Era Almanack* without the excellent contributions of poor "E. L. B.!" "Co." furnishes some other notes in a livelier strain:—

Matthew Prior. (KEGAN PAUL.) If you are asked to go out this abominable weather, shelter yourself under the wing of Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON, and plead a prior engagement. (Ha! Ha!) You will find the engagement both prior and profitable. Mr. DOBSON's introductory essay is not only exhaustive, but in the highest degree interesting, and his selection from the poems has been made with great taste and rare discretion.

In the Garden of Dreams. The lack of poets of the softer sex has been recently a subject of remark. Lady-novelists we have in superabundance, of lady-dramatists we have more than enough, of lady-journalists we have legions—but lady-poets we have but few. Possibly, they flourish more on the other side of the Atlantic. At any rate we have a good example of the American Muse in the latest volume by Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. This little book is full of grace, its versification is melodious, and has the genuine poetic ring about it, which is as rare at it is acceptable. It can scarcely fail to find favour with English readers. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

Epidemiological.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The Camel is reported to be greatly instrumental in the spread of cholera. This is evidently the Bacterian Camel, whose humps—or is it hump?—have long been such a terror to those who really don't care a bit how many humps an animal has.
 Yours faithfully, HUMPHRY CAMPBELL.

TO THOSE WHO GET THEIR LIVING BY DYING.—"Sweet Auburn!" exclaimed a ruddy, aureate-haired lady of uncertain age,—anything, in fact, after fifty,—"*Sweet Auburn!*" she repeated, musingly, "What does '*Sweet Auburn*' come from?" "Well," replied her husband, regarding her *coiffure* with an air of uncertainty, "I'm not quite sure, but I think '*Sweet Auburn*' should be GRAY."

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. V.—BRUNETTE AND BLANCHIDINE.

A Melodramatic Didactic Vaudeville, suggested by "The Wooden Doll and the Wax Doll." By the Misses Jane and Ann Taylor.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

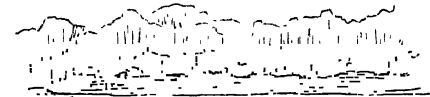
Blanchidine, } By the celebrated Sisters STILTON, the Champion
Brunette. } Duetists and Clog-dancers.Fanny Furbelow. By Miss SYLVIA SEALSKIN (by kind permission
of the Gaiety Management).

Frank Manly. By Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.

SCENE—A Sunny Glade in Kensington Gardens, between the
Serpentine and Round Pond.Enter BLANCHIDINE and BRUNETTE, with their arms thrown affectionately
around one another. BLANCHIDINE is carrying a large and expressionless wooden doll.

Duet and Step-dance.

Bl. Oh, I do adore BRUNETTE! (Dances.)

Tippity-tappity,
tappity-tippity,
tippity-tappity,
tip-tap!Br. BLANCHIDINE'S the
sweetest pet!
(Dances.) Tippity - tappity,
&c.Together. When
the sun is high,
We come out to
ply, Nobody is
nigh, All is
mirth and j'y!
With a pair of sol,
We'll protect
our doll, Make
a mossy bed for
her wooden
head![Combination
step - dance,
during which
both watch
their feet with
an air of detached and
slightly amusedinterest, as if they belonged to some other persons.
Clickity-clack, clickity-clack, clickity, clickity, clickity-clack;
clackity-clackity, clickity-clackity, clackity-clickity-clack!

[Repeat ad lib.

Bl. (apologetically to Audience). Her taste in dress is rather
plain! (Dances.) Tippity-tappity, &c.Br. (in pitying aside). It is a pity she's so vain! (Dances.)
Tippity-tappity, &c.Bl. 'Tis a shame to smile, But she's shocking stoyle, It is quite a
troyal, Still—she makes a foil!Br. Often I've a job To suppress a sob, She is such a snob, When
she meets a nob! (Step-dance as before.)[N. B.—In consideration of the well-known difficulty that most
popular variety-artists experience in the metrical delivery of
decasyllabic couplets, the lines which follow have been written
as they will most probably be spoken.]Bl. (looking off with alarm). Why, here comes FANNY FURBELOW,
a new frock from Paris in!
She'll find me with BRUNETTE—it's too embarrassing!To Brunette. BRUNETTE, my love, I know such a pretty game
we'll play at—

Poor TIMBURINA'S ill, and the seaside she ought to stay at.

(The Serpentine's the seaside, let's pretend,) [friend!

And you shall take her there—(hypocritically)—you're such a

Br. (with simplicity). Oh, yes, that will be splendid, BLANCHIDINE,
And then we can go and have a dip in a bathing-machine![BLAN. resigns the wooden doll to BRUN., who skips off with it, L., as
FANNY FURBELOW enters. R., carrying a magnificent wax doll.
Fanny (languidly). Ah, howdy do— isn't this heat too frightful?

And so you're quite alone?

Bl. (nervously). Oh, quite—oh yes, I always am alone, when
there's nobody with me.[This is a little specimen of the Lady's humorous "gag," at which
she is justly considered a proficient.]

Fanny (drawing).

When I was wondering, only a little while ago,
If I should meet a creature that I know;
Allow me—my new doll, the Lady MINNIE!

Delightful!

[Introducing doll.

Bl. (rapturously). Oh, what a perfect love!

Fanny. She ought to be—for a guinea!

Here, you may nurse her for a little while.

Be careful, for her frock's the latest style.

[Gives BLAN. the wax doll.

She's the best wax, and has three changes of clothing—

For those cheap wooden dolls I've quite a loathing.

Bl. (hastily). Oh, so have I—they're not to be endured!

Re-enter BRUNETTE with the wooden doll, which she tries to press
upon BLANCHIDINE, much to the latter's confusion.

Br. I've brought poor TIMBURINA back, completely cured!

Why, aren't you pleased? Your face is looking so cloudy!

F. (haughtily). Is she a friend of yours—this little dowdy?

[Slow music.

Bl. (after an internal struggle). Oh, no, what an idea! Why, I
don't even know her by name!

Some vulgar child.

[Lets the wax doll fall unregarded on the gravel.

Br. (indignantly). Oh, what a horrid shame!

I see now why you sent us to the Serpentine!

Bl. (heartlessly). There's no occasion to flare up like turpentine.

Br. (ungrammatically). I'm not! Disown your doll, and thrust
me, too, aside,

The one thing left for both of us is—suicide!

Yes, TIMBURINA, us no more she cherishes—

(Bitterly.) Well, the Round Pond a handy place to perish is!

[Rushes off stage with wooden doll.

Bl. (making a feeble attempt to follow). Come back, BRUNETTE;
don't leave me thus, in charity! [vulgarity.

F. (with contempt). Well, I'll be off—since you seem to prefer

Bl. No, stay—but—ah, she said—what if she meant it?

F. Not she! And, if she did, we can't prevent it.

Bl. (relieved). That's true—we'll play, and think no more
about her.

F. (sarcastically). We may just manage to get on without her!

So come—(perceives doll lying face upwards on path)—you
odious girl, what have you done?

Left Lady MINNIE lying in the blazing sun!

'Twas done on purpose—oh, you thing perfidious! [Stamps.

You knew she'd melt, and get completely hideous!

Don't answer me, Miss—I wish we'd never met.

You're only fit for persons like BRUNETTE!

[Picks up doll, and exit in passion.

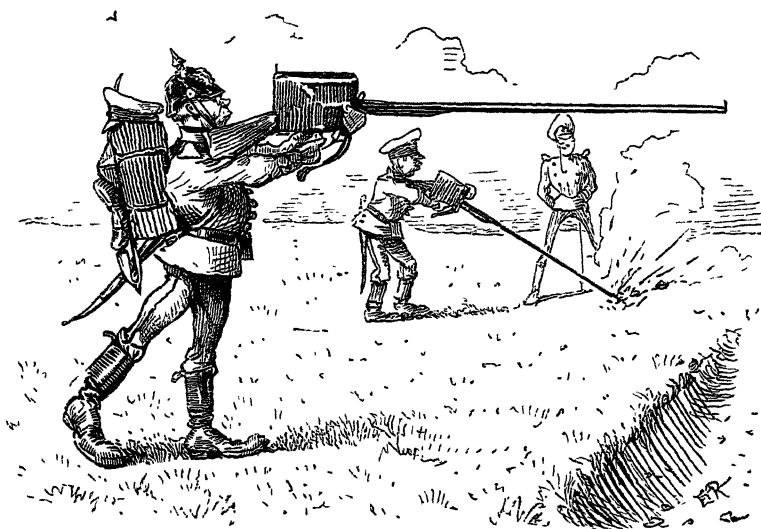
Grand Sensation Descriptive Soliloquy, by BLANCHIDINE, to
Melodramatic Music.

Bl. Gone! Ah, I am rightly punished! What would I not give
now to have homely little BRUNETTE, and dear old wooden-headed
TIMBURINA back again! She wouldn't melt in the sun . . . Where
are they now? Great Heavens! that threat—that rash resolve . . .
I remember all! 'Twas in the direction of the Pond they vanished.
(Peeping anxiously between trees.) Are they still in sight? . . .
Yes, I see them! BRUNETTE has reached the water's edge . . .
What is she purposing! Now she kneels on the rough gravel; she
is making TIMBURINA kneel too! How calm and resolute they both
appear! (Shuddering.) I dare not look further—but, ah, I must
—I must! . . . Horror! I saw her boots flash for an instant in
the bright sunlight; and now the ripples have closed, smiling over
her little black stockings! . . . Help!—save her, somebody!—
help! . . . Joy! a gentleman has appeared on the scene—how
handsome, how brave he looks! He has taken in the situation at a
glance! With quiet composure he removes his coat—oh, don't
trouble about folding it up!—and why, why remove your gloves,
when there is not a moment to be lost? Now, with many injunctions,
he entrusts his watch to a bystander, who retires, overcome by
emotion. And now—oh, gallant, heroic soul!—now he is sending
his toy terrier into the seething water! (Straining eagerly
forward.) Ah, the dog paddles bravely out—he has reached the
spot . . . oh, he has passed it!—he is trying to catch a duck! Dog,
dog, is this a time for pursuing ducks? At last he understands—
he dives . . . he brings up—agony! a small tin cup! Again . . .
this time, surely—what, only an old pot-hat! . . . Oh, this dog
is a fool! And still the Round Pond holds its dread secret! Once
more . . . yes—no, yes, it is TIMBURINA! Thank Heaven, she yet
breathes! But BRUNETTE? Can she have stuck in the mud at the
bottom? Ha, she, too, is rescued—saved—ha-ha-ha!—saved,
saved, saved! [Swoons hysterically, amid deafening applause.

Enter FRANK MANLY, supporting BRUNETTE, who carries
TIMBURINA.

Bl. (wildly). What, do I see you safe, beloved BRUNETTE?

Br. Yes, thanks to his courage, I'm not even wet!
 Frank (modestly). Nay, spare your compliments. To rescue
 When in distress, is every hero's duty! [Beauty,
 Bl. BRUNETTE, forgive—I'm cured of all my folly!
 Br. (heartily). Of course I will, my dear, and so will dolly!
 [Grand Trio and Step-dance, with "tippity-tappity," and
 "clickity-clack" refrain as finale.



"THE NEW GERMAN RIFLE."

(A FANCY SKETCH OF ITS STARTLING APPEARANCE.)

"The Regulations for the employment of the new German Infantry Rifle have just been published. With regard to the capabilities of the new rifle, the Regulations assert, that in this arm the German Infantry possesses a weapon standing fully abreast of the time with a range such as was heretofore held to be impossible of attainment."—*Standard*, Jan. 25.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMEMORATION BIRTHDAY CONCERT.—The programme you are preparing, after the fashion set the other evening in St. James's Hall, at an entertainment organised in honour of the birthday of the poet BURNS, for the purpose of paying a similar tribute to the memory of his great fellow-countryman, Sir WALTER SCOTT, certainly promises well. As you very truly point out that, as at the Concert which you are taking as your model, though the name of BURNS was tacked on to nearly every item in the programme, as if he had been responsible for the words, music and all, it did not seem limited to the Poet's work alone, you might certainly allow yourself the latitude you propose in arranging your own scheme. The fact that, at the Burns Celebration, M. NACHEZ played his own Hungarian dances, the connection between which and the Poet's birthday is not, at first sight, entirely obvious, and that another gentleman, with equal appropriateness, favoured the company with "*The Death of Nelson*," on the trombone, seems certainly to give you a warrant for the introduction you contemplate making, in commemoration of Sir WALTER, of the Chinese Chopstick Mazurka, and the Woorawoor Cannibal Islanders side-knife and sledge-hammer war-dance. It may of course be possible, in a remote way, to introduce them, as you suggest, into *Old Mortality*, but we should think you would be nearer the mark with that other item of your programme, that associates *Jem Baggs* with *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Your idea of accepting and utilising the offer of the GRALDI family to introduce their Drawing-room Entertainment into your programme seems excellent, and has certainly as much in common with the Birthday of Sir WALTER SCOTT as the "*Death of Nelson*," on the trombone, has with that of the distinguished Novelist's great brother Poet. There is no reason, as you further point out, why you should not organise a whole Series of Commemorative Birthday Entertainments, as you think of doing, on the same plan, and with BEETHOVEN, MACAULAY, Dr. JOHNSON, and WARREN HASTINGS, the celebrities you mention, to begin upon, you ought to have no difficulty in working in the solo on the big drum, the performance of the Learned Hyæna, the Japanese Twenty-feet Bayonet-jump, and the other equally appropriate attractions with which you are already in communication. Anyhow, begin with Sir WALTER SCOTT, following the St. James's Hall lead, and let us hear how you get on.

STRIKING WEDDING PRESENTS.—As you seem to think that a list of the presents made to your young friends who are about to be

married will in all probability be published in some of the Society papers, "with the names of the donors," we think, on the whole, we would advise you *not* to give them, as you seem rather inclined to do, those three hundred weight of cheap sardines of which you became possessed through a seizure of your agents for arrears of rent. You might certainly present them with the disabled omnibus horse that came into your hands on the same occasion. Horses are sometimes given as wedding presents. There were four down in a list of gifts at a fashionable marriage only last week. But, of course, it would not suit your purpose to appear as the donor of a "damaged" creature. We think, perhaps, it would be wiser to accept the five pounds offered you through the veterinary surgeon you mention, and lay out the money, as you suggest, in sixteen hundred Japanese fans. If it falls through, and you find the horse still on your hands, there is no need to mention its association with the omnibus. "Mr. JOHN JOHNSON—a riding horse," doesn't read badly. We almost think this is better than the fans. Think it over.

THE LUXURY OF PANTOMIME.

ONE day last week, after a struggle for life, Her Majesty's Theatre was shut up, five hundred persons, so it was stated, lost employment, and the *Cinderella* family, proud sisters and all, nay, even the gallant Prince himself, were turned adrift. Smiling, at the helm of the Drury Lane Ship, stands AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, who sees, not unmoved, the wreck of "Her Majesty's Opposition," and murmurs to himself as *Jack* and the *Beanstalk* continues its successful course, "This is, indeed, the survival of the fittest," and, charitably, DRURIOLANUS sends out a life-boat entitled "Benefit Performance" to the rescue of the shipwrecked crew. *Ave Caesar!*

From this disaster there results a moral, "which, when found," it would be as well to "make a note of." It is this: as evidently London will not, or cannot, support two Pantomimes, several Circuses, and a Show like BARNUM'S, all through one winter, why try the experiment? especially when the *lure* of Pantomime, fostered by DRURIOLANUS, is so enormous, that any competitor must be forced into ruinous and even reckless extravagance, in order to enter into anything like rivalry with The Imperator who "holds the field" for Pantomime, just as he holds "The Garden" for Opera, against all comers.

These rival establishments only do harm to one another, spoil the public by indulging their taste for magnificent spectacle, increasing in gorgeousness every year, until true Pantomime will be overlaid with jewelled armour, crushed under velvet and gold, and be lying helpless under the weight of its own gorgeousity. We should question whether the Olympian BARNUM has done much good for himself, seeing how gigantic the expenses must be; and certainly he can't have done good to the theatres. As to Shows, "The more the merrier" does not hold good. "The fewer the better" is nearer the mark in every sense, and perhaps the experience of this season may suggest even to DRURIOLANUS to give the public still more fun for their money (and there is plenty of genuine fun in *Jack* and the *Beanstalk*), with less show, in less time, and at consequently less expense to himself, and with, therefore, bigger profits. We shall see.



"Mr. GLADSTONE desires that ALL LETTERS, &c., should be addressed to him at 10, St. James's Square, London."—*Standard*, Jan. 25.

WHY should "all letters" be addressed to Mr. GLADSTONE? Isn't anybody else to have any? How about Valentine's Day? Will "all letters" be addressed to him then? If so—then the above Illustration conveys only a feeble idea of the result.



FELINE AMENITIES.

Fair Hostess (to Mrs. Masham, who is looking her very best). "HOWDYDO, DEAR? I HOPE YOU'RE NOT SO TIRED AS YOU LOOK!"

THE FINISHING TOUCH;

OR, PREPARING FOR MR. SPEAKER'S PARTY.

Anxious O'd (Legal) Nurses loquitur:—

AH! he's ready now, thanks be!
But a plaguier child than he
I am sure we Nasses three

Never dressed.
But at last we have got through;
Well-curled hair, and sash of blue!
Yes, we rather think he'll do,
Heaven be blessed!

Ah! the awful time it took!
Never mind; by hook or crook
We have togged him trimly. Look!
There he stands!

His long wailings nearly hushed,
Buttoned, pinned, oiled, combed and brushed,
And his tight glove-fingers crushed
On his hands.

Does us credit, don't you think?
How the chit would writhe and shrink,
Get his garments in a kink

Every way!
Awful handful, hot and heady,
Shuffling round, ne'er standing steady,
Feared we'd never get him ready
For the day.

Mr. SPEAKER'S Party,—yes!
Hope he'll be a great success;
His clean face and natty dress

Ought to please.
But there'll be no end of eyes
On his buttons, hooks, and ties;
Prompt to chaff and criticise,
Tear and tease.

There'll be many an Irish boy
Who will find it his chief joy
To upset and to annoy

The young Turk;
And, with no particular call,
Try to make him squeal and squall,
Disarrange him, after all
Our hard work.

Not to mention other lads,
Regular rowdy little Rads,
Full of ill-conditioned fads,
And mean spite:
Who will pinch and pull the hair
Of our charge who's standing there,
After all our patient care
Right and tight.

For we know they don't like us,
And they're sure to scold and cuss
The tired three, and raise a fuss
And a pothor

About Hopeful here. Heigho!
But he's ready, dears, to go.
Ah! they little little know
All our bother!

On our hands heaven knows how long
We have had him. 'Twould be wrong
To indulge in language strong;

But how hearty
Is our joy that we have done!
There now, REPPY, off you run!
Only hope you'll have good fun
At the Party!

ON BOARD THE CHANNEL STEAMER "PARIS"
(Night of Saturday, January 25, 1890).—
"SHARP's the word!"

TO AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW WIG.

DELIGHTED to hear that our friend CHARLES HALL, A.D.C., Trin. Coll. Cam., and Q.C., is likely to be made a Judge. Where will he sit? Admiralty, Probate, and Divorce Court, where wreckage cases of ships and married lives are heard? Health to the Judge that shall be, with a song and chorus, if you please, Gentlemen, to the ancient air of "Samuel Hall," revived for this occasion only:—

His name it is CHARLES HALL,
A.D.C. and Q.C.,
His name it is CHARLES HALL.
In cases great and small
He's shone out since his call,
All agree.

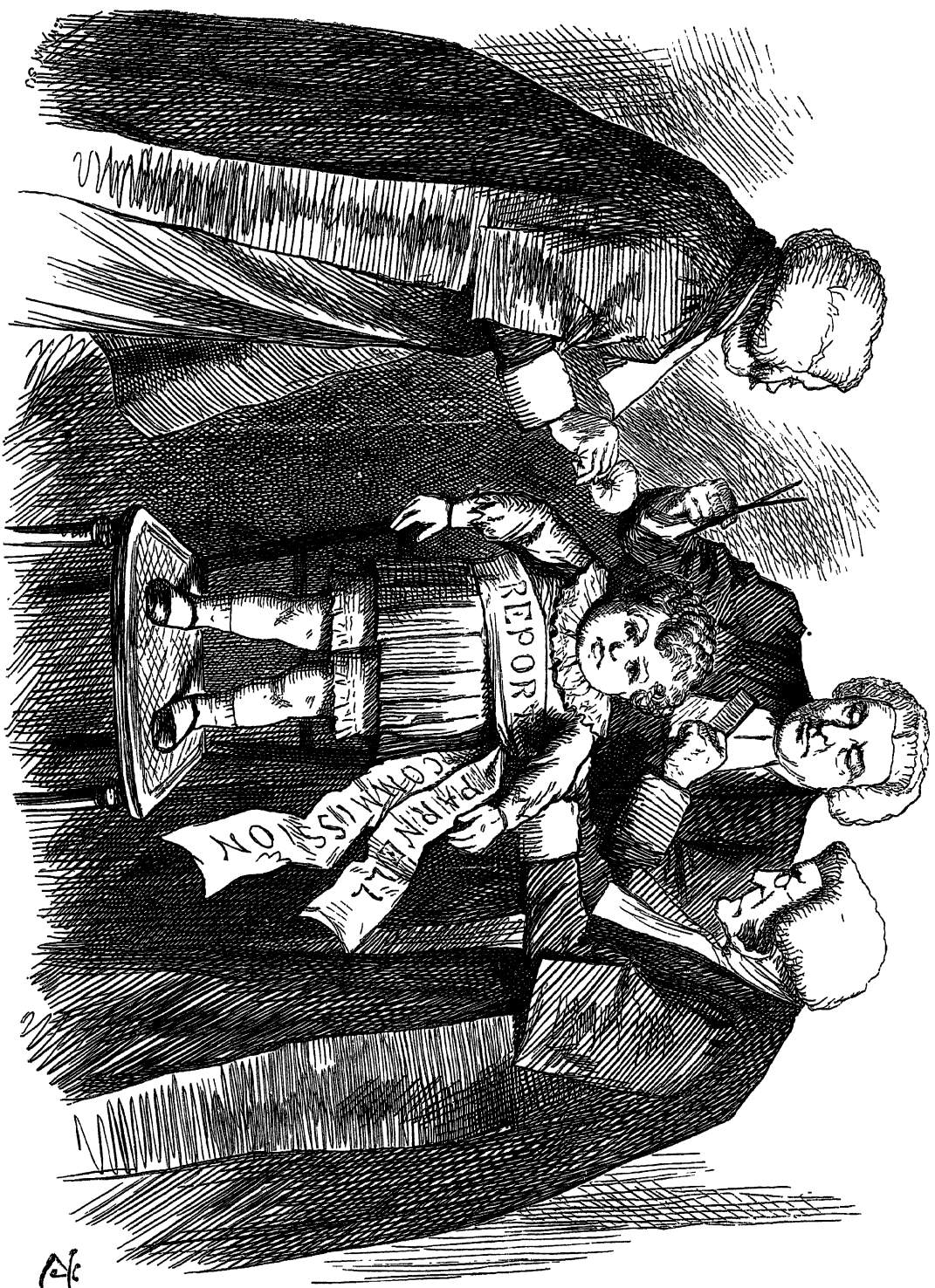
In Court of Admiralty
Did he drudge, (bis)
In Court of Admiralty,
'Bout lights and wrecks,—will he
Henceforth be less at sea
As a Judge?

Chorus.

(To quite another tune, i.e., the refrain of
GEORGE GROSSMITH'S song, "How I
became an Actor.")

And each of his friends makes this remark,
(Retort he may with "Fudge!")
"Now wasn't I the first to say, you're sure
Some day to be a Judge!"

It will be a touching spectacle, as, indeed,
it always is to the reflective mind, to see the
new Judge sitting among the wrecks, like
"Marius among the Ruins." Fine subject
for Sir FREDERICK, P.R.A., in the next
Academy Exhibition.



THE FINISHING TOUCH; OR, PREPARING FOR MR. SPEAKER'S PARTY.

"THANK GOODNESS, HE'S READY AT LAST!"



A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE (IN RESULT).

"HULLO, JIM, WHATEVER MADE YOU COME OFF?"—"WHY, THE BRUTE BUCKED!"—"BUCKED! NONSENSE, MAN, SHE ONLY COUGHED!"

KICKED!

(By the Foot of Clara Groomley.)

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—III.

NOTHING done! The whole Detective force of London, having nothing better to do, were placed at my disposal, and, after three

weeks' search, they found a girl called SMITH; but it was the wrong one. My darling is blonde, and this was a dark, almost a black, SMITH. I came back to Ryde in a passion and a third-class carriage. I find from Mademoiselle that Miss SMITH has not yet returned.

JAMES seemed pleased to see me, but he noticed that in my anxiety and preoccupation I had forgotten to have my hat ironed. The hotel is quite full,

and I am to sleep in the Haunted Room to-night.

I am not a hysterical man, and this is not a neurotic story. It is, as a matter of fact, the same old rot to which the shilling shockers have made us accustomed. I cannot account in any way for my experiences last night in the Haunted Room, but they certainly were not due to nervousness. I had not been asleep long before I had a most curious and vivid dream. I felt that I was not in the hotel, and that at the same time I was not out of it. I had a curious sense of being everywhere in general, and nowhere in particular.

I saw before me a gorgeously furnished room. On the tiger-skin rug before the fire was a basket with a crewel-worked chair-back spread over it. What was in the basket? Again and again I asked

myself that question. I felt like a long-division sum, and a cold shiver went down my quotient.

In one corner of the room stood a man of about thirty, with a handsome, wicked face. One hand rested on the drawer of a writing-table. Slowly he drew from it a folded paper, and read, in a harsh, raucous voice:—

"To cleaning and repairing one——' No, that's not it."

He selected another paper. Ah, it was the right one this time!

"Memorandum of Aunt JANE's Will." 'All property to go to ALICE SMITH, unless Aunt JANE's poodle, Tommy Atkins, dies before ALICE SMITH comes of age. In which case, it all goes to me.' I remember making that note when the will was read. And now—he glanced at the covered basket—"Tommy's kicked the bucket. Well, he stood in my way. Who's to know? But there must be no post-mortem, no 'vet' fetched in. Happy thought—I'll have the brute stuffed." He knelt down by the side of the basket, and slowly drew back the covering. "Ah!" he said—"it's cruel work."

Did he refer to the chair-back? or did he refer to the way in which, for the sake of gain, an honest dog had been MURDERED? For there before my eyes lay the dead poodle, Tommy Atkins!

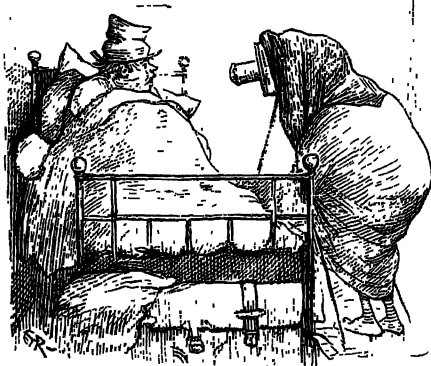
"ALICE loses all her money," he continued, "but that doesn't matter. She tells me that she's picked up no end of a swell down at Ryde, and he may marry her. The question is—will he?" Once more I felt like a division sum. I yearned to call out loudly, and answer with a decided negative; but no words came. My strength was gone. I was utterly worked out, and there was no remainder.

When I came to myself, I found JAMES, the waiter, standing by my bedside with a gentleman whom I did not know. JAMES introduced him to me as a Mr. ALKALOID, a photographer who was stopping in the hotel. Mr. ALKALOID had been woken up by a wild shriek for a decided negative, and had rushed down to see if he could do a little business. "Take you by the electric light," he said; "just as you are."—I was in my night-dress and the old, old hat, the rim of which had been slightly sprained,—"perfectly painless process, and money returned if not satisfactory." I thanked him warmly, and apologised for having disturbed him.

I went to London on the following day. I felt it my positive duty to explain that I should always regard ALICE SMITH as a sister, but nothing more.

I had quite forgotten that I did not know the house where ALICE SMITH lived, and the poodle dog lay dead.

(Here ends the Narrative of CYRIL MUSH.)





"EXCLUSIVE DEALING."

Irish Landlord (boycotted). "PAT, MY MAN, I'M IN NO END OF A HURRY. PUT THE PONY TO, AND DRIVE ME TO THE STATION, AND I'LL GIVE YE HALF A SOVEREIGN!"

Pat (Nationalist, but needy). "OCH SHURE, IT'S MORE THAN ME LOIFE IS WORTH TO BE SEEN DROIVING YOU, YER HONOUR. BUT"—(shily)—"IF YER HONOUR WOULD JUST DROIVE ME, MAYBE IT'S MESELF THAT MOIGHT VENTURE IT!"

"SWEET—MARJORIE!"

TAKE it all in all, *Marjorie* at the Prince of Wales' is a very satisfactory production. The subject is English, the music is English, and the "book" is English too. So when we applaud the



Change for a Tenor. Wilfred of Huntington is succeeded by that Man of Mark—Tapley.

new Opera, we have the satisfaction of knowing that our cheers are given in the cause of native talent triumphant. This is appropriate to the "time" of the play (the commencement of the thirteenth century), which is the very epoch when the Saxons were beginning to hold their own in the teeth of their Norman conquerors. But leaving patriotism out of the question (a matter which, it is to be feared, is not likely to influence Stalls, Pit, and Gallery materially for a very lengthened period), the Opera *quâ* Opera is a very good one. The company is strong—so strong, that it bears the loss of an accom-

plished songstress like Miss HUNTINGTON without severely suffering. It is true that an excellent substitute for the lady has been found in that tenor with the cheerful name, Mr. MARK TAPLEY, whose notes are certainly [worth their weight in gold; but leaving the representatives of *Wilfred* "outside the competition," the remainder of the *Dramatis Personæ* are excellent. They work well together, and consequently the *ensemble* is in the highest degree pleasing.

Assistance of rather a graver character than usually associated with comic opera is naturally afforded by Mr. HAYDYN COFFIN. Miss PHYLIS BROUGHTON is introduced not only to sing but to dance, and performs the latter accomplishment with a grace not to be surpassed, and only to be equalled by Miss KATE VAUGHAN. Mr. ASHLEY, now happily returned to the melodious paths from which he strayed to play in pieces of the calibre of *Pink Dominoes*, seems quite at home in the character of *Sir Simon*—not "the Cellarer," but rather, "the sold one." Mr. MONKHOUSE, whose name and personality go to prove that a cowl does not preclude its occasional occupation by a wag, is most amusing as *Gosrie*. Mr. ALBERT JAMES is a lively jester, whose quips and cranks might have been of considerable value to Mr. JOSEPH MILLER when that literary droll was engaged in compiling his comic classic. Miss D'ARVILLE and Madame AMADI both work with a will, and find a way to public favour. The dresses are in excellent taste, and the scenery capital.

That the *mise en scène* is perfect, goes without saying, as this Opera has been produced by that past master of stage-direction, the one and only AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS. The dialogue is sufficiently pointed—not too pointed, but pointed enough. It does not require a knowledge of the niceties of the law, the regulations of the British army, or a keen appreciation of the subtlest subtleties of logic to fully understand it. It is amusing, and provocative of innocent laughter, which, after all, seems to be a sufficient recommendation for words spoken within the walls of a play-house. The music is full of melody—"quite killing," as a young lady wittily observed, on noticing that the name of the Composer was SLAUGHTER. So *Marjorie* may be fairly said not only to have deserved success, but (it is satisfactory to be able to add) also to have attained it.

ONE WHO HAS PRACTISED AT THE MUSICAL BAR.

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXLIII. THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., AT HAWARDEN.



As you approach the historic home of the great English Statesman who is to be your host to-day, you become conscious of the fact that there are two Hawarden Castles. Moreover, as young HERBERT pleasantly remarks a little later in the day, "You must draw a Hawarden-fast line between the two." One, standing on a hill dominating a far-reaching tract of level country, was already so old in the time of EDWARD THE FIRST that it was found necessary to rebuild it. Looking through your Domesday Book (which you always carry with you on these excursions), you

find the mansion referred to under the style of Haordine. This, antiquarians assume, is the Saxonised form of the earlier British *Y Garthddin*, which, being translated, means "The hill-fort on the projecting ridge."

When WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR came over, bringing with him a following the numerical proportions of which increase as the years roll by, he found the Fort on the Hill held by EDWARD of Mercia, and deemed it convenient to leave it in his possession. The Castle played its part in English history down to the time, now 130 years gone by, when it came into the hands of Sir JOHN GLYNN, and thence through long descent became an inheritance of the gracious lady who, with cambric cap-strings streaming in the free air of the Marches, joins your host in welcoming you.

It is, however, not on the steps of the old castle of which Prince LLEWELLYN was once lord that you are thus received. By the side of the old ruin has grown up another Hawarden Castle, a roomy mansion, statelily stuccoed, with sham turrets run up, buttresses, embrasures, portholes, and portcullises, putting to shame the rugged, looped and windowless ruin that still stands on the projecting ridge. This dates only from the beginning of the century, and, looking upon it, your face glows with honest pride, as you think how much better the generation near your own made for itself dwelling-houses compared with the earlier English.

Whilst you stand musing on these things you are conscious of a whishing sound, and a breath of swiftly moving cool air wantonly strikes your cheek. You look up and behold! there is your host, axe in hand, playfully performing a number of passes over your unconscious head. His dress is designed admirably to suit the exercise. Coat and waistcoat are doffed; the immortal collars are turned down, displaying the columnar throat and the brawny chest; the snow-white shirt-sleeves are turned up to the elbow, disclosing biceps that SAMSON would envy and SANDOW covet. His braces are looped on either side of his supple hips; and his right hand grasps the axe which, a moment ago had been performing over your head a series of evolutions which, remarkable for the strength and agility displayed, were, perhaps, scarcely desirable for daily repetition.

"Don't be frightened, TOBY M.P.," said the full rich voice so familiar in the House of Commons; "it's our wild woodsman's way of welcoming the coming guest. What do you think of my costume? Seen it before? Ah! yes,

the photographs. *Carte de visite* style, 10s. 6d. a dozen; Cabinet size, a guinea. I have been photographed several times as you will observe."

And, indeed, as your host leads you along the stately passages, through the storied rooms, you find his photograph everywhere. The tables are covered with them, showing your host in all attitudes and costumes. "Yes," he says, with a sigh, "I think I have marched up to the camera's mouth as often as most men of my years."

Ascending the rustic staircase which leads from the garden, WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE takes you past the library into the drawing-room, in the upper parts of the leaded windows of which are inserted panels of rare old glass, cunningly obtained by melting superfluous Welsh ale bottles. He leads you to a table, as round as that at which a famous Conference was held, and points to a little ivory painting. It shows a chubby little boy some two years of age, with rather large head and broad shoulders, sitting at the knee of a young nymph approaching her fifth year. On her knee is a book, and the chubby boy, with dark hair falling low over his forehead, his great brown eyes staring frankly at you, points with his finger to a passage. When you learn that this is a portrait of your host and his sister taken in the year 1811, you naturally come to the conclusion that the young lady has, for party purposes, been misquoting some passages in her brother's speech, and that he, having produced an authorised record of his address, is triumphantly pointing to the text in controversy of her statement.

Your host, chopping grimly at the furniture as he passes along—here dexterously severing the leg of a Chippendale chair, and there hacking a piece off a Louis Quatorze couch—leads the way to an annexe he has just built for the reception of his treasured books. From the outside this excrescence on the Castle has but a poverty-stricken look. It is, to tell the truth, made of corrugated iron. But that is a cloak that cunningly covers an interior of rare beauty and rich design. Arras of cloth of gold hangs loosely on the walls, whilst here and there, on the far-reaching floor, gleams the low light of a faded Turkey carpet. Open tables, covered with broad cloths of crimson velvet, embroidered and fringed with gold, carry innumerable Blue Books. On marble tables, supported on carved and gilded frames, stand priceless vases, filled with rare flowers. In crystal flagons you detect the sheen of amber light (which may be sherry wine), whilst the ear is lulled with the sound of fountains dispensing perfumes as of Araby. In an alcove, chastely draped with violent violet velvet, the grey apes swing, and the peacocks preen, on fretted pillar and jewelled screen. Horologes, to chime the hours, and even the quarters, urprise from tables of ebony-and-mother-of-pearl. Cabinets from Ind and Venice, of filigree gold and silver, enclose complete sets of *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*; whilst lamps of silver, suspended from pendant pinnacles in the fretted ceiling, shed a soft light over the varied mass of colour.

Casting himself down lightly by a cabinet worked with Dutch beads interspersed with seed-pearls, and toying with the gnarled handle of the axe, the Right Hon. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE tells you the story of his life. At the outset you are a little puzzled to gather where exactly he was born. At first you think it was in Scotland. Anon some town in England claims the honour. Then Wales is incidentally mentioned, and next the tearful voice of Erin claims her son. But, as the story goes forward with long majestic stride, these difficulties fade in the glamour of the Old Man's eloquence, and when you awake and find your host has not yet got beyond the second course—the fish, as it were, of the intellectual banquet—you say you will call again.

Mention of the three courses naturally suggests dinner, and as you evidently enjoy the monopoly of the mental association, you take your leave, perhaps regretting that among his wild woodsman accessories your host does not seem to include the midday chop.

GOLD-TIPPED cigarettes seem just now to be "the swagger thing." "Ah!" Master TOMMY sighed, as he set off for school with only five shillings in his pocket, in consequence of all his dearest—and nearest—relatives being laid up with the prevailing epidemic, "Ah, how I should like to be one of those cigarettes, and then I should be tipped with gold."

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XX.

SWEET odours, radiant colours, glittering light!
 How swift a change from the dusk sodden night
 Of London in mid-winter!
Titania here might revel as at home;
 Fair forms are floating soft as Paphian foam,
 Bright as an iceberg-splinter.

Dianas doubtless, yet their frost holds fire;
 The snowiest bosom covers soft desire,
 And these are snowy, verily.
 As blanched—and bare—as Himalaya's peaks,
 Light-vestured as a troop of dancing Greeks.
 Waltz—measures ripple merrily.

Merrily? Yes; the music throbs with mirth,
 Feet trip in time to it; yet what strange dearth
 Of glee midst all these graces!
 The quickening fire of spirit, passion, will,
 Seems scarce to move these dancing forms or thrill
 These irresponsible faces.

The Shadow smiled. "True, yet not true," he said. [half dead,
 "Good Form demands that men should look And women semi-frozen.
 Yet Nature lives beneath these modish masks
 Somewhere, sometimes, with energy that tasks
 Caste's rigid rule to cozen.

"Pygmalion's prayer breathed life into the stone,
 But see yon graceful girl, with straitened zone
 And statuesque still bearing.
 You'd say in her the marble must invade
 The flesh, in so much loveliness arrayed,
 Such radiant raiment wearing.

"Whirled in the waltz's formal maze by one
 Who might be a broad-cloth'd automaton,
 For any show of pleasure,
 She moves with drooping lids, and lips apart,
 And scarce a flush to show that a young heart
 Throbs to the pulsing measure."

"Men meet to moon, and women whirl to wed,
 The cynic says. Is joy in life quite dead,
 Gladness in concourse banished
 From the parades of fashionable youth?
 Have maiden tenderness and manly truth
 From Vanity Fair quite vanished?"

"Soft!" sneered the Shadow. "Questionings like these [freeze
 Sound *garuche* and gushing. Better far to
 To the right social zero,
 Than stoop to zeal and frank display of zest,
 Notes of the vulgar glories that invest
 The housemaid-novel's hero.

"Nothing more useful than the surface-ice
 Of stiff stolidity. Vigour, aye, and vice,
 Therein find ready covert.
 Wickedness here may lurk, or even wit,
 Not to name happiness; but naught of it
 Is obvious and overt.
 "How bored they look, the slim stiff-collared boys!
 Energy that is eager and enjoys
 They may anon make show of
 In some less honest haunt; here as in pain
 They creak and crawl, devoid of that *sans gêne*
 That virtue seems sworn foe of.



"Languidly circumvolving, lounging lank,
 In scuffling circle or in mural rank,
 Of misery mechanic
 They look the wooden symbols; nought to show
 That even well-starched linen's sheeny snow
 Veils impulses volcanic.

"That straight-limb'd son of Anak circling there [care
 Much like a whirling semaphore, strange
 His boyish forehead wrinkling?
 The season's catch! His sire, is great in Soap,
 His partner's mother yonder sits; with hope
 Her watchful eyes are twinkling.

"The twirling twain are silent. Silence sits
 Lord of the revel, incubus of wits
 Arch paiser of prattle [sweet,
 Yet many a girl here mute's a chatterer
 And many a youth in circles less discrete
 Is an 'agreeable rattle.'

"Respectability's austere restraint
 Rules them relentlessly; smiles forced and
 And joyless facial spasms [faint
 Their meetings and their mutterings attend.
 Jerky approximations quickly end
 In void unvoiced chasms.

"Yet still they circle, and yet still they loll.
 A marionette wooing a wooden doll
 Would look more animated
 Than yonder pair, revolving interlaced,
 Exchanging commonplace leaden-paced,
 Or repartees belated."

"Mammon by day and maundering at night
 Oh, Shade!" I cried, "can furnish scant
 delight,
 The Race for Wealth is rapid.
 How can the feverish rush find true relief
 In heartless intercourse, as bald as brief,
 Amusement vain as vapid?"

"Amusement?! Intercourse? [They scarce
 exist."
 The Shadow answered. "Some Boeotian mist
 Society blinds and muddles.
 True recreation in this joyless round?
 The sea's bright changefulness as soon were found
 In Peddington's rain-puddles.

"The cliques and coteries know not how to mix.
 A barrier more impassable than Styx
 Is Philistine stupidity.
 Were mutual amusement meeting's aim,
 Mind must move maidenhood inert and tame,
 Melt masculine rigidity.

"Concourse, not intercourse, is what you see:
 To mix, and sympathise, and to be free,
 Is the true sociality.
 These meet, like marbles mingled in a bag,
 And the net outcome, friend, is friction, tag,
 Boredom, and sheer banality.

"The strongest symptom of quick life crops out
 In watchful mutual mockery. Gibe and flout
 In low asides flow freely.
 Oh, bland elysium for the brave and fair,
 Whose pleasures are the snigger and the stare,
 Chill snub, and eye-glance steely!

"Prigdom's Philistia, though a polished State,
 Has not yet learned quite how to recreate.
 Gath in the ball-room gathers,
 Askelon haunts 'At homes,' but little joy
 Bring they to man or matron, girl or boy,
 To swells or City-fathers."

(To be continued.)

AU REVOIR!

Mr. PUNCH and Mr. J. L. TOOLE discovered smoking a last cigar.

Mr. P. And so, my dear JOHNIE, you are leaving us at once?

Mr. J. L. T. Yes, Sir, but I hope soon to be back again. I am looking forward to the voyage as an excellent digestive to all the luncheons, dinners, and suppers I have been taking for the last five or six weeks.

Mr. P. I have no doubt they have been a little trying—eh, JOHNIE?

Mr. J. L. T. And yet, as I have observed in the *Upper Crust*, "they were very welcome." But, Sir, how did I get through my oratory? Did you notice my speeches at the Garrick and the Savage? Which did you prefer?

Mr. P. I heard the first, and read a report of the second, and can conscientiously declare they were equally good.

Mr. J. L. T. I am glad to hear you say so, Sir. I confess I didn't think there was much to choose between them. And now (*with deep emotion*), will you excuse my glove?

Mr. P. No; I won't say good-bye; for wherever you may roam, my dear JOHNIE, you will have this consolation—you will find me there before you!



"There is now a strong impression that the Money Market has at last tided over the period of tightness."—*Daily News*, Feb. 4.

THE IMPERIAL SOCIALIST.

A Song of a Strange Development.

WILL you walk into my Congress? says the Emperor unto Labour;
 'Tis the nicest little Congress; I'm inviting many a neighbour.
 The way into my Congress by this Rescript I prepare, [there.
 And we shall have some curious things to show you—when you're
 Then won't you, won't you, little International Working-Man?

We've already done a little to improve poor Labour's lot,
 Shorten its hours, insure its life, and help to fill its pot.
 But the poorer and the weaker yet fall short of the reality
 Of "conformity to the principles of Chris-ti-an morality."
 Then won't you, &c.

'Tis one of the State's duties, friends, to regulate the time,
 The duration and the nature of your work,—a task sublime;
 And you'll find we'll do it better, if you only won't resist,
 Than that most obnoxious personage, the shouting Socialist.
 Then won't you, &c.

I'm an Emperor by profession, but I have my little plan
 For improving the position of the German Working-man.
 But the International Question stands a little in the way,
 So I've asked the Nations to convene—I only hope they may.
 Then won't you, &c.

And when they get together they will do—well, we shall see;
 But the Socialists shan't have *all* their own way with Industry.
 I recognise the justice of the Workmen's aspirations,
 And upon their wants and wishes I would start "negotiations."
 Then won't you, &c.

Oh, I know my plan will bring up all the fogies in full blast,
 And Coercion and Protection I see looking on aghast.
 But I'm game to turn deaf ear to them, if *you* will only list,
 To that latest, strangest birth of time, the Imperial Socialist!
 Then won't you, &c.

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT.

Hints from the Chancellor of the Exchequer's correspondence.

SIR,—If you wish to immortalise yourself as Chancellor of the Exchequer, now is your opportunity. You have a surplus, I believe, of eight or nine millions? This is about the figure required to provide the Members of the London County Council with a moderate-sized palace, not perhaps entirely suited to their exalted dignity, but, at least, sufficient to house them in something like proper and fitting style. A site should be secured on the Embankment, by clearing away Somerset House, and the intervening buildings, including the blocks of the Inner and Middle Temple, which could all be carted away and re-erected further down, say, at Millbank, and on the space thus secured a white marble structure could be reared with an adequately imposing façade facing the river, that would in some slight degree represent the majesty of the illustrious body destined to occupy it. I don't say that nine millions would be enough thoroughly to carry out the design I have in view, but your surplus might serve as a central fund to begin upon, to which Parliament, no doubt, would cheerfully add another five or six millions if required. Such an obvious use for your money, I feel, needs no further argument from yours encouragingly and suggestively, A FULL BLOWN LONDON COUNTY COUNCILLOR.

SIR,—I have several near relatives in the Colonies, with whom I have, owing to the present exorbitant rates for postage, not communicated for many years. This fact has suggested to me that the golden opportunity now offers itself to you of re-uniting family ties, re-opening closed correspondence, restoring natural affection in otherwise hardened breasts, and, in a word, consolidating the Empire, it may be, for countless ages yet unborn. Spend your surplus, Sir, in providing this country and all her dependencies with a *farthing postage*—mind, not a penny, but a FARTHING POSTAGE! I read somewhere that the actual cost to the Government for the transport of letters was at the rate of ten for a penny. Thus your four millions sunk in the enterprise ought to produce you an immediate profit, at least so I make it, of six millions a year. But, profit or no profit, think of the boon to thousands of Englishmen like myself, who could then stand a pennyworth of correspondence in the year, with children with whom now they are unable to communicate, owing to the cruel and crushing charge of fivepence for a single letter. Picture one who, though not close over money matters, and full of love for his offspring, must yet sign himself

A CIRCUMSPECT AND CAUTIOUS PARENT.

SIR,—Have you read Lord WOLSELEY's article in this month's *Harper*? He advises a higher rate of pay for the rank and file of the British Army? *Verbum sap.* You understand. It is clear what you must do with your surplus. Ensure TOMMY ATKINS six-and-sixpence a day, and you will have every Regiment in the Service thronged with real live Gentlemen. This is what is wanted (so I gather from Lord W.'s article) to make the British Army, if not the most costly, at least the most respectable in the world. Come, Sir, do not make it necessary that you should be reminded a second time of your plain and obvious duty by

A SANGUINE AND EXPECTANT PRIVATE.

SIR,—There can be no doubt in regard to the proper destination of those surplus millions, the fitting disposition of which, I am informed, is involving you in no little perplexity. They seem in a special manner to furnish the legitimate answer to the almost universal cry, now going forth, for "Free Education." Here then is your opportunity. And it is a magnificent one. Your surplus will enable a wise and paternal Government to give not merely education, free of cost, to every child in the three kingdoms, but will supply it with ample means to infuse the very highest culture attainable into the very dregs of the population. Spanish, Italian, German, Russian, French, Chinese, together with riding, dancing, painting in oil colours, hydrostatics, and the elements of Court etiquette, will, henceforth, comprise the curriculum of the veriest gutter-child.

Can you, Sir, contemplate such a brilliant, such a soul-stirring prospect unmoved? That you cannot, and will at once hand over your useful millions for the purpose of carrying into effect the above modest but magnificent scheme, is the firm belief of yours suggestively, THE LATEST TEACHER OF THE YOUNG IDEA.



A DIAGNOSIS.

"IT SAYS 'ERE, AS YOUR OLD BOSS, COLONEL M'WHUSKEY, HAS BEEN ILL."—"AH! SO I 'EED!"—"RUSSIAN EPIDEMIC?"—"NO,—SCOTCH."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"BRING me my Scotch Dictionary!" cried the Baron. "Alas, my Lord was the answer of the faithful servitor, 'there is none such here.' 'I fack quoth the Baron, 'then will I buckle to and read *A Window in Thrums* wi'



Book Markers.

the Scotchiest of Sir WALTER SCOTT's Novels, and having a "Nicht wi' ROBBIE BURNS."

I await the Reminiscences of Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, Q.C. and P.M. considerable interest.

Mr. KEITH FLEMING's romance, *Can such Things be? or, the Weird Beresfords*,—no relation to Lord CHARLES of that ilk,—starts, and will make reader start too, with a very creepy idea. The story would have been a good weird and eerie one but for the continual twaddling interruptions "spookikal" research and metaphysical problems, which, however, the enclosed skipper, who knows the chart, can easily avoid after the first two o bumps, and even the inexperienced reader will be able, after an hour or hop from point to point like a robin from twig to twig. But skipping and b

is wearying, and the story is too long, and so we become familiar with the ghost, and we all know what the fatal consequence of familiarity is. The repetitions of the Spook's appearance are monotonous. Had *The Weird* been condensed like milk in tins, or essenced like Liebig, and been presented to the public as a story in two numbers of *Blackwood* (always such an appropriate title for a Magazine full of mysterious stories,—*Black Wood* so like *Black Forest*) or *Macmillan*, or *Cornhill* (where, somehow, a ghost-story always reads uncommonly well), this romance would have created a great sensation. As it is, it doesn't, at least not much. **BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.**

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

Our present Drama (No. VI.) represents an attempt to illustrate upon the Music-hall Stage the eternal truth that race will tell in the long run, despite—but, on second thoughts, it does not quite prove that, though it certainly shows the unerring accuracy of parental—at least, that is not exactly its tendency, either; and the fact is that *Mr. Punch* is more than a little mixed himself as to the precise theory which it is designed to enforce. He hopes, however, that, as a realistic study of Patrician life and manners, it will possess charms for a democratic audience.

COMING OF AGE.

A Grand Social Psychological Comedy-Drama, in One Act.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Earl of Burntalmond.

The Countess of Burntalmond (his wife).

Robert Henry Viscount Bullsaye (their son and heir).

The Lady Rose Caramel (niece to the Earl).

Horehound

Mrs. Horehound

Coltsfoot Horehound.

Tenantry.

(Travelling as "The Celebrated Combination Korfdropp Troupe," in their refined and elegant Drawing-room Entertainment.)

SCENE—The Great Quadrangle of Hardbake Castle; banners,

mottoes, decorations, &c. On the steps, R., the Earl, supported by his wife, son, and niece, is discovered in the act of concluding a speech to six tenantry, who display all the enthusiasm that is reasonably to be expected at ninepence a night.

The Earl (patting Lord Bullsaye's shoulder). I might say more, Gentlemen, in praise of my dear son, Lord Bullsaye, here—I might dwell on his extreme sweetness, his strongly marked character, the variety of his tastes, and the singular attraction he has for children of all ages—but I forbear. I will merely announce that on this day—the day he has selected for attaining his majority—he has gratified us all by plighting troth to his cousin, the Lady Rose Caramel, with whose dul-

cet and clinging disposition he has always possessed the greatest natural affinity.

Lord Bullsaye (aside to Lady R.). Ah, Rose, would such happiness could last! But my heart misgiyes me strangely—why, I know not.

Lady R. Say not so, dear Bullsaye—have you not just rendered me the happiest little Patrician in the whole peerage?

Lord B. 'Tis true—and yet, and yet—pooh, let me snatch the present hour!

The Earl. And now, let the Revels commence.

Enter the Korfdropp Troupe, who give their marvellous Entertainment, entitled, "The Three Surprise Packets," after which—

Horehound. This will conclude the first portion of our Entertainment, Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen; and, while my wife and pardner retires to change her costume for the Second Part, I should be glad of the hoppertoonity of a short pussional hexplanation with the noble Earl on my right.

The Earl (graciously). I will hear you, fellow! (Aside.) Strange how familiar his features seem to me!

Horeh. The fact is, your Lordship's celebrating the coming of hage of the wrong heir. (Sensation—i.e., the six tenantry shift from one leg to the other, and murmur feebly.) Oh, I can prove it. Twenty-one years ago—(slow music)—I was in your Lordship's service as gamekeeper, 'ead whip, and hextry waiter. My son and yours was born the selfsame day, and my hold woman was selected to haot as foster-mother to the youthful lord. Well—(tells a long, and not entirely original, story; marvellous resemblance between infants, only distinguishable by green and magenta bows, &c., &c.) Soon after, your Lordship discharged me at a moment's notice—

The Earl (haughtily). I did, upon discovering that you were in the habit of surreptitiously carrying off kitchen-stuff, concealed within your umbrella. But proceed with your narration.

Horeh. I swore to be avenged, and so—(common form again; the shifted bows)—consequently, as a moment's reflection will convince you, the young man on the steps, in the button-ole and tall 'at, is my lawful son, while the real Viscount is—(presenting COLTSFOOT, who advances modestly on his hands)—ere! [Renewed sensation.]

The Earl. This is indeed a startling piece of intelligence. (To Lord B.) And so, Sir, it appears that your whole life has been one consistent imposition—a gilded lie?

Lord B. Let my youth and inexperience at the time, Sir, plead as my best excuse!

The E. Nothing can excuse the fact that you—you, a low-born son of the people, have monopolised the training, the tenderness and education, which were the due of your Patrician foster-brother. (To COLTSFOOT.) Approach, my injured, long-lost boy, and tell me how I may atone for these years of injustice and neglect!

Coltsf. Well, Guv'nor, if you could send out for a pot o' four arf, it 'ud be a beginning, like.

The E. You shall have every luxury that befits your rank, but first remove that incongruous garb.

Colts. (to Lord B.). These 'ere togs belong to you now, young feller, and I reckon exchange ain't no robbery.

Lord B. (with emotion, to Countess). Mother, can you endure to behold your son in tights and spangles on the very day of his majority?

Countess (coldly). On the contrary, it is my wish to see him attired as soon as possible, in a more appropriate costume.

Lord B. (to Lady R.). Rose, you, at least, have not changed? Tell me you will love me still—even on the precarious summit of an acrobat's pole!

Lady Rose (scornfully). Really the presumptuous familiarity of the lower orders is perfectly appalling!

The Earl (to Countess, as Lord B. and COLTSFOOT retire to exchange costumes). At last, PAULINE, I understand why I could never feel towards BULLSAYE the affection of a parent. Often have I reproached myself for a coldness I could not overcome.

Countess. And I too! Nature was too strong for us. But, oh, the joy of recovering our son—of finding him so strong, so supple, so agile. Never yet has our line boasted an heir who can feed himself from a fork strapped on to his dexter heel!

The E. (with emotion). Our beloved, boneless boy!

[Re-enter COLTSFOOT in modern dress, and Lord B. in tights. Colts. Don't I look slap-up—O.K. and no mistake? Oh, I am 'aving a beano!

All. What easy gaiety, and unforced animation!

The E. My dear boy, let me present you to your fiancée. Rose, my love, this is your legitimate lover.

Colts. Oh, all right, I've no objections—on'y there'll be ructions with the young woman in the tight-rope line as I've been keepin' comp'ny with—that's all!

The E. Your foster-brother will act as your substitute there. (Proudly.) My son must make no mésalliance!

Rose (timidly). And, if it would give you any pleasure, I'm sure I could soon learn the tight-rope!

Colts. Not at your time o' life, Miss, and besides, 'ang it, now I'm a lord, I can't have my wife doin' nothing low!

The E. Spoken like a true BURN TALMOND! And now let the revels re-commence. [Re-enter Mrs. HOREHOUND.

Horeh. (to Lord B.). Now then, stoopid, tumble, can't you—what are you 'ere for?

Lord B. (to the Earl). Since it is your command, I obey, though it is ill tumbling with a heavy heart!

Colts. Call that a somersault? [Turns head over heels laboriously. Lady R.) 'I'll show yer 'ow to do a turn.

All. What condescension! How his aristocratic superiority is betrayed, even in competition with those to the manner born!

Mrs. Horeh. (still in ignorance of the transformation). Halt! I have kept silence till now—even from my husband, but the time has come when I must speak. Think you that if he were indeed a lord, he could turn such somersaults as those? No—no. I will reveal all. (Tells same old story—except that she herself from ambitious motives transposed the infants' bows.) Now, do with me what you will!

Horch. Confusion, so my ill-judged action did but redress the wrong I designed to effect!

The E. (annoyed). This is a serious matter, reflecting as it does upon the legitimacy of my lately recovered son. What proof have you, woman, of your preposterous allegation?

Mrs. H. None, my lord,—but these—

[*Exhibits two faded bunches of ribbon.*]

The E. I cannot resist such overwhelming evidence, fight against it as I may.

Lord B. (triumphantly). And so—oh, Father, Mother, Rose—dear, dear Rose—I am no acrobat after all!

The E. (sternly). Would you were anything half so serviceable to the community, Sir! I have no superstitious reverence for rank, and am, I trust, sufficiently enlightened to discern worth and merit—even beneath the spangled vest of the humblest acrobat. Your foster-brother, brief as our acquaintance has been, has already endeared himself to all hearts, while you have borne a trifling reverse of fortune with sullen discontent and conspicuous incapacity. He has perfected himself in a lofty and distinguished profession during years spent by you, Sir, in idly cumbering the earth of Eton and Oxford. Shall I allow him to suffer by a purely accidental coincidence? Never! I owe him reparation, and it shall be paid to the uttermost penny. From this day, I adopt him as my eldest son, and the heir to my earldom, and all other real and personal effects. See, ROBERT HENRY, that you treat your foster-brother as your senior in future!

Coltsf. (to Lord B.). Way-oh, ole matey, I don't bear no malice, I don't! Give us your dooks.

[*Offering hand.*]

The C. Ah, BULLSAYE, try to be worthy of such generosity!

[*Lord B. grasps COLTSFOOT's hand in silence.*]

Lady Rose. And pray, understand that, whether Mr. COLTSFOOT be viscount or acrobat, it can make no difference whatever to the disinterested affection with which I have lately learnt to regard him.

[*Gives her hand to COLTSFOOT, who squeezes it with ardour.*]

Colts. (pleasantly). Well, Father, Mother, your noble Herliship and Lady, foster-brother BULLSAYE, and my pretty little sweetart 'ere, what do you all say to goin' inside and shunting a little garbage, and shifting a drop or so of lotion, eh?

The E. A most sensible suggestion, my boy. Let us make these ancient walls the scene of the blithest—ahem!—*beano* they have ever yet beheld!

[*Cheers from Tenantry, as the Earl leads the way into the Castle with Mrs. HOREHOUND, followed by HOREHOUND with the Countess and COLTSFOOT with Lady ROSE, Lord BULLSAYE, discomfited and abashed, entering last as Curtain falls.*]

KICKED!

(By the Foot of Clara Groomley.)

CHAPTER IV. AND LAST.

In the little sitting-room above his shop sat Mr. ASSID ROPES. It was the afternoon before Christmas Day. He had generously allowed all his assistants to leave. "If anybody wants their hair cut, or their hat ironed," he said, "I'll do it myself, and then they'll wish they hadn't."

Yet, when a customer rapped on the floor below, Mr. ROPES felt exceedingly angry.

"What do you want?" he called down the stairs.

"I want my hat ironed," said a clear, manly voice.

"Go away! Your hat doesn't want ironing. Go to bed!"

"I will not go away," said the clear, firm voice, "until you have attended to my hat—hat once, if you please."

Mr. ROPES came grumbling down the stairs. For one moment he gazed at the man in the shop, and then flung his arms round him, and wept tears of joy.

"My dear old friend, CYRIL MUSH!" he exclaimed.

They had been boys together at Eton, and rowed in the Trinity boat together at Cambridge. Fate had separated them.

In less than a minute they were talking over old times together in the little sitting-room over the shop. CYRIL MUSH was delighted. "You can't charge an old friend anything for just ironing his hat," he said, with his peculiarly winning smile.

Before Mr. ROPES could correct this impression, another voice was heard in the shop below.

"Can you come down for a minute—to oblige a lady?"

Mr. ROPES descended once more. In a minute he returned.

"Awfully sorry, MUSH, but I must go. I've got to shave a dead poodle, and the men are coming to stuff it at nine o'clock to-night. It's for a lady—*no-lesse oblige*, you know. I'll finish your hat when I come back."

In a second he was gone. CYRIL MUSH replaced the lining in his hat, and placed it on his head. He went out into the streets. He was wondering what poodle it was which Mr. ASSID ROPES had gone

to shave. Could it be the same? No, most certainly not. So of course it was the same.

In the meanwhile Mr. ROPES had arrived at the house, and had been ushered into the chamber of death. The light was very bad, and he happened to cut the animal while engaged in shaving it.

"Very sorry, Sir," said Mr. ROPES, from force of habit, "but it's not my fault. You've got a pimple there, and you jerked your head just as I was going over it. A little powder will put that all right."

Suddenly it flashed across him that the poodle was not dead if the blood flowed. He rushed out of the room, and found himself confronted by a handsome, wicked-looking man, of about thirty.

"Excuse me, Sir, but that poodle's not dead."

It's in a trance. Just run

down to the kitchen and fetch me some brandy, some blankets, and some hot bricks, and I'll bring it round."

"The dog is dead, and in a very few hours he'll be stuffed," was the cruel reply. "You needn't trouble to bring it round. If you've brought your tackle round, you can shave it."

"I've been shaving it—and that's how I know."

A door opened on the other side of the passage, and a fair young girl came out in tears and a black dress.

"What's the matter, ALGERNON?" she said.

"It's nothing, ALICE. This idiot says that Tommy's not dead."

With one wild yell of joy, a yell that broke the gas-globes, and unlinked carriages at all the principal London railway stations, ALICE SMITH fell senseless on the floor.

"Out you get!" exclaimed her cousin ALGERNON to Mr. ROPES.

"If the dog is not dead, come back in two hours, and prove it—otherwise it will be dead, and stuffed too."

"Now then," said ALGERNON, when Mr. ROPES had gone, "if Tommy Atkins is not dead, he soon will be." He grasped his walking-stick, and tried the door of the room. It was locked. Mr. ROPES had looked it, and taken the key!

"Aha!" he exclaimed. "Baffled! Baffled! Kindly turn the lime-light off the swooned maiden, and throw it on to me. Sympathetic music from the violins, if you please."

One hour had passed. Mr. ALKALOID, the photographer, had met Mr. MUSH. Mr. ALKALOID had come from Ryde to London to get his hair singed. The two accidentally met Mr. ROPES as he was dashing wildly down the street towards his own shop. In one minute all was explained. Mr. ALKALOID had fetched his photographic apparatus, and the three were careering back to the house where the poodle lay dead. But was he dead? You know he wasn't, as well as I do. What do you ask such senseless questions for? "It's the only sure test," said ALKALOID. "If that dog's alive, he'll wag his tail when I try to photograph him. I never knew it fail."

Outside the door of that gorgeously-furnished room stood an excited group. ALGERNON, the villain, was soliloquising. ALICE was explaining to CYRIL how he had dropped his note down the neck of the wrong girl—who was also named SMITH—and how she had been compelled to believe him unfaithful. Mr. ROPES was listening attentively at the key-hole, and CYRIL was kissing ALICE.

Within the room Mr. ALKALOID was photographing the dead poodle. (I call it dead, but of course that doesn't humbug you.)

"Now then, we're ready," they heard Mr. ALKALOID say. "Don't stare. Just a natural, easy—now then—thank you!"

There was dead silence within the room and without. Then the door opened, and Mr. ALKALOID came out cheerfully.

"The poodle's dead all right," he said. "What you took to be blood, ROPES, was blacking off your razor. You really ought not to strop them on your boot. I'll walk round to your shop with you. I want my hair singed."

ALICE went into hysterics; ALGERNON swooned with joy; and CYRIL MUSH had a fit.

At the moment of going to press, they are all three still in the above condition. The dog, in the meantime, has been accidentally stuffed with the stuffing intended for the stuffer's Christmas goose. The goose was found, on carving, to be stuffed with several shilling shockers, which had been intended to pad the poodle.

And to what better use could they have been put—especially if they were all like this?





MISUNDERSTOOD!

(ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.)

Daughter of the House (anxious to introduce Partners to each other). "IS YOUR CARD QUITE FULL, MR. M'SAWNEY?"
Mr. M'Sawney. "OH DEAR, NO! WHICH DANCE SHALL I GIVE YOU?"

THE "SALUTE;" OR, TAKING DISTANCE.

"When the assault is given in the presence of spectators, it is not uncommon to precede it by the Salute, which shows the scheme and various figures, as it were, of the attack and defence in a precise, ceremonious manner, and with the same kind of courtly ritual as that which distinguishes the minuet."—*H. A. Colmore Dunn's "Fencing."*

THERE, standing face to face, foil in hand,
 Just out of lunging range they salute,
 Who anon, swordsman stark, old fencer grand,
 Must fight their duel out, foot to foot.
 Mere preliminary flourish, all of this;
 The punctilio of "form" without a fault;
 But soon the blades shall counter, clash, and
 twist,
 In assault.

The ritual of the rapier or the foil;
 Vastly pretty ceremonial parade.
 Merest preface to the hot and breathless toil
 Of the fencers fiercely battling blade to
 blade.

In position! Featly, formally on guard,
 Engage the blades in quarte. But by-and-by
 Every subtle thrust and parry, feint and ward,
 Each will try.

Foible to foible! Measure distance! Lunge!
 Now the thrust ends in the merest harmless
 touch;

But ere the beaten man throws up the sponge,
 As the boxers say, relaxing his hilt-clutch,
 There'll be lunges and ripostes of other sort.
 Firm foot and steady hand must be their
 friend;

The encounter will be struggle, not mere sport,
 Ere the end.

First to left and then to right! Parry of
 quarte!

In pronation by a turn of supple wrist!
 Parry in tierce! All elegant and smart;
 But the lethal thrust no parry can resist
 Comes not in this preliminary play.

The defender, so complacent and erect,
 Will show another pose another day,
 We suspect.

And that grey Grand Old Assailant, who's
 expert

At beat and re-beat, press, and graze, and
 bind,

Will try his best at a disabling hurt;

It is not mere parade that's in his mind.

Meanwhile he's taking measure of his foe,

Meanwhile his foe of him is taking stock;

And anon they'll come together in a glow,
 With a shock!

THE PREMIER'S POWER.

Brief Fragment of a current Historical Romance.

[It is whispered that the PRIME MINISTER has
 of late taken too much into his own hands the
 conduct of the foreign affairs of the Government.
 —*Smoking-room Gossip.*]

THE PRIME MINISTER stood upon the rug,
 with his back to the fire, and regarded his
 assembled colleagues with an imperious and
 angry scowl. There was a profound and sig-
 nificant silence for several minutes. At
 length it broke. He was addressing them
 once more.

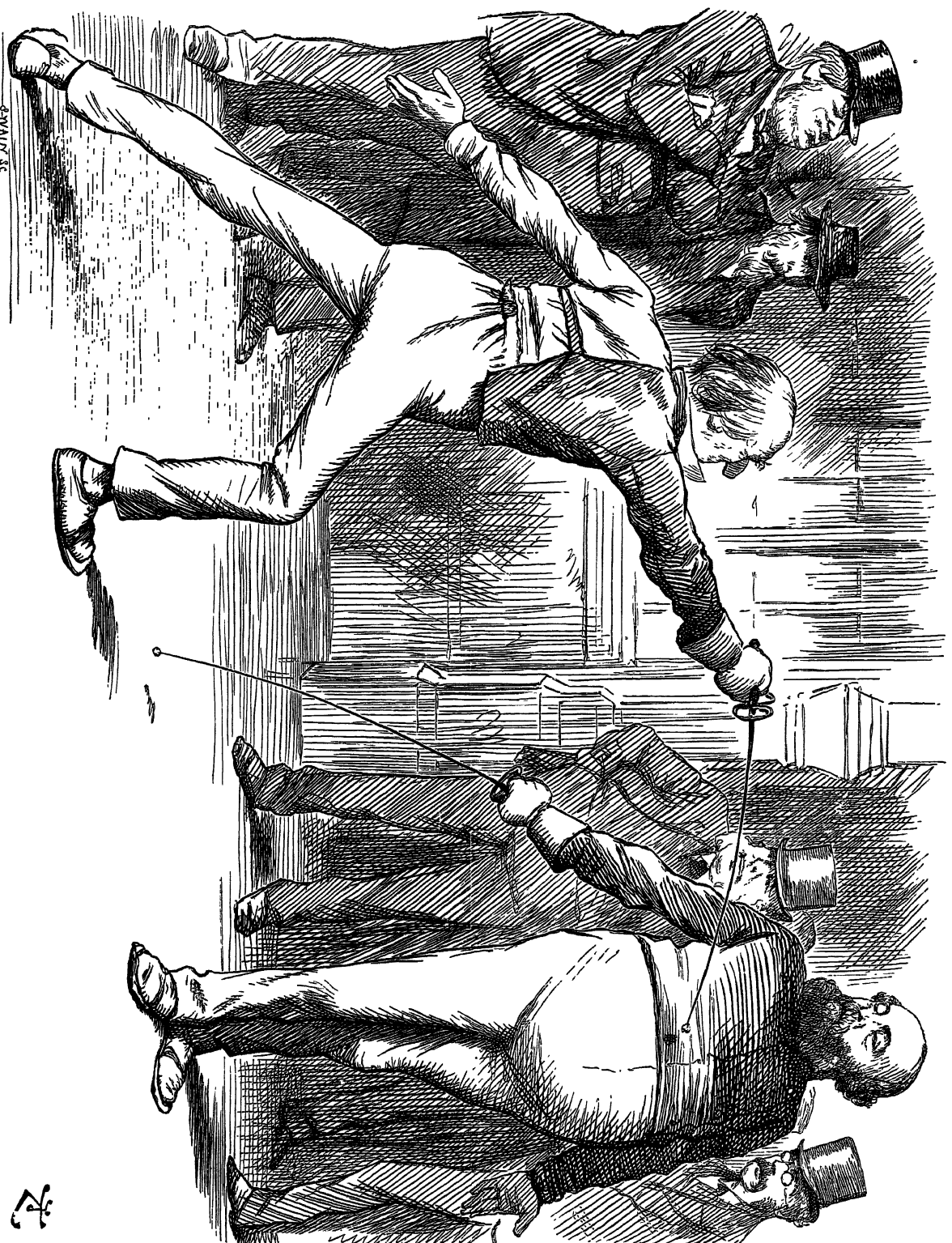
"You understand the official relationship

that exists between us. You are my crea-
 tures. I am your Master. What I originate,
 you accept. I act, you endorse. Do I,"
 he continued, his voice rising to a shrill,
 piping treble, "do I make myself suffi-
 ciently clear?"

A sickly smile of abject acquiescence over-
 spread the features of the now trembling
 Ministers. Their Chief noted it with a
 gloomy glare. Then with a furious gesture,
 he suddenly kicked a waste-paper basket into
 the air. "You may go!" he growled. They
 did not wait for a second permission. Swiftly,
 but obsequiously, they glided out of the
 room, and with traces of terror stamped on
 their blanched countenances, silently sought
 the little neighbouring Railway Station, and
 took the next train to London.

That night the Premier sat up late. But
 his work, when he began it, did not take him
 long. Yet it was not unimportant, for the
 departing mail-bag carried a set of sealed
 orders for the Admiral in Command of the
 British Squadron in East African Waters,
 another Ultimatum to the Government of
 Portugal, a threatening communication to
 the Porte, and disturbing despatches,
 threatening to the peace of Europe, to the
 Governments of Russia, France, and Germany
 respectively. He laughed long and loud
 when he thought of their contents. Then he
 went to bed.

Later on, his work bore fruit; and people
 then said that the Cabinet of the day must
 have been a strange one!



THE "SALUTE!" OR, TAKING HIS MEASURE.

(OPENING OF SESSION, FEB. 11, 1890.)



HORRIBLE RESULT OF USING THE "EGYPTIAN FUR-TILISER."

"A cargo of 180,000 mummified Cats has just been landed at Liverpool, to be used as Manure."—*Daily Paper.*

ROBERT'S COMPANIONS.

I'M a beginning for to think as we're rayther a rum lot in this werry strawnery world of ours. I've jest bin a collectin from sum of my brother Waiters sum of their little historys, as far as they remembers 'em, and werry strange and werry warious sum on 'em is.



There's one pore chap who's about as onest and as atentif a Waiter as I nos on anywheres, but you never, no never, ewer sees him smile, not ewen wen a ginerus old Deputy, or a new maid Alderman, gives him harf-a-crown! I've offen and offen tried to cheer him hup with a good old glass of ginerus port, wen sum reglar swells has bin a dining and has not entied

the bottels—as reel Gennelmen never does—but never quite suck-seeded, tho' he drank down his wine fast enuff and ewidently injoyed it quite as much as if he'd paid for it, praps jest a leetle bit more. So one day I wentured to arsk him how it was as he was allers as sollem as a Churchwarden at a Charity Sermon, or a Clown in summer time, and he told me as it was all caused by the suckemstances of his hurly life, which he had never been abel to shake off hisself, pore Fellar! tho' they was none of 'em his own fault, which they was as follers.

To begin with. He was born on a Fryday, on the 1st of April, and amost all his days for years after seems to have been either Frydays or Fust of Aprils, sumtimes one, sumtimes tother, sumtimes both. He was the youngest of eleven children, and so made the family party consist of 13, always as we all knos a unlucky number, and he seemed to have been treeted as if it had bin his own fault, which in course it wasn't, not by no means, no more than it was his fault the having the Skarlet Fever on one Crismus Day, which he did to heverybody's disgust.

He was afterwards told by his old Nuss Becky that one speshal greevance of his pore mother was, that her youngest child being seven years old when BILLY was born, all the warious prepperashuns customary on such himportant occasions had been dun away with as

useless, ewen to the customary gigantick Pincushon, so that in his case there was no "Welcum to the Little Stranger!" So long, too, as his oldest brother remained at tome, he was never allowed to set down to dinner with the rest of the famerly, because, in course, he made up the unlucky number, the werry nateral consequence being, that when his oldest brother suddenly took his departure from among 'em, poor little BILLY was werry severely flogged for setting down to dinner with a smiling countinghouse! Of course ewery time as his unfortnit Birthday came round he was made a April Fool of, all his six lovin Brothers jining in the sport, one arter the other, nearly all day long. When he went to school, ewerybody knowed of his afflickshun, and made a fool of him, hushers and all.

After he growed up, his Father got him a plaice at a Lunatic Asylum, as being the most properest for his sollem natur; and there he remained for no less than five years!

Then, on the other hand, there's old Tom, or rayther yung Tom, for he's one of them jolly chaps as never seems to get no older. Why he goes about a grinning away, and a chatting away, and a chaffing of old BILL, who's much younger than him, like anythink. So I naterally arsked him how he accounted for his good sperrits. And what was his arnser? Why, hurly training. His Father was a Comio Play Actor, and allers ready for a larf, and offen took [yung Tom with him to the Theater till he becum quite a favrite with all the merry gals there, who used to pet him, and give him sweets, and teach him to say all sorts of funny things; and, when he was old enuff, he was promoted to the dignity of a full-blown Super, at 18 shillings a week, and all his close found. His grate differculity was in looking serious and keeping serious when serious bizziness was a going on; and on one oocashun, when he was playing one of a band of sangwinerry ruffians, sumthink so took his fansy, that he not only bust into a loud larf hisself, but set all the rest of the sangwinerry ruffians a larfing too, and quite spiled all the effect of the scene. So he was bundled off neck and crop, and soon afterwards got a sitewashun as a Pleaceman, but, for the life of him, he never could keep hisself serious when he was before a Magistrate with a case; for if ennybody made a joke, or ennybody larfed, Tom set off a grinning with the best of 'em, and once axshally made a joke with his Worship; so of course off he was sent again, to find a rest for the soles of his feet, and a free play for his good sperrits, in the honnerabel capacity of a Waiter.

ROBERT.



PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY PUPPETS.



ULTIMA RATIO.

Small Rustic. "YEOW CAN'T GO THAT WAY."

Stalwart Young Lady (out Sketching). "WHY NOT?"

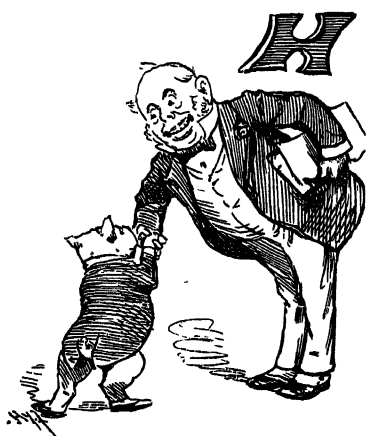
Small Rustic. "'CAUSE THERE'S—THERE'S HURDLES."

Stalwart Young Lady. "BUT I CAN GET OVER HURDLES."

Small Rustic. "AND THEN THERE'S THE BULL!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



HOUSE of Commons, Tuesday, February 11.—"How do you do, TOBY? A merry New Session and many of them."

It was OLD MORALITY who spoke; his kindly face beamed on me; his friendly hand grasped mine. Walked up the floor together through the old familiar scene. Benches crowded, though a vacant seat here and there: HARTINGTON's for example. Everybody sorry to hear he's been ill, and glad to think of him enjoying the sunlight of Monte Carlo. Grand Old Man more Grand and less Old than ever; just up from Oxford; passed very well, it is said. Comes into Parliament with every prospect of distinguishing himself; his maiden speech looked for with much interest.

"I think I'll put it off for a month or two, TOBY," he said, blushing with the ingenuousness of youth. "You see I'm so fresh from college, that it would ill become me to plunge into public affairs. It's all very well for a young fellow like me to get up at the Union; but here it's different. You're very good to say that great things are expected of me; but, if you please, I'll keep in the background a bit. I'll feel my feet first, as they used to say in the nursery, in what seems only yesterweek."

Very nice this of him. Wish all young fellows fresh from the University, even when they have taken honours, were equally modest.

"Haven't seen you since we met at Greenlands' icy mountains in the Recess," OLD MORALITY said, continuing our conversation interrupted by the cheers that greeted our arrival. "You remember how bitterly cold the day was? Rather thought you hurried away. Wish you could have stayed to luncheon. We happened to have something succulent. However, you must come and dine in my room behind the SPEAKER'S Chair; AKERS-DOUGLAS will show you the way. We do it pretty snug there, I can tell you. What sort of a Session shall we have? Who can tell? Usual sort of thing, I suppose. We shall bring in a lot of Bills; Gentlemen opposite will talk some of them out; at Easter and Whitsuntide Recesses we shall squeeze a stage of some through, under pressure of the holidays; then three weeks in June and most of July will be wasted; and in August we'll suspend Standing Orders, and ram through everything we can. As for me, I shall endeavour to do my duty to the QUEEN, to the Country, and to the Members of this House, in whichever part they sit. Did you ever, dear TOBY, consider how a kettle boils? The water nearest to the fire is first heated, and (being heated) rises to the top. Its place is supplied by colder portions, which are heated in turn, and this interchange takes place till all the water is boiling hot. That is how we shall get through the Session. The Report of the Parnell Commission, being most heated, will rise to the top first. Then the Tithes Bill, Land Purchase, the Education question, and one or two other little matters will follow, till we're all in boiling water. Good-bye now; don't forget to come across AKERS-DOUGLAS about Eight o'Clock."

Business done.—Session opened.

KILLING FOR A SHILLING.—Lord WOLSELEY (who seems to have read the regulations governing communications from soldiers to the Press in a very liberal spirit) has published an article on the British Army in the pages of an American Twelvepenny Magazine. The contribution is embellished with sketches of the costumes of TOMMY ARKINS and his predecessors. For the rest, some of the letterpress is sufficiently alarming to warrant "Our Only General" in assuming a title which he apparently appears to covet—that of a "Shilling Shocker!"

SOMETHING LIKE A DINNER.

Now that the Parliamentary Session has opened, and the Season threatens to set in with its usual severity, the dinner question comes prominently to the front. Even in the best-regulated households there is a sameness about dinner which, towards the end of the week, palls upon the appetite. Some ambitious young men have attempted to deal with the matter and surprise their guests by introducing cheese immediately after the soup (*soufflé au parmesan*), and after a cut of beef comes the fish (*turbot à la Russe*). That is well meant, but it is crude. Mr. Punch has given his great mind to the subject, and presents to the consideration of the dining world the following hints for a meal:—

Half-on-half.
Blauwe Landtongsche Oesters.
Hoog-Sauterneswijn.
Soepen.
Dikke Rivierkreeften Soep. Volmaakte Soep in Van Dijk Stijl.
Amontillado.
Zuschotelles.
Selderij. Olijven. Radijs. Haringen. Poukenvorm gebakken in Berg-op-Zoomsche Stijl.
Liebfräumlisch.
Gekruide Gerechten.
Gestreepte Baars, Piet Hein Stijl. Lambasteien met Zeeuwsche Saus.
Chateau Danzac.
Voorgerechten.
Hoenden Vleugels, met Haagsche Saus.
Heetkoudge makten Ganzenlevers in Zwolsche Stijl.
Ruinart, wrang wijn, Bijzonder Perrier Jouet, Louis Roederer, wrang, Giesler & Co., G. H. Mumm, buitengewoon droog.
Groenten.
Aardappelen in Sneeksche Stijl.
Doperwtien, Fransche Stijl.
Gebakkene Kropsalade.
Sorbet, Anneke Jans.
Gebraad.
Kanefasrug, Eendvogels. Gekruide Seiderij-sla.
Richebourg.
Nagerecht.
Curacao gelei. Italiaansche Ijs. Edamsche Kaas. Vruchten.
Gemonteerde Stukken.
Koffie.
Likeuren. Popen en Tabak. Sigaren.

It may be objected that half-and-half, even when badly spelt, is a cold preparation for dinner; and others may take exception to *Poukenvorm*, as likely to have an earthy taste. But did they ever try it *gebakken in Berg-op-Zoomsche Stijl*? It is no use mincing matters. Let anyone in search of a good dinner enter any well-appointed restaurant, and order this *menu* right through down to *Popen en Tabak* (which is not a preparation of dog's meat), and if they are not satisfied, Mr. Punch is a Dutchman.

"RICHARDSON'S SHOW" AND A "BILL OF THE PLAY."

THE Vaudeville, when it was opened, was devoted to all that was light and cheerful. Comedy and Burlesque went hand-in-hand, and the audience, if ever asked to weep, were begged to cry with laughter. But Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN (with the assistance of the late Mr. RICHARDSON) "has changed all that." *Clarissa*, the present attraction at the little theatre on the North-side of the Strand, is a piece of the most doleful character. The First Act is devoted to a very heartless abduction, and the last to a lingering death and a fatal *duello*. When it is announced that the successful fencer who "kills his man" is no less a person than that excellent Comedian, Mr. THOMAS THORNE, it will be readily understood that "the New Drama" is the reverse of lively. *Clarissa* has scarcely a laugh in it from beginning to end. Certainly, in the last Scene but one, there is a revel, in which "pseudo-Ladies of Fashion" take part, but the merriment with which it is spiced is decidedly ghastly. Miss WINTFRED EMERY is exceedingly clever, but her death-scene is painfully protracted. Mr. THALBERG, as *Lovelace*, is a sad dog in every sense—a very sad dog, indeed. The only incident in the piece ever likely to provoke a smile, is the appearance of some comic bearers of grotesque sedan-chairs. When *Clarissa* is carried out *à la Guy Faux* at the end of the Second Act, there is certainly a moment's hesitation whether the audience should cry or laugh. But the sighs have it, and pocket-handkerchiefs remain to the front. On the occasion of the initial performance, some slight amusement was caused by the introduction of Mr. BUCHANAN in unconventional nineteenth cen-

tury [morning] dress amongst the old-fashioned costumes of the company; but, of course, the slight amusement was for once and away, and could not advantageously be frequently repeated. Thus,



Something Lively at the Vaudeville.

take one thing with another, the life of the Vaudeville audiences at this moment cannot be truthfully described as a merry one.

At the Avenue quite a different story may be told. People who visit this pretty little house desirous of being moved even unto tears by that finest of *Fausts*, Mr. ALEXANDER, will be disappointed—they had far better stay at home, or go to see *Clarissa*. Mr. HAMILTON AIDÉ has adapted from the French of CARRÉ (a case of fetch and carry) a Farcical Comedy in Three Acts, which he calls *Dr. Bill*, in preference to *Dr. Jojo* the Gallic original. The prescription from which the Doctor concocts his mixture might have been supplied by the Criterion. Mr. FREDERICK TERRY plays a part that would have suited Mr. WYNDHAM down to the ground, and Mr. CHEVALIER is continually suggesting the peculiarities of Mr. MALTBY. Miss FANNY BROUGH is Miss FANNY BROUGH, which means that no one could play the part so well, much less better. For the rest, the



Making up Dr. Bill's Prescription.

company (although a new one) work together with a "go" that carries all before it. ALEXANDER has certainly conquered the world—of Comedy. He may do less wise things if he rests satisfied, and leaves Tragedy alone for an indefinitely lengthened period.

SERGEANT COX, ON BEHALF OF PRIVATE BOX.

P.S.—Mr. JEROME's new piece (which he describes as "comparatively speaking, new and original"), just produced at Terry's Theatre, is rather disappointing. Its title of *New Lamps for Old* strongly suggests a "Night's Entertainment." But when the poverty of the plot and the quality of the dialogue are taken into consideration, it would be almost too much to say that this pleasant idea is fully realised by the evening's performances. It must be confessed, however, that Mr. PENLEY, rising and descending in a dinner-lift, is (at first) funny; and Miss Cissy GRAHAM is ever welcome.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



THE SCIENTIFIC VOLUNTEER.

"If ever I have to choose . . . I shall, without hesitation, shoulder my rifle with the Orangeman."—See Professor Tyndall's Reply to Sir W. V. Harcourt. "Times," Feb. 13, 1890.

'ARRY ON EQUALITY.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Bin down as a dab with that dashed heppydemick, dear boy.
I 'ave bloomin' nigh sneezed my poor head orf. You know that there specie of toy
Wot they call cup-and-ball! That's me, CHARLIE! My back seemed to open and shut,
As the grippe-demon danced on my innards, and played pitch-and-toss with my nut.
Hinfuenza be blowed! It licks hague and cholera rolled into one.
The Sawbones have give it that name, I'm aware, but of course that's their fun.
I've 'ad colds in the head by the hunderd, but *this* weren't no cold, leastways *mine*.
Howsomever, I'm jest coming round a bit, thanks to warm slops and QyNine.
Took to reading, I did as I mended; that's mostly a practice with me.
When I'm down on my back that's the time for a turn at my dear old D. T. [on the job,
A party named ROBERT BUCHANAN, as always appears Was a slating a chappie called HUXLEY. Thinks I, I'll take stock of friend Bob.
Well, *he* ain't much account, that's a moral; a ramblinger Rad never wos.
Old HUXLEY's wuth ten on him, CHARLIE, though *he's* rather huppish and poz.
Are men really born free and equal? Ah! that's wot they're harguing hout.
BOB B., he says "Yus;" HUXLEY, "No;" and BOB's wrong, there's no manner of doubt.
"Free and equal?" Oh, NEBUHADNEZZAR! how can they talk sech tommy-rot?
Might as well say as FIZ and FOUR—Arf should be equally fourpence a pot.

Nice hidea, but *taint so*, that's the wust on it. There's where these dreamers go wrong.

Ought 's nothink, and t'at as is, *is*; all the rest isn't wuth a old Song.

Bad as BUGGINS, the Radical Cobbler, these mugs are. Sez BUGGINS, sez he, Wos it Nature give Mudford his millions, and three bob a day to poor me? Not a bit on it. Nature's a mother, and meant all her gifts *for* us all.

It's a Law as gives Mudford his Castle, and leaves me a poor Cobbler's Stall. All I've got to say, CHARLIE, is this. If so be Nature meant all that there, She must be a fair "J." as a mater. I've bin bested out of *my* share. So has BUGGINS, and nine out o' ten on us. If the few noble the quids Spite of Nature, wy Nature's a noodle as cannot purtect her own kids.

Poor BUGGINS! He's nuts upon HENERY GEORGE, WILLIAM MORRIS, and such. He's got a white face, and is humpy, and lives in a sort of a hutch Smellin' strong of wax-end and stale dubbinn. *Him* born free and equal? Great SCOTT!

'Bout as free as a trained flea in harness, or sueties piled in a pot.

Nature's nothink, dear boy, simply nothink, and natural right don't exist, Unless it means natural flyness, or natural power of fist.

It's brains and big biceps, wot wins. *Is* men equal in muscle and pith? Arsk BISMARCK and DERBY, dear boy, or arsk JACKSON the Black and JEM SMITH.

There'd be precious few larks if they wos, CHARLIE—where'd be the chance of a spree

If every pious old pump or young mug was the equal of Me?

It's the up-and-down bizness of life, mate, as makes it such fun—for the ups. Equal? Yus, as old BARNUM and BUGGINS, or tigers and tarrier pups.

He's a long-winded lot, is BUCHANAN, slops over tremenjous, he do; Kinder poet, dear boy, I believe, and they always do flop round a few, Make a rare lot o' splash and no progress, like ducks in a tub, dontcher know, But cackle and splutter ain't swimming; so ROBERT, my nabs, it's no go.

Men ain't equal a mite, that's a moral, and patter won't level 'em up. Wy yer might as well talk of a popgun a holding its own with a Krupp. 'Ow the brains and the ochre got fust ladled hout is a bit beyond me, But to fancy as them as *has* got 'em will part is dashed fiddle-de-dee.

Normans nicked? Landlords copped? Lawyers fiddled? Quite likely; I dessay they did.

Are they going to hand back the swag arter years? Not a haere or quid! Finding 's keeping, and 'olding means 'aving. I wish I'd a spanking estate Wot my hancesters nailed on the ready. They wouldn't wipe me orf the slate.

No fear, CHARLIE, my boy! I'd hang on by my eyelids; and so will the nobs, Despite Mounseer Roosso's palaver or rattletrap rubbish like BOB's.

As HUXLEY sez, Robbery's whitewashed by centries of toffdom, dear boy.

Poor pilgarlicks whose forbears wos honest rich perks can't expect to enjoy.

Life's a great game of grab, fur's I see, CHARLIE. Robbery? Well, *call* it that. If you only lay hands on your own, mate, you won't git remarkable fat.

There isn't enough to go round and yet give a fair dollop to each, It's a fight for front place, and he's lucky who gets the first bite at the peach.

High *priori* hideas about Justice, as HUXLEY declares, is all rot.

Fancy tigers dividing a carcass, and portioning each his fair lot!

"Aren't men better than tigers?" cries BUGGINS. Well, yus, there's religion and law; [claw.

Pooty fakes! But when *sharing's* the word they ain't in it with sheer tooth and

Orful nice to see Science confirming wot I always held. Blow me tight, If I don't rayther cotton to HUXLEY; he's raey, old pal, and he's right.

The skim-milk of life's for the many, the lardy few lap up the cream.

And all talk about trimming the balance is rubbish, a mere Roosso's Dream!

Philanterpy's all very nice as a plaything for soft-'arted toffs, [coughs;
Kep in bounds it don't do no great 'arm. Poor old BUGGINS, he flushes and Gets hangry, he do, at my talk. I sez, keep on your hair, my good bloke, Hindignation ain't good for your chest; out this Soshierlist cant, or you'll choke.

Philanterpy squared in a system would play up Old Nick with the Great, As 'cute Bishop MAGEE sez Religion would do—*carried out*—with the State.

Oh, when Science and Saintship shake hands, in a sperret of sound common sense,

To chuck over the cant of the Pulpit, by Jingo, old pal, it's Himmense!

All cop and no blue ain't *my* motter; I likes to stand treat to a chum;

And if I wos flush of the ochre, I tell yer I'd make the thing hum. [know;

And there's lots o' the rich is good parters; bit here and bit there, dontcher Bat shake up the Bag and share round, like good pals a pot-lucking? Oh no!

Wot these jokers call Justice means knocking all 'andicap out of life's race;

"Equal chances all round," they declare, wouldn't give equal power and pace! Wy, no; but if things weren't made nice for the few with the power and the tin,

The 'andicapped many would be in the 'unt, and some on 'em might win.

Pooty nice state o' things for the perkers! Luck, Law, and the Longheads, dear boy,

Have arranged the world so that the many must work that the few may enjoy.

These "Equality" jossers would spile it; if arf their reforms they can carry, The enjoyers will 'ave a rough time, and there won't be a look in for 'ARRY.

"LE PETIT DUC."



Audience. "BRAVO, MONSEIGNEUR!"

"BRAVO Monseigneur!" Quite a natural cry,
For he looks picturesque, and appears to be plucky,

The Roscius rôle the young actor would try;
His *début*, "gets a hand," which is certainly lucky.
These Infant Phenomena frequently fail

To rouse anything more than good-natured derision;
[hail.
But clappings and cheers this boy histrion
What then is his Vision?

"The thoughts of youth, they are long, long thoughts ;"
Exceedingly true, most mellifluous LONGFELLOW !
But later come crosses, oft leading to noughts,
And "*l'homme nécessaire*" often finds he's the wrong
How many *débuts* have occurred on the Stage [fellow.
With various set scenes, and with properties varied ?
Sensationalism, the vice of the age,
To extremes has been carried.

A good situation all actors desire,
All playrights approve, and all managers glory in.
He has struck out his own with decision and fire.
What part will he play a more serious story in ?
Who knows ? For the moment the cue is applause.
"*Vive, Roscius !*" It may mean mere *claque*, empty chatter.
And whether the youngster will further the Cause
Is a different matter.

A *coup de théâtre* is not everything,
As well he's aware, that tragedian troubled
Who is gliding so gloomily off at the wing.
Hope's cup at his lips lately brimmingly bubbled,
Now "foiled by a novice, eclipsed by a boy !"
Is the thought in his mind. The reflection is bitter—
Theatrical taste often craves a fresh toy,
And is captured by glitter.

What thinks Madame France of the attitude struck
By this confident slip of good stock histrionic ?
Though dames swear their dear *Petit Duc* is a duck,
The smile of old stagers is somewhat ironic.
But "*Bravas !*" resound. A lad's "resolute will,"
The "wisdom of twenty years," stir admiration,
The political *Café Chantant* pluck will thrill
In a stage-loving nation.

ROYAL BERKSHIRE.—Go to DOWDESWELL'S, in Bond Street, and they will show you how County-history is written in the present day. It is altogether different to the dull, old, dry volumes, "the musty histories," which our grandfathers exhibited on their shelves, but never took down to read; and these County-historians are of a much more entertaining character. Those who know Royal Berkshire well—as most of us do—will be glad to have their memory refreshed by the fresh, bright, breezy pictures by YEEND KING, JOHN M. BROMLEY, and J. M. MACKINTOSH. KESELEY HALSWELLE'S superb painting of "*Royal Windsor*" occupies the place of honour in the room. It is one of the best pictures—and at the same time one of the most unconventional—ever produced of this oft-painted subject.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

(The Typical Woman's Reply to the Arguments of the Rational Dress Society.)

My dear LENNOX BROWNE, and my good Dr. SMITH,
There is probably truth, there is certainly pith,
In your Kensington talk about Rational Dress.
Dr. GARSON and Miss LEFFLER-ARNIM also,
Talk sound common sense, but they'll find it no go ;
The Crusade they have started *can't* meet with success.
No, sage Viscountess HARBERTON, sweet Mrs. STOPES,
You had better not nourish ridiculous hopes
About "rationalising" our frocks and our shoes.
There is just one invincible thing, and that's Fashion !
That object of every true woman's chief passion,
'Tis vain to attack, and absurd to abuse.
You may say what you please about feminine "togs,"
That they're ugly, unhealthy, are burdens or clogs,
Too high, or too low, or too loose, or too tight,
There is just one reply (but 'tis more than enough)
To such "rational," but most irrelevant stuff :—
If not in the Fashion, a Woman's a Fright ! ! !

FROM THE ZOO.—The Tapir, the *Daily Telegraph* stated in one of the paragraphs of its useful and amusing diary of "London Day by Day,"—"The Tapir," at the Zoological Gardens, is a specimen of a species now "verging on the brink of extinction. He was an old Tory; the world changes, but change he would not." He should be known as the "Red Tape-ir."

THE SEAS-ON.—Mr. J. L. TOOLE, until he reaches Australia.



A WOMAN'S REASON.

Cousin Jack. "THEN WHY DID YOU MARRY HIM, EFFIE ?"

Effie. "OH, WELL—I WANTED TO SEE THE PARIS EXHIBITION, YOU KNOW !"

SHOOTING ARROWS AT A SONG.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I observe, that a gentleman has written, in a book called *In Tennyson Land*, an account of the exact localities of "the Moated Grange," and other well-advertised places—statements, which however, have been promptly challenged by the Poet's son in the *Athenæum*. As there seems to be some doubt upon this subject, perhaps, you will allow me to give a few notes anent the interesting objects which Lord TENNYSON has so obligingly immortalised in song.

The Owl.—The name of a bright little newspaper which, amongst other items of news and flashes of humour, gave a list of proposed marriages—hence, no doubt, the refrain of "To wit and to woo." It owed its temporary success both to its fun and its matrimonial intelligence.

The Dying Swan.—Probably, suggested by the condition of one of these interesting creatures on the Thames, whose plumage had changed from white to blue, owing to the River being made the temporary repository for the outcome of some chemical works.

Oriana.—This name, there is every reason to believe, was suggested by a character in the opening of a pantomime at one of the minor theatres, very popular some twenty or thirty years ago.

The Miller's Daughter.—A very touching reference to the domestic life of a hero of the Prize Ring.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.—Tradition has it that this aristocratic sounding title was originally intended for a new sort of velveteen, that would have been sold at a profit at three-and-sixpence a yard, double width.

The May Queen.—Believed to have been changed at the last moment from "The Jack-in-the-Green," a subject that had already been used by a poet of smaller fame than ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Lotos Eaters.—No doubt adapted from the English translation to a German picture of some children playing at a once well-known game called "The Loto Seaters."

The Northern Cobbler.—Suggested by a favourite coal, supplied to this day from Newcastle.

The Moated Grange.—The site of the original still exists at Haverstock Hill, and was fifty years ago more remote than it is now. Hence the title of one of the most pleasing little poems of comparatively modern times.

Trusting that these hints may be of service to those who take an interest in Lord TENNYSON's very entertaining works, I remain, my dear Mr. Punch, yours sincerely,
A SCOTCH COUSIN (THRICE REMOVED AGAINST HIS WILL) OF
Brain Cobwebby, Hatchley Colwell.
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. VII.—RECLAIMED!

Or, How Little Elfie taught her Grandmother.

CHARACTERS.

Lady Belledame (a Dowager of the deepest dye).

Monkshood (her Steward, and confidential Minion).

Little Elfie (an Angel Child). This part has been specially constructed for that celebrated Infant Actress, Banjoist, and Variety Comédienne, Miss BIRDIE CALLOWCHICK.

SCENE—The Panelled Room at Nightshade Hall.

Lady Belledame (discovered preparing parcels). Old and unloved!—yes, the longer I live, the more plainly do I perceive that I am

not a popular old woman. Have I not acquired the reputation in the county of being a witch? My neighbour, Sir VEVEY LONG, asked me publicly only the other day "when I would like my broom ordered," and that minx, Lady VIOLET POWDRAY, has pointedly mentioned old cats in my hearing! PERGAMENT, my family lawyer, has declined to act for me any longer, merely because MONKSHOOD rack-rented some of the tenants a little too energetically in the Torture Chamber—as if in these hard times one was not justified in putting the screw on! Then the villagers scowled when I pass; the very children shrink from me—[A childish voice outside window: "Yah, 'oo sold 'erself to Old Bogie for a pound o' tea an' a set o' noo teeth?"]—

that is, when they do not insult me by suggestions of bargains that are not even businesslike! No matter—I will be avenged upon them all—ay, all! 'Tis Christmas-time—the season at which sentimental fools exchange gifts and good wishes. For once I, too, will distribute a few seasonable presents... [Inspecting parcels.] Are my arrangements complete? The bundle of choice cigars, in each of which a charge of nitro-glycerine has been dexterously inserted? The lip-salve, made up from my own prescription with corrosive sublimate by a venal chemist in the vicinity? The art flower-pot, containing a fine specimen of the Upas plant, swathed in impermeable sacking? The sweets compounded with sugar of lead? The packet of best ratsbane? Yes, nothing has been omitted. Now to summon my faithful MONKSHOOD... Ha! he is already at hand. [Chord as MONKSHOOD enters.

Monkshood. Your Ladyship, a child, whose sole luggage is a small bandbox and a large banjo, is without, and requests the favour of a personal interview.

Lady B. (reproachfully). And you, who have been with me all these years, and know my ways, omitted to let loose the bloodhounds? You grow careless, MONKSHOOD!

Monks. (wounded). Your Ladyship is unjust—I did unloose the bloodhounds; but the ferocious animals merely sat up and begged. The child had took the precaution to provide herself with a bun!

Lady B. No matter, she must be removed—I care not how.

Monks. There may be room for one more—a little one—in the old well. The child mentioned that she was your Ladyship's granddaughter, but I presume that will make no difference?

Lady B. (disquieted). What!—then she must be the child of my only son POLDODDLE, whom, for refusing to cut off the entail, I had falsely accused of adulterating milk, and transported beyond the seas! She comes hither to denounce and reproach me! MONKSHOOD, she must not leave this place alive—you hear?

Monks. I require no second bidding—ha, the child... she comes!

[Chord. Little ELFIE trips in with touching self-confidence.

Elfie (in a charming little Cockney accent). Yes, Grandma, it's me—little ELFIE, come all the way from Australia to see you, because I thought you must be sow lowly all by yourself! My Papa often told me what a long score he owed you, and how he hoped to pay you off if he lived. But he went out to business one day—Pa was a bushranger, you know, and worked—oh, so hard;

and never came back to his little ELFIE, so poor little ELFIE has come to live with you!

Monks. Will you have the child removed now, my Lady?

Lady B. (undecidedly). Not now—not yet; I have other work for you. These Christmas gifts, to be distributed amongst my good friends and neighbours (handing parcels). First, this bundle of cigars to Sir VEVEY LONG, with my best wishes that such a connoisseur in tobacco may find them sufficiently strong. The salve for Lady VIOLET POWDRAY, with my love, and it should be rubbed on the last thing at night. The plant you will take to the little PERGAMENTS—'twill serve them for a Christmas tree. This packet to be diluted in a barrel of beer, which you will see broached upon the village green; these sweetmeats for distribution among the most deserving of the school-children.

Elfie (throwing her arms around Lady B.'s neck). I do like you, Grandma; you have such a kind face! And oh, what pains you must have taken to find something that will do for everybody!

Lady B. (disengaging herself peevishly). Yes, yes, child. I trust that what I have chosen will indeed do for everybody,—but I do not like to be messed about. MONKSHOOD, you know what you have to do.

Elfie. Oh, I am sure he does, Grandma! See how benevolently he smiles. You're such a good old man, you will take care that all the poor people are fed, won't you?

Monks. (with a sinister smile). Ah! Missie, I've 'elped to settle a many people's 'ash in my time!

Elfie (innocently). What, do they all get hash? How nice! I like hash,—but what else do you give them?

Monks. (grimly). Gruel, Missie. (Aside.) I must get out of this, or this innocent child's prattle will unman me! [Exit with parcels.

Elfie. You seem so sad and troubled, Grandma. Let me sing you one of the songs with which I drew a smile from poor dear Pa in happier days.

Lady B. No, no, some other time. (Aside.) Pshaw! why should I dread the effect of her simple melodies? Sing, child, if you will.

Elfie. How glad I am that I brought my banjo! [Sings.

Dar is a lubly yaller gal that tickles me to deff; She'll dance de room ob darkies down, and take away deir breff.

When she sits down to supper, ebery coloured gemple-man, As she gets her upper lip o'er a plate o' "possum dip," cries,

"Woa, LUCINDY ANN!" (Chorus, dear Granny!)

Woa, LUCINDY! Woa, LUCINDY! Woa, LUCINDY ANN!

At de rate dat you are stuffin, you will nebber leave us nuffin; so woa, Miss SINDY ANN!

To Lady B. (who, after joining in chorus with deep emotion, has burst into tears). Why, you are weeping, dear Grandmother!

Lady B. Nay, 'tis nothing, child—but have you no songs which are less sad?

Elfie. Oh, yes, I know plenty of plantation ditties more cheerful than that. (Sings.)

Oh, I hear a gentle whisper from de days ob long ago,

When I used to be a happy darkie slave. (Trump-a-trump.)

But now I've got to labour wif de shovel an' de hoe—

For ole Massa lies a sleepin' in his grave! (Trump-trump.)

Chorus.

Poor ole Massa! Poor ole Massa! (Pianissimo.) Poor ole Massa, dat I nebber more shall see!

He was let off by de Jury, Way down in ole Missouri—But dey lynched him on a persimmon tree.

Elfie. You smile at last, dear Grandma! I would sing to you again, but I am so very, very sleepy!

Lady B. Poor child, you have had a long journey. Rest awhile on this couch, and I will arrange this screen so as to protect your slumbers. [Leads little ELFIE to couch.

Elfie (sleepily). Thanks, dear Grandma, thanks... Now I shall go to sleep, and dream of you, and the dogs, and angels. I so often dream about angels—but that is generally after supper, and to-night I have had no supper... But never mind... Good night, Grannie, good night... goo'ni'... goo... goo! [She sinks softly to sleep.

Lady B. And I was about to set the bloodhounds upon this little sunbeam! 'Tis long since these grim walls have echoed strains so sweet as hers. (Croons.) "Woa, LUCINDY," &c. "Dey tried him by a jury, way down in ole Missouri, an' dey hung him to a possum-dip tree!" (Goes to couch, and gazes on the little sleeper.) How peacefully she slumbers! What a change has come over me in one short hour!—my withered heart is sending up green shoots of tenderness, of love, and hope! Let me try henceforth to be worthy of this dear child's affection and respect. (Turns, and sees MONKSHOOD.) Ha, MONKSHOOD! Then there is time yet! Those parcels...

... quick, quick!—the parcels!—
Monks. (impassively). Have been left as you instructed, my Lady. [Chord: Lady B. staggers back, gasping, into chair. Little ELFIE awakes behind screen, and rubs her eyes.

[N.B.—The reformation of a Grandmother being necessarily a process of some length, the conclusion of this touching little Drama is unavoidably deferred to a future number.]



MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-writer.)

No. I.—THE DULL ROYSTERER.

THE Dull Roysterer, or, as he is termed by the slangiest of his intimates, the "Bluff Boozer," is ordinarily the son of a wealthy, but



injudicious father, who, having sent him to a good public school, furnished him with an income that would keep a curate in luxury. He develops an early inclination for check trousers, and the pleasures of the table. Appalled by the difficulties of English spelling, he seeks comfort in Scotch whiskey, and atones for a profound distaste for the tongues of ancient Greece and Rome by cultivating an appreciative palate for the vintages of

Modern France. His burly frame, and a certain brute courage, gain for him a place in the School Football team, and a considerable amount of popularity, which he increases by the lavish waste of his excessive allowance. He has a fine contempt, which he never fails to express, for those boys who attempt to cultivate their minds by the reading of books, and, naturally, does not hesitate to degrade his own by the immoderate absorption of strong drinks.

Having, however, been discovered in a state of intoxication, he leaves school hurriedly and betakes himself to an Army-crammer's where discipline is lax and dissipation easy. Here he keeps half-a-dozen fox-terriers, and busies himself about the destruction of domestic cats. Yet, by dint of much forcing on the part of his Coach, he succeeds in passing into Sandhurst, and eventually obtains a commission in a Cavalry Regiment. During this stage of his career he frequents race-courses and worships earnestly at the shrine of Bacchus. He entangles himself with the wife of a brother officer, and, after figuring as the co-respondent in an undefended case, marries her. In the meantime he sends in his papers, and retires from the Army. Shortly afterwards he enlists in the ranks of those who seek pleasure in the night-resorts of the town. He soon becomes the boon companion of shady sporting men, latter-day coachmen, pink and paragraphic journalists, and middle-aged ladies, who, having once been, or been once, on the stage, still affect the skittish manners of a ballet-dancer. He is a man of short speech, but his humour is as broad as his drinks are long. He affects a rowdy geniality and a swaggering gait, by which he seeks to overawe the inoffensive. Though he has but a small stock of intelligence, he passes for a wit amongst his associates by dint of perpetually repeating an inane catch-word. With this, and a stamp of the foot, he will greet a friend who may meet him before lunch. Amongst his intimates such a welcome is held to be intensely humorous. He scatters the same sort of stamp and the identical remark broadcast over the loungers who congregate in front of HATCHETT'S; by these signs and tokens he announces his presence at a Sporting Restaurant, and to the same accompaniment he sups at the Camellia, or looks on, in a heavy, sodden sort of way, while others dance, at the ball of a *demi-mondaine*.

Yet his general ignorance leads him into perpetual pitfalls, and makes him the butt of those of his associates who are cleverer than himself. Having on a certain occasion been addressed as Falstaff, in delicate allusion to his size and capacity for drink, he is easily persuaded that the original owner of this name was celebrated in history for his grace and sobriety. He takes much pride in recounting the incident ever afterwards.

Though the Roysterer is generally fuddled, he is rarely glorious. Having once driven a tandem, he is credited with a complete knowledge of horses, which, however, he invariably fails to turn to any profitable account. He begins his day with whiskey cock-tails, continues it with a series of brandy-and-sodas, followed by unlimited magnums of *brut* Champagne, and concludes it with more Champagne, a liberal allowance of liqueur brandies, and two or three tumblers of whiskey-and-seltzer to round off the night. As the hours advance, his face assumes a ruddier glow. With the progress of years, being compelled to conceal the increasing girth of his lower chest by the constant inflation of his upper, he wears frock-coats. The point which is lacking in his conversation is conspicuous in his boots, whilst his collars possess an elevation entirely denied to his manners.

He suffers from no restraint in consequence of his marriage. He

is adored by a certain class of burlesque actresses. He flatters them by adoring himself. He owns a small house in Belgravia, but he frequently lives elsewhere. No pigeon-shooting matches, and few poker parties, amongst a certain set, are complete without him. Having benefited only to a limited extent under the will of his father, he is not generally reputed to be wealthy, but he is always extravagant. Yet he manages to steer clear of the painful consequences of writs with some astuteness. In middle-age he becomes obese, and cannot go the pace as formerly. His friends therefore abandon him, and he dies before he is fifty, in reduced circumstances, of an enlarged liver.

"JOHNNYKIN AND THE GOBLINGS."

Two hundred and fifty Goblings in the Grand Banquet room of the Hotel Métropole assembled, as all the world knows by this time, to bid "Farewell, but not good-bye," as CLEMENT SCOTT'S admirable verses have it, to JOHNNYKIN; that is, to Mr. J. L. TOOLE, usually and popularly spoken of as "JOHNNIE TOOLE," and generally endeared to his private friends as, simply, "JOHNNIE."

Quite the best specimen of a "JOHNNIE," among all the "Johnnies" of the present time. Mr. Punch, for the first time in his life, permitted his merry men, The Knights of His Own Round Table, to convert their usual Wednesday dinner into a "movable feast," and to transfer it to the day beforehand, in order to do honour to the unique occasion, and the exceptional guest of the evening. No wonder there were two hundred and fifty acceptances to the bill of fare, and two hundred and fifty more ready to sign, seeing that the invitations came in effect from the President, the Solicitor-General, who could not solicit in vain.

Mr. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., excelled himself in proposing the toast of "The Drama." He contemned the ancient Greek Drama, but was of opinion—Counsel's opinion—or, as he was speaking of the Romans, "Consul's opinion"—that there was "more money in the Latin Drama." Mr. Punch, regretted he was not at his learned friend's elbow to suggest, that an apt illustration of the truth of his remark might be found in the success of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, IMPERATOR.

Mr. HENRY IRVING proved, by his perfect recital of CLEMENT SCOTT'S verses, how thoroughly "by heart" he had got them. HENRY'S "heart is" not "dead" when JOHNNIE is concerned. Sir EDWARD CLARKE, as we learnt from the speeches made by himself, Mr. IRVING, and Mr. TOOLE, seems to have been at school with all the leading Actors; and it was a miracle that he escaped the attractions of the sock and buskin. Pity that the song, "When we were boys, Merry merry boys, When we were boys together," had not been arranged as a trio for them. JOHNNIE was in his best form; very detached, casual, and uncommonly funny. Lord ROSEBURY apologised by letter for not being able to be in Scotland and London at the same time; and the Wicked Abbé BANCROFT in replying to the toast of the Drama, pathetically represented his hard case of being called upon to make an after-dinner speech, when he hadn't had any dinner. The Actor's lot is evidently, not always a happy one. He wanted a "feeding-part" and didn't get it. The dinner was excellent, and the waiting of the waiters was, as far as I could ascertain, exceptionally good. Certainly the Métropole, or the New "Holland" House,—as it might be termed, after its manager,—holds first rank for this sort of business. We present Mr. HOLLAND, the Métropole Caterer, with this suggestion:—

The Only Condiment for a Farewell Banquet—"Sauce Ta Ta!"

AVENUE THEATRE.—ALEXANDER the Growing, not yet the Great, finds that for some weeks to come there will be no necessity to doctor his Bill. He will be wise, however, not to reject any proffered assistance, as, from his present success, it is evident he cannot get on un-Aidé-d.



Bon Voyage! et Au Revoir!



HAPPY THOUGHT.

"OH, I SAY, OLD MAN, I WISH YOU'D RUN UPSTAIRS AND HUNT FOR MY AUNT, AND BRING HER DOWN TO SUPPER. SHE'S AN OLD LADY, IN A RED BODY, AND A GREEN SKIRT, AND A BLUE AND YELLOW TRAIN, WITH AN ORANGE BIRD OF PARADISE IN HER CAP. YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY MISTAKE HER. SAY I SENT YOU!"

"AWFULLY SORRY, OLD MAN, BUT—I'M TOTALLY COLOUR-BLIND, YOU KNOW. JUST BEEN TESTED!"

[Exit in a hurry.]

THE INCANTATION SCENE.

Freely Adapted from "Der Freischütz."

Caspar, Mr. L-B-CH-RE.

Zamiel, Mr. P-RN-LL.

SCENE—Stage in complete shadow. An Irish Glen surrounded by bare mountains covered with dwarf oaks, overhanging a big bog. The Moon is shining dimly. CASPAR discovered with a pouch and hanger, busily engaged in making a Circle of fairy lanterns, in the middle of which is placed a turnip-skull, a shillelagh, a bunch of shamrock, a crucible, and a bullet-mould. Distant mutterings heard.

Chorus of Distant Party-Spirits.

Shindy now would be a boon,

("Hear, hear! Hear, hear!")

Interest in M-tch-llst-wn hath died,

("Hear, hear! Hear, hear!")

Mischief must be stirred up soon.

("Hear, hear! Hear, hear!")

And Obstruction once more tried.

("Hear, hear! Hear, hear!")

Ere this S-ss-n's course is run

We must really have some fun.

("Hear, hear! Hear, hear!")

[At the end of chorus, a Big Bell booms twelve times; the Circle being finished, CASPAR within it, draws his hanger round the lanterns, and at the twelfth stroke strikes it into the turnip-skull.

Caspar (kneeling, and raising the skull on the hanger at arm's length).

ZAMIEL, ZAMIEL, hear me, hear!

By this bogey-skull appear!

ZAMIEL, rise, for things look queer!

[A confused noise is heard, a Meteor (looking rather like a long-expected Blue-Boat) falls on the Circle, and ZAMIEL, looking coldly triumphant, appears.

Zamiel. Why callest thou?

Caspar. Well, hang it! I like that!

But, by St. Patrick's beard, your advent's

pat,

Our foes boast three years longer they may

live.

Zamiel. No!

Caspar. Then good reason you and I must

give.

Zamiel. Who says so?

Caspar. One who hardly dared—till now—

To face thy really rayther freezing brow;

But, moved by reason, and a late Report,

He's on the job; and we shall have some

sport.

Zamiel. What doth he seek?

Caspar. To be supplied

With bullets which thy skill shall guide.

Zamiel. Six shall obey,

The seventh—who'll say?

Caspar. Lord of the mystic League,

I hope, by sly intrigue,

To rule the seventh also,

And let it kill—you know!

Zamiel. Too risky.

Caspar. Oh, I say,

Let's have no more delay.

Three long years yet to sway?

Pooh, ZAMIEL! It's child's-play.

Zamiel. Enough—no more! I'll tell thee now

By this day month there'll be—a row?

[More mutterings are heard and repeated in chorus. The skull and hanger sink, and in their place a hearth with lighted coals and faggots, rise out of the earth, within the Circle. The Moon becomes red.

Caspar. Well served! Bless thee, ZAMIEL! The day will be ours!

[CASPAR moves to and fro, places faggots on the coals, blows the fire, which blazes and fumes. In the smoke certain cabalistic letters appear.

Now for it! Every moment is precious.

"Every bullet hath its billet," saith the old

saw. Rather! Black C-C-L, beware! Bland

WILLIAM H., look out! Brutal B-L-F-R, mind

your eye! Shrewish G-SCH-N, be warned!

Haughty H-RT-NGT-N, take care! Perfidious

J-S-PH, watch it! That accounts for Six out

of the fatal Seven. 'Twill suffice, even if

the seventh—bah! that's silly superstition.

Here goes! First this lead—heavy as SM-TH's

speeches; then this glass, brittle as the bond

between the Unionists; some quicksilver of

Randolphian shiftiness; three charmed balls

which have already hit their mark. See,

they are marked, "P-G-TT," "P-RN-LL,"

"C-mm-ss-n"!!! *Probatum est!* Now for

the blessing of the balls.

[CASPAR bowing down his head three separate

times (as to three Judges) before he com-

mences his incantation.

Taou who hast Fate's mystic dower,

ZAMIEL, ZAMIEL, work thy power!



THE "INCANTATION."

(Scene from the Very Latest Version of "Der Freischütz.")



RUSTIC POLITENESS.

Squire Roadster. "WHERE ARE THE HOUNDS, MY MAN?"

Yokel. "GAR ON WITH YER! DON'T KNAW WHEER THE 'OUNDS BE, AND GOT A RED COAT AND A BIG 'OSS! YER OUGHTER BE ASHAMED OF YERSELF!"

Spirit of the evil dead
(At Madrid), bless, bless the lead!
May they be as featly sped
As the one that pierced his head.
I am sick of shilly-shally,
May they—metaphorically,
For, of course, I don't mean murder,
Nothing could be—well, absurder—
May they spifficate our foes.
Neither progress nor repose,
On Bench or in Cabinet,
May they any of them get
Till they get their last quietus
From these bullets (That will sent us
Comfortably in their places,
To the rapture of three races)
How the fire fumes! There'll be ruction.
Characters *look* like OBSTRUCTION!
But they *mean*—and that's their beauty!—
Merely, simply, purely DUTY!
Therefore, 'tis my occupation
So at present, Incantation!
G. O. M. won't take a part;
He objects to the Black Art.
Though he rather shirks my cult,
He will relish the result.
ZAMIEL! you're the chap I like,
Charm the bullets that they strike.
ZAMIEL, lend thy might to kill
To each burning drop we spill!
Now then for it! Out on fear!
ZAMIEL, ZAMIEL, be thou near!

[Sets to work at—THE CASTING OF
THE BULLETS. Music.]

THE LATEST CATCH-LINE.—Good Day!
Have you read the Report of the Special
Commission?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Leaves of a Life. So MONTAGU WILLIAMS, Q.C., and Worthy Beak, styles his Reminiscences. The Leaves are fresh, and will be Evergreen. Nothing in his Life has become him so well as his leave-ing it. I fancy that the most popular part of it will be the early days—his salad days—when his leaves were at their greenest. Certainly, to all old Etonians, the opening of Volume One must prove the most interesting part of the two books; and after this, in point of interest to the general reader, will rank all the stories about persons whose names, for evident reasons, the learned Reminiscenser cannot give in full. When you read about what enormities "C—" committed, and what an unmitigated scoundrel "D—"s brother was, there is in the narrative a delightful element of mystery, and an inducement to guess, which will excite in many a strong desire for a private key, which, of course, could not be placed in any publisher's hands, except under such conditions as hamper the trustee of the *Valleyrand Memoirs*.

Mr. WILLIAMS has better stories of Sergeant BALLANTINE than the latter had of himself in his own book. But I should like more of the MONTAGU out of Court—more of the behind-the-scenes of the cases in which he was engaged or interested. All his book is written in a dashing style, and there would be an enormous demand for a third volume, which might be all dash—C—D—E—; every letter of the alphabet dash—a dash'd good book, in fact, giving us the toothsome *fond d'artichaut* after the "leaves" have been disposed of. But that

this should be the strong feeling expressed not alone by the Baron DE B.-W., but by very many readers, is proof sufficient of the art with which these Reminiscences have been compiled, so as, according to *Sam Weller's* prescription for a love-letter, to make us "wish there was more of it." By the way, I doubt whether WHATELEY's *Evidences of Christianity* was the work that MONTAGU WILLIAMS was dozing over during "Sunday Private" in pupil-room; doesn't he mean PALEY's *Evidences*? Also, wasn't the old College Fellow's name spelt PLUMTRE, or PLUMPTRE, not PLUMPTREE? However, the Baron is less likely to be right than the Magistrate, who is evidently blessed with a wonderfully retentive memory.

My faithful Co. reports that he has read *On the Children*, a not very interesting novel, by ANNIE THOMAS, otherwise Mrs. PENDER CUDLIP. The story deals with a young girl, who, after serving in a village newspaper shop, marries the local nobleman, and no doubt lives happily ever afterwards. Persons who are interested in the doings of the class JEAMES calls the "hupper suckles," will perhaps be a little disappointed, as, truth to tell, the narrative is rather homely. Many of the characters seem to have that exaggerated awe of rank which used to be characteristic of the tales in the *London Journal*. The book should, however, be welcome in the homes of some of the lower middle class.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

MR. PARKER SMITH, the recently elected M.P., appeared in the House looking particularly happy.



*Mr. Punch's suggestion
for the Betterment
of Parliament*

*The House of Commons
altered so as to
accommodate all
its members.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT, EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF LORD ROYDEN.

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 11.—“Rather slow this,” said Commandant (of the Yeomanry Cavalry) Lord BROOKE to Admiral (in black velvet suit, with silver buckles) ROYDEN.

They were ‘locked up in a room’ adjoining OLD MORALITY’S private apartment, at back of SPEAKER’S chair. Both dressed in warlike costumes, both uniforms new, unaccustomed, and uncomfortable. Both warriors had waked in the morning full of joy and proud anticipation. “If you’re waking call me early,” Quartermaster-General Lord BROOKE had said to his man; “this is the happiest day of all the bright new year; for I’m to Second the Address. Yes, I’m to Second the Address.”

Captain ROYDEN had made a remark of a similar purport to his body servant, though he had kept more closely to prose. Now here they were locked in, with a glass of sherry wine and a sponge cake, waiting for the signal that might never come. Ordinary course on



' IN KIND.'

Country Editor's Wife. "OH, JOHN DEAR! SOMEBODY'S SENT US SUCH A SPLENDID SALMON!"
Editor (after a moment's thought). "AH, YES—I KNOW—AND CHEAP TOO! ON'Y HALF A COLUMN!"

opening night of Session is, for **SPEAKER** to take Chair; Notices of Motion to be worked off; Queen's Speech read; then Mover and Seconder of Address march into seats immediately behind Ministers, especially kept for them; dexterously dodge tendency of sword to get between their knees; sit down with the consciousness that they are the cynosure of every eye, including those of **JOSEPH GILLIS**, regarding them across House through horn-bound spectacles. To-day everything upside down. Instead of moving the Address, **HARCOURT** on with question of Privilege—**HARCOURT**, a plain man, in civilian costume! Worst of it was, they could not go away and change their clothes. No one knows what may happen from hour to hour in House of Commons; debate on Privilege might break down; Address brought on, and what would happen to British Constitution if Mover and Seconder were dragged in in their dressing-gowns?

"Dem'd dull," said Captain of Yeomanry Cavalry Lord **BROOKE**, toying with his sword-tassel.

"Trenormous!" yawned Bosun's Mate **ROYDEN**, loosening his belt, for he had been beguiled into taking another sponge-cake. "If they'd only let us walk about the corridors, or lounge in the House, it would be better. But to sit cooped up here is terrible. Worst of it is I've conned my speech over so often, got it mixed up; end turning up in middle; exordium marching in with rear-guard; was just right to go off at half-past six; now it's eight, and we won't be off duty till twelve."

Vice-Admiral **ROYDEN** feebly hithed up his trousers; sadly sipped his sherry wine, and deep silence fell on the forlorn company.

No one in crowded House thought of these miserable men. **HARCOURT** made his speech; **GORST** demonstrated that Motion was indefensible, being both too late and too soon; the Mouse came and

went amid a spasm of thrilled interest; **GLADSTONE** delivered oration in dinner-hour; **PARNELL** fired up at midnight; House divided, and **SPEAKER** left the Chair. Then was heard the rattling of keys in the door by **OLD MORALITY**'s room; two limp warriors were led forth; conducted to four-wheel cab; delivered at their own doorways, to spend night in pleased reflection on the distinction of Moving and Secondering the Address.

Business done.—Charge of Breach of Privilege against *Times*, negatived by 260 Votes against 212.

Wednesday.—House met at Noon as usual on Wednesdays; the two men of war in their places in full uniform, which looked a little creased as if they had slept in it. The eye that has sternly reviewed the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry, lacks something of its wonted brightness; whilst **ROYDEN**'s black velvet suit sets off the added pallor of a countenance that tells of sleepless vigil.

House nearly empty; Members won't turn up at Noon even to hear the thrilling eloquence clothing the original thoughts of the Mover and Seconder of the Address.

Amid the dreary space the stalwart figure of **GEORGE HAWKSWORTH BOND**, Member for the East Division of Dorset, stands forth like a monument. Curious to see how **BOND** avoids vicinity of Cross Benches. Was standing there in contemplative attitude last night, whilst **GORST** was demonstrating that **HARCOURT**'s Motion on Breach of Privilege was, (1) too late, and (2) that it was too soon. It was at this moment that the Mouse appeared on the scene, leisurely strolling down floor apparently going to join the majority. A view-halloa started him; doubled and made for Cross Benches; **BOND**, awakened out of reverie by the shout, looked down and saw the strange apparition. Never believed a man of his weight could get so high up into the air by sudden swift gyration. Mouse, more frightened even than the man, dodged



"Ridiculus Mus," the New Member.

round the Benches and disappeared. "All very well once in a way," said BOND this afternoon, sinking into a seat far removed from the Cross Benches; "but it is foolish unnecessarily to court danger; won't catch me standing at the bar any more when GORST is orating."



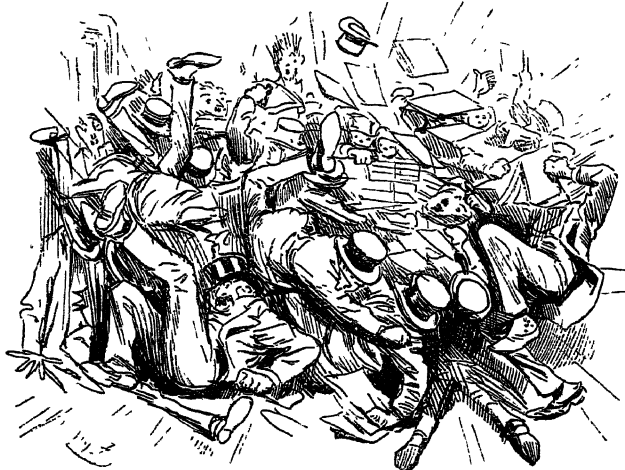
And his word is as good as his BOND.

After Mover and Seconder had completed their story, Grand Old Man appeared at the table, and talked for nearly an hour. Few to listen, but that no matter. A rapt auditor in OLD MORALITY, sitting forward with hands on knees, eyes reverently fixed on orator, drinking in his honeyed words. Something paternal in his attitude towards Ministers. Here and there they had done not quite the right thing. The MARKISS, in particular, had been particularly harsh to Portugal; but, on the whole, things might have been worse.

"Bless you, my children; bless you!" were the last words of the Grand Old Man as he stretched forth his hands across the table. Not a dry eye on the Treasury Bench. OLD MORALITY deeply touched, but through his sobs managed to make acknowledgment of the unexpected clemency. *Business done.*—Address Moved.

Thursday.—The languor in which House steeped since Debate on Address opened, not varied to-night till, at ten o'clock, copies of Report of Parnell Commission brought to Vote Office. Then such a scrimmage as never before seen.

At re-opening of Debate, HOWORTH started off with reference to Portugal. Immediately Members, with one consent, went forth, discovering that they had special business in the Lobby, the Library, the Tea-room, anywhere out of the House. The SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE had not even waited for resumption of Debate to quit the scene; was comfortably ensconced in Smoking-room, disfilling words of wisdom to listening circle. Someone dropping in, accidentally mentioned that HOWORTH had brought on Portugal.



Fight for the Report of the Royal Commission.

business. SAGE jumped up nearly as high as BOND when he saw the Mouse. Had an Amendment on the paper referring to Portugal; had prepared a few paragraphs elucidating it. If opportunity missed, speech would be lost. So bolted off; arrived just in time to follow HOWORTH. Whilst discoursing, Our Latest Duke came in, fresh from the pageant of his installation in House of Lords. Seated in Peers' Gallery, toying with his walking-stick, thinking no evil, started to hear his name mentioned. SAGE's quick eye had caught sight of him.

"Halloa!" said the SAGE to himself, "here's a Duke; let's throw a brick at him!"

So, with innocent manner and pretty assumption of ignorance of the presence in Peers' Gallery of the highly favoured young gentleman with the walking-stick, the SAGE traced all the evils of Central Africa, leading directly up to the quarrel with Portugal, to the action of the British South Africa Company, of which the Duke of FIFE, he said, was a Promoter and Director.

"Very odd thing, that, TOBY," said the Duke, under his breath, as he left the Gallery on tip-toe; "most remarkable coincidence; odds seemed to be a thousand to one against it; and yet it came off. Don't look into Peers' Gallery twice a year; yet on very night I happened to be there for five minutes, LABBY on his legs and talking about ME!"

¶ *Business done.*—Debate on Address.

Friday.—A dull night, uplifted, at outset, by powerful speech from PARNELL, and, towards finish, by Colonel SAUNDERSON riding in, and slashing off heads all round. After him came SHEEHY. Splendid fellow, SHEEHY; must see more of him.

"What you want is blood!" SHEEHY shouted across the House at BALFOUR, lounging, dull and depressed, on Treasury Bench; "I repeat the phrase—Blood!"

"Blood," said SAUNDERSON, carelessly passing this hand through the black locks that crown his lofty brow, "is not exactly a phrase. Besides, after eight hours of this, a cup of black coffee would be more in BALFOUR's way. But a good deal must be conceded to SHEEHY. What a nation we are for genders! We had an O'SHEA, we have an O'HEA; and here's a SHEE-HE. I have occasional differences with some of my countrymen; but I am proud of my country."

Business done.—Debate on Address.

FIFTY YEARS OF RAILWAY PROGRESS—FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

A LARGE and attentive audience assembled yesterday evening to hear Mr. FAIRWEATHER's discourse on the highly interesting and instructive subject of the progress made in the matter of Railway Travelling in the course of the last fifty years.

The lecturer commenced by reminding his audience that, in the days of their fathers and grandfathers, fifty years ago, towards the close of the Nineteenth Century, the wretched Public had to content themselves with a miserable conveyance called a Pullman Car, that they in those days considered a triumph of elegant and convenient locomotion, because they could get tucked away on a shelf at night as a sort of apology for a bed, and be served with a mutton-chop by day, as a makeshift for lunch, and this they considered wonderful, because they were being dragged over their road at the marvellous, soul-thrilling pace of sixty miles an hour. (*Loud laughter.*) What would the poor benighted travellers of those days say to their present Grand Circular Express, that ran from London to York in two-and-twenty minutes, and ran up to the most northern point in Scotland, then down the Western Coast to Land's End, and back again to London all along the Channel Shore, doing the entire circuit in four hours and a quarter, and this while you reclined on the rich red velvet cushions of the lofty and sumptuously decorated third-class carriage at a one-and-ninepenny fare? No wonder that people took monthly tickets, and went round, and round, and round the two kingdoms; living, in fact, in the train, and being thus perpetually on the move. Look at the advantages offered by the Company, on their new extra-triple width line. A Brass Band, a Theatrical Company, a Doctor, Dancing-Master, Teacher of Elocution, Solicitor, Dentist, and Police Magistrate, accompanied every train, which was, moreover, provided with Turkish Shower and Swimming Baths, Billiard-rooms, Circulating Library, and offered attractive advantages to families wishing, either at their doctor's orders or for the mere sake of the run on its own account, continual change of air, complete sets of handsomely furnished apartments not fitted up with sleeping shelves—(*laughter*)—but supplied with regular six foot four-posters, such as would have delighted the eyes of their great grandfathers a hundred years ago. The law, too, recently passed, which consigned a Director to penal servitude, in the event of a train being ten minutes after its time, which had been passed owing to the persistent unpunctuality of the South-Eastern Company, had worked admirably, and to it, no doubt, they owed the present orderly management of all the lines in the three kingdoms. What would be the next development of Railway travelling he could not venture to predict, but he thought that if, in the next fifty years, they made as much progress as they had in the fifty years just expired, he was of opinion, that though the shareholders might possibly receive a smaller dividend even than that they were drawing to-day—(*loud laughter*)—the Railway, as an institution in the country, could not be regarded but as being in a highly flourishing condition.

A vote of thanks having been passed to the Lecturer for his lively and instructive discourse, which he briefly acknowledged, the proceedings terminated.

Another "Competitive."

WHY have we no Exams. for our M.P.'s.?

Why not give marks for intellectual variance?

And range each class according to degrees—

Here the Tomfoolites—there the Noodelarians?

UNFILED; OR. THE MODERN ASMDEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XXI.

"THOUGH cold the coxcomb,
 and though coarse the
 boor,
 Though dulness haunts the
 rich and pain the
 poor,
 In this colossal city,
 Yet London is not Rome, O
 Shade!" I said.
 "A later JUVENAL should
 not find her dead
 To purity and pity."

"Satire, of shames and
 follies in sole quest,
 Is a one-eyed divinity at
 best,"
 My guide responded,
 slowly.

"The tale of ZOÏLUS hath
 its moral still.
 Such critics are but blow-
 flies, their small skill
 To carrion given wholly.

"Not all the Romans of DOMITIAN's days
 Were such as live in JUVENAL's savage lays;
 Not all the Latian ladies
 Were HIPPIAS or COLLATIAS. Neither here
 May all be gauged by satire's rule severe,
 Or earth would be a Hades.

"The scalpel hath no terrors for the sound,
 Nor is the hand that wields it harshly bound
 To ceaseless vivisection.
 The Cynic sharply sees, but sees not far;
 The eye that hunts the mote may miss the star
 Too great for scorn's detection.

"Dream not, oh friend, because I let the light
 On lurid London through the cloak of night
 (As was my undertaking.)
 That I've a spirit wholly given to scorn,
 Or blind to all, save sin, that with the morn
 Will see a bright awaking.

"Yet could the freedman's son but wield his
 flail [pale
 In London, there are those might shrink and
 As did DOMITIAN's minion.
 PARIS lives yet, pander and parasite
 Still flaunt in bold impunity, despite
 A custom-freed opinion.

"Dull in the drawing-room, our beardless boys
 Can sparkle in the haunts of coarser joys,
 Coldness and muteness vanish
 When TULLIA dances or when POLLIO sings.
 With riotous applause the precinct rings,
 There chill restraint they banish.

"Behold Lord LIMPET in his gilded Box,
 His well-gloved palms and scarlet silken socks
 Actively agitated;
 He who erewhile about the ball-room stood
 A solemn, weary, whispering thing of wood,
 And sneered, and yawned, and waited."

"Wondrous!" I cried. "The youngster's
 cheeks flush red,
 Wide laugh his lips, and swiftly wags his head,
 He cheers, he claps, he chuckles.
 Can he, the languid loungeer limp and faint
 Give way to mirth with the mad unrestraint
 Of boys with ribs and knuckles?"

"Frankly *canaille* is that dancing ohit
 Slang and suggestiveness serve her for wit,
 And impudence for beauty.
 Yet frigid 'Form' melts at her cockney spell,
 'Form,' which votes valseing with the reigning
 An undelightful duty. [belle

"Bounds on the arch-buffoon, with flexible face,
 With bagman smartness and batrachian grace.
 Is he not sweet and winning?"



Mime of the gutter, mimic of the slum,
 Muse of the haunts unspeakable, else dumb,
 A satyr gross and grinning?

"LIMPET smiled," he said. "SHAKESPEARE'S
 boldest wit
 Leaves LIMPET listless, but each feature lit
 At that last comic chorus.
 London is full of LIMPERTS; clownings please
 The well-groom'd mob, though ARISTOPHANES
 Would miserably bore us.

"Until the Town entirely? Nay, good
 friend,
 That were to affright the timid, and offend
 The tender and the trustful.
 Unlifted yet must lie the dusky screen
 That veils the viler features of the scene,
 The dread and the disgustful."

"Shadow!" I said, "Civilisation fails,
 While surfeits idleness, and Labour pales.
 For all its spread and glitter,
 The Titan City lacks its crowning grace
 And glory, whilst its pleasure is so base,
 Its bondage is so bitter."

"True!" sighed the Shadow, and a softened
 smile
 Seemed to illumine the coldness, void of guile,
 Of those phantasmal features.
 "When from the City's gloom shall flash to
 light
 This truth: The sleek and selfish sybarite
 Is meaneast of God's creatures?"

"Shadow!" I cried. But in the darkness dim
 Those lineaments did waver and dislimn
 Like clouds at the sun's waking.
 Alone I stood; fled was the night, the dream,
 And o'er the sleeping City's sullen stream
 Babylon's grey dawn was breaking.

THE END.

A DIAG-NOSE-IS OF WINE.—The Case of
 Champagne set before Mr. Alderman and
 Sheriff DAVIES. Of course, the worthy Alder-
 man, who is a judge of wine, needed only to
 raise the glass to his nose. He smelt it to see
 if it was Corke'd. But in answer to the
 charge of false labelling, it should have been
 simply pleaded that, at the manufactory, the
 labels were not simply put on, but Clapt-on.
 Whether this defence would have gone to
 mitigate the fine of twenty pounds, is another
 matter. The Alderman's decision was given,
 much as the public generally pay for Cham-
 pagne,—good or bad,—that is, "through the
 nose."

THE CHAMELEON "REPORT."

Entirely New Version.

("The bearings of it lie in the application,"—to a
 certain Report.)

TIME to the eager seems to lag,
 Howe'er his glass be shaken;
 Yet struck the hour when from the bag
 The Creature should be taken.

Three Judges sage had cooped it there
 Three Judges wise, three Judges fair,
 At him Society will ejaculate
 Who hints a Judge is *not* immaculate.
 The Judge's ermine none dares dim
 (Unless the Judge differs from *him*).

Now men discussed, with glee or dolour,
 The question of the Creature's colour.
 "Black as my hat," cries one, "I know."
 "Nay!" shouts another, "white as snow!"
 Whether the thing revealed should prove
 To ape the Raven or the Dove.
 Was matter of dispute most furious;
 Angry were most, and all were curious.

At last arrived the eventful day
 When from the bag the thing must crawl,
 And lo! the Creature's tint was *grey*,
 Which disappointed all.

But though Truth brings a brief confusion
 To obstinate foregone conclusion,
 Prejudice, routed most *dismally*,
 Will quickly to Unreason rally.
 And so the one side would remark
 That for a grey 'twas wondrous *dark*;
 The other side did more than hint
 They never saw so *light* a tint;
 "Deep iron-grey!" said one, "Oh, stuff!"
 Another cried at most a buff!
 "In tint below, in hue above,
 'Tis little deeper than a Dove!
 In fact, looked at in a strong light,
 'Tis scarce distinguishable from white!"
 "White!" yelled a third, with rage half
 throttled,
 "With jet-black streaks 'tis thickly mottled.
 If not pure Raven, all must own
 No Magpie hath a sootier tone!"

And so the rival parties raged and wrangled;
 Judgment considered whilst the bigots
 jangled,
 And the great bulk of *them* 'twas sad to find,
 Wore party-coloured specs., or else were
 colour-blind!

GARRICK THEATRE.



The Hare Apparent in a New Pair of Spectacles.



ONLY A DROP!

Shareholder. "HALLO! I DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING MUCH OUT OF THIS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
Standard. "MATTER? THERE'S A LEAKAGE SOMEWHERE!"

ALL FOR THE SAKE OF THE ARMY!

From Mr. C. Bounder to Mr. T. Tenterfive.

DEAR TOMMY,—I say, can't you give me a leg up, to get the Government to adopt my confounded pop-guns? The foreigners don't seem to see them much, and, hang it all! a true-hearted Johnnie should give his native land the first chance.

Thine ever,
 CHARLES BOUNDER.

From Mr. T. Tenterfive to Mr. C. Bounder.

DEAR CHARLEY,—I'm afraid I'm not of much use. Send in application about your pop-guns, and I will look after it as much as I can. You mustn't expect much, as the Department has a way of knocking a thing about for months—sometimes years—and then quietly shelving it. Hope to see you soon.

Thine ever,
 THOMAS TENTERFIVE.

Report of Ordnance Committee, to be forwarded to the Adjutant-General.

We have examined the Bounder Patent Ironclad Pocket Revolving Cannonette, and consider it a weapon that might possibly be introduced into the Service with advantage, if the cost of production is not excessive.

Report of Adjutant-General, to be forwarded to Quartermaster-General.

I ENCLOSE report of Ordnance Committee of

which I approve. However, as the matter involves a financial question, your opinion thereon would be of great value.

Report of the Quartermaster-Gen., to be forwarded to Inspector-Gen. of Fortifications.

CAN offer no suggestion about the cost of production until it can be ascertained whether the Cannonette will be suitable for Home Defences. What is your opinion on this point?

Report of Inspector-General of Fortifications, to be forwarded to Secretary of State.

No doubt the Cannonette might be used in a variety of ways. But it will be observed that the Ordnance Committee raised the question of expense—a matter that scarcely concerns my Department.

Memo. of Secretary of State, to be forwarded to Financial Secretary.

PLEASE read inclosed Report, and send on. *Report of Financial Secretary, to be forwarded to the Director-General of Ordnance.*

It is premature to consider the question of expense until it has been decided that the introduction of this Cannonette will be of advantage to the Service. The Ordnance Committee use the words, "Might possibly," which are not, in themselves, a strong recommendation. It must be borne in mind that the Army Estimates must be calculated with the greatest attention to economy.

Report of Director-General of Ordnance to Commander-in-Chief.

I HAVE examined Cannonette, which appears to have been constructed on the lines of a weapon manufactured in the reign of HENRY THE EIGHTH, of which there is a specimen in the Museum at Woolwich.

Endorsement of Commander-in-Chief. (Packet to be put in Pigeon-hole 404,567 B.)

POSSIBLY something in the notion—immediate attention unnecessary.

From Mr. T. Tenterfive to Mr. C. Bounder.

DEAR CHARLEY,—Have just been looking through our papers relative to your pop-gun. I am afraid you will have to wait for a decision a good long while.

Thine ever, THOMAS TENTERFIVE.

ANOTHER OF ROBERT'S XSTRORNERRY ADWENCHURS.

It was only the beginnin of larst week, as I was a seekin to begile my rayther tiresum lezzure by a wark down Cornhill—the which is hup and which is down that rayther strait hill it is sumtimes difficult to say—that jest as I was a passing by the, to me, amost sacred establishment of Messrs. BRING AND RHYMER, the great Cooks, as amost everybody knos and reweres, I seed a henwellope a laying on the pavement, which I naterally picked up, and put in my pocket quietly, and then, crossing over to the Royal Xchange, jest hopenersit, I sets down on one of the forms kindly purwided by the generous Copperashun and the Mersers Company, six of one, and arf a dozen of the other, for the rest of the weary traveller.

Then I quietly hopened my henwellop—which, strange to say, hadn't no name on it—and hinside it I found a check for twenty-five pounds! It was payable to "No. 2,437, or Bearer." I was that estonished that I amost thort I should have feinted, the more so as won of the Beedles was a looking at me rayther pointedly, as I thort, tho I dessay it was only my gilty consence, which, as sumboddy says, makes cowards of ewen Hed Waiters, as well as all the rest of us. So I quietly put my henwellop with its costlly contents into my pocket, and quietly warked away bang into



DISILLUSION.

Proud Mother. "I SEE, HERBERT, 'S.P.G.' SEVERAL TIMES OCCURRING AMONG YOUR EXPENSES. I'M GLAD TO FIND YOU CAN SPARE SOMETHING OCCASIONALLY FOR THAT EXCELLENT SOCIETY."

Schoolboy. "IT'S NOT EXACTLY THAT, MUMMY DEAR. IT STANDS FOR 'SUNDRIES—PROBABLY GRUB!'"

the Bank as was printed in the check, and there I hands it to the Clark at the Counter as bold as brass. Well, he jest looks at it, and then he says, "How will you take it, short?" So I larfs, and I says, "I shoold like it all, please." Then he larfs, and he says, "Gold or Notes?" So I says, "Sum of each, please, in a little bag." So he gave it me, and then, I so astonishes his week nerves by what I next said, that he turned amost pall. "I now wants you," I sed, "to send one of your yung gennelmen with me to the Firm as drawed that check; for it isn't reelly mine, for I ony found it!" So he did, as it was ony a little ways off; and there, sure enuff, was too most respectful looking Gents in a counting-ouse a counting out their money, like the King in the Fairy Tail.

"Well, my good man, and what do you want?" one of 'em said to me. So I told 'em, and at the close of my story entied out all the contents of my little bag to the werry uttermost harf soverrain. "And, who is this gennelman?" they said. "Oh," said I, "he is the Clark from the Bank cum for to see that I acted on the square." "Well, you needn't wait any longer," they said to him; so off he went.

So the elder one, he says to me, What is your name? "ROBERT," I naterally replied, and amost xpected he was a going to ask me, "who gave me that name," but he didn't. So he larfed, and he said, "But

there are so many of that name about, that you must tell me somethink more." So I plucked up my curridge, and I says, boldly, "Please, Gennelmen, I am ROBERT the City Waiter!" Well, I thinks as I never seed such a change as cum over them too highly respectabel City Gents! They larfed quite out loud, and they both got up and shook hands with me, and then they larfed again, and then one on 'em said, what a lucky thing it was that their lost check had fallen into sich honest hands! Ah, what a grand thing is a good karacter!—it's even better than reel Turtel and Madeary!

They then made me set down, and they larfed, and they chatted away, and arsked me lots of questions, all about my warios experiences, and the young one arsked me if I rememberd the dinner at the Manshun 'Ouse, when he asked me for sum more champagne, saying, "I spose it is *had lib*?" To which, he said, I replied, "Suttenly not! you can have as much as you like!" And then they both larfed again quite hartily, tho' I'm sure I couldn't see what there was to larf at.

They then arsked me jest to step out for a minnit or two, and when they called me in they told me how pleased they was with my conduck, and, if not offending me, they begged my acceptnse of a trifle, which shall be nameless, but which made that memmurable day about the most profitablist I ewer remember.

ROBERT.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. VII.—RECLAIMED! (CONCLUDED.)

[Our readers will doubtless recollect the thrilling situation upon which we were forced to drop the curtain. Lady BELLEDAME, the hardened Grandmother of Little ELFIE, has, under the influence of that angel-child, just vowed to amend, when, in the person of her minion, MONKSHOOD, she is reminded of the series of atrocious crimes she had been contemplating through his instrumentality. Struck with remorse, she attempts to countermand them—only to find that her orders have already been executed with a too punctual fidelity! Now we can go on.]

Lady B. (in a hoarse whisper). You—you have left the parcels . . . all—all? Tell me—how were they received? Speak low—I would not that yonder child should awake and hear!



Little Elfie (behind the screen, very wide awake indeed). Dear, good old Grannie—she would conceal her generosity—even from me! (Loudly.) She little thinks that I am over-hearing all!

Monks. I could have sworn I heard whispering.

Lady B. Nay, you are mistaken—'twas but the wind in the old wainscot. (Aside.) He is quite capable of destroying that innocent child; but, old and attached servant forbid. (To M.)

as he is, there are liberties I still know how to forbid. (To M.) Your story—quick!

Monks. First, I delivered the cigars to Sir VEVEY LONG, whom I found under his verandah. He seemed surprised and gratified by the gift, selected a weed, and was proceeding to light it, whilst he showed a desire to converse familiarly with me. Astily excusing myself, I drove away, when—

Lady B. When what? Do not torture a wretched old woman!

Monks. When I heard a loud report behind me, and, in the portion of a brace, two waistcoat-buttons, and half a slipper, which hurtled past my ears, I recognised all that was mortal of the late Sir VEVEY. You mixed them cigars uncommon strong, m'Lady.

Elfie (aside). Can it be? But no, no. I will not believe it. I am sure that dear Grannie meant no harm!

Lady B. (with a grim pride she cannot wholly repress). I have devoted some study to the subject of explosives. 'Tis another triumph to the Anti-tobaccoists. And what of Lady VIOLET POWDRAY—did she apply the salve?

Monks. Judging from the 'eartrending 'owls which proceeded from Carmine Cottage, the salve was producing the desired result. Her Ladyship, 'owever, terminated her sufferings somewhat prematurely by jumping out of a top window just as I was taking my departure—

Lady B. She should have died hereafter—but no matter . . . and the Upas-tree?

Monks. Was presented to the PERGAMENTS, who unpacked it, and loaded its branches with toys and tapers; after which Mr. PERGAMENTS, Mrs. P., and all the little PERGAMENTS joined 'ands, and danced round it in light'arted glee. (In a sombre tone.) They little know as how it was their dance of death!

Lady B. That knowledge will come! And the beer, MONKSHOOD—you saw it broached?

Monks. Upon the village green; the mortality is still spreading, it being found impossible to undo the knots in which the victims had tied themselves. The sweetmeats were likewise distributed, and the floor of the infant-school now resembles one vast fly-paper.

Lady B. (with a touch of remorse). The children, too! Was not my little ELFIE once an infant? Ah me, ah me!

Elfie (aside). Once—but that was long, long ago. And, oh, how disappointed I am in poor dear Grandmamma!

Lady B. MONKSHOOD, you should not have done these things—

you should have saved me from myself. You must have known how greatly all this would increase my unpopularity in the neighbourhood.

Monks. (sulkily). And this is my reward for obeying orders! Take care, my Lady. It suits you now to throw me aside like a—(casting about for an original simile)—like a old glove, because this innocent grandchild of yours has touched your flinty 'art. But where will you be when she learns—?

Lady B. (in agony). Ah, no, MONKSHOOD, good, faithful MONKSHOOD, she must never know that! Think, MONKSHOOD, you would not tell her that the Grandmother to whom she looks up with such touching, childlike love, was a—homicide—you would not do that?

Monks. Some would say even 'omicide was not too black a name for all you've done. (Lady BELLEDAME shudders.) I might tell Miss ELFIE how you've blowed up a live Baronet, corrosive sublimated a gentle Lady, honily for 'aving, in a moment of candour, called you a hold cat, and distributed pison in a variety of forms about this smiling village; and, if that don't inspire her with distrust, I don't know the nature of children, that's all! I might tell her, I say, and, if I'm to keep my mouth shut, I shall expect it to be considered in my wages.

Lady B. I knew you had a good heart! I will pay you anything—anything, provided you shield my guilt from her . . . wait, you shall have gold, gold, MONKSHOOD, gold!

[Chord. Little ELFIE suddenly comes from behind screen; limelight on her. The other two shrink back.]

Elfie. Do not give that bad old man money, Grandmother,—for it will only be wasted.

Lady B. Speak, child—how much do you know?

Elfie. All!

[Chord. Lady B. collapses on chair.]

Lady B. (with an effort). And now, ELFIE, that you know, you scorn and hate your poor old Grandmother—is it not so?

Elfie. It is wrong to hate one's Grandmother, whatever she does. At first, when I heard, I was very, very sorry. I did think it was most unkind of you. But now, oh, I can't believe that you had not some good, wise motive, in acting as you did!

Lady B. (in conscience-stricken aside). Even this cannot shatter her artless faith . . . Oh, wretch, wretch!

[Covers her face.]

Monks. Motive—I believe you there, Missie. Why, she went and insured all their lives beforehand, she did.

Lady B. MONKSHOOD, in pity hold your peace!

Elfie (her face beaming). I knew it—I was sure of it! Oh, Grannie, my dear, kind old Grannie, you insured their lives first, so that no real harm could possibly happen to them—oh, I am so happy!

Lady B. (aside). What shall I say? Merciful Powers, what shall I say to her?

[Disturbed sounds without.]

Monks. I don't know what you'd better say, but I can tell you what your Ladyship had better do—and that is, take your 'ook while you can. Even now the outraged populace approaches, to wreak a awful vengeance upon your guilty 'ed!

[Melodramatic music.]

Lady B. (distractedly). A mob! I cannot face them—they will tear me limb from limb. At my age I could not survive such an indignity as that! Hide me, MONKSHOOD—help me to escape!

Monks. There is a secret underground passage, known only to myself, communicating with the nearest railway station. I will point it out, and personally conduct your Ladyship—for a consideration—one thousand pounds down.

[The noise increases.]

Elfie. No, Grannie, don't trust him! Be calm and brave. Await the mob here. Leave it all to me. I will explain everything to them—how you meant no ill,—how, at the very time they thought you were meditating an injury, you were actually spending money in insuring all their lives. When I tell them that—

Monks. Ah, you tell 'em that, and see. It's too late now—they are here.

[Shouts without. Lady B. crouches on floor. Little ELFIE goes to the window, throws open the shutters, and stands on balcony in her fluttering white robe, and the limelight.]

Elfie. Yes, they are here. Why, they are carrying torches! —(Lady B. groans)—and banners, too! I think they have a band . . . Who is that tall, stout gentleman, in the white hat, on horseback, and the lady in a pony-trap, with, oh, such a beautiful complexion! There is an inscription on one of the flags—I can read it quite plainly. "Thanks to the generous Donor!" (That must be you, Grandmother!)

And there are children who dance, and scatter flowers. They are asking for a speech. (Speaking off.) "If you please, Ladies and Gentlemen, my Grandmamma is not at all well, but she wishes me to say she wishes you a Merry Christmas, and is very glad you all like your presents so much. Good-bye, good-bye!" (Returning down Stage.) Now they have gone away, Grannie . . . They did look so grateful!

Lady B. (bewildered). What is this? Sir VEVEY, Lady VIOLET,—alive, well? This deputation of gratitude? Am I mad, dreaming—or what does it all mean?

Monks. (doggedly). It means that the sight of this 'ere angel-

child recalled me to a sense of what I might be exposin' myself to by carrying out your Ladyship's commands; and so I took the liberty of substitootin' gifts more calculated to inspire gratitude in their recipients—that's what it means.

Lady B. Wretch!—then you have disobeyed me? You leave this day month!

Elfe (pleading). Nay, Grandmother, bear with him, for has not his disobedience spared you from acts that you might some day have regretted? . . . There, Mr. Butler, Granny forgives you—see, she holds out her hand, and here's mine; and now—

Lady B. (smiling tenderly). Now you shall sing us "*Woa, Lucinda!*"

[*Little ELFE fetches her banjo, and sings, "Woa, Lucinda!" her Grandmother and the aged Steward joining in the dance and chorus, and embracing the child, to form picture as Curtain falls.*

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-writer.)

NO. II.—THE CORINTHIAN LADY.

THE Corinthian Lady is the latest resultant of the two forces of *ennui* and dissipation acting on a Society that is willing to spend

money and desires to kill time. She has played many parts, some (of infinitesimal proportions), on the burlesque stage, others in the semi-private life of her own residence in the South-west district of London. Her versatility has gained for her many admirers and a precarious income, but so long as she possesses the former she scorns to live upon the latter. Being unquestionably a real lady, she has been elected an honorary member of a night club to which undoubted gentlemen resort. There she occasionally consents to dance; more often she sups to an accompaniment

of Viennese music, loud and mirthless laughter, jests which are as fatuous as they are suggestive, and wine which, unlike the humour of the plated youths, her companions, is always sparkling and sometimes dry.

Her real name is a mystery, which, however, she did not find attractive. Having, therefore, abandoned it, she generally substitutes for it the patronymic of a Norman peer, but, lest this should be thought too strong, she dilutes it by the addition of a pet name drawn from the nursery. By this title her fame is celebrated amongst many foolish young men who sing themselves at the flame of her friendship, and many others who, wishing to be thought wise, pretend to know her. Like all doves, she plumes herself on her good looks. Unlike them, she is proud of her bad habits; but she is a stern censor, and shows scant mercy to those colleagues who, surpassing her in the former, lack means or chances to attain to the splendour of the latter. Should one of these happen to be admitted to a club she frequents, [or to a supper-party she honours with her presence, she has been known to wrap herself in her seal-skins, and to depart indignantly in her private brougham.

She possesses the secret of nocturnal youth, and her eyes are warranted to kill across a supper-table, yet [she is no longer young, and sometimes betrays herself by her anecdotes of familiar associations with "boys" who have long since passed into respectability and middle-age. Though she adores diamonds, she frequently sells them, and includes in the transaction those who have purchased them for her; yet she retains and wears as many jewels as would furnish forth a Duchess in a *Bow Bells* novel. But her elbow gloves, which rarely come within a measurable distance of godliness, inevitably proclaim the Corinthian.

She is constant only in her love of excitement, and in her devotion to change, whether it be of the persons of her adorers, or of the colour of her hair. Having early in life learnt the lesson that only those who possess are happy, she endeavours to assure herself against misery by transferring to herself the wealth of those who fall under her influence, or aspire to her affections. She apes what she conceives to be the manners of good society by a languid affectation of refinement and a supercilious drawl, yet she has been known to clothe herself in objurgations as in a tea-gown, and to repel with

scurrility the advances of those who are not moneyed. She earns a certain popularity by the display of a kind of rough good-nature, and the possession of a pet poodle. She has been seen on a coach at Ascot, and in a launch at Henley Regatta, together with a select company of those who cultivate excitement by not looking at the exertions of horses or athletes, whilst they themselves drink Champagne. Nor is she unknown in the boxes of the Gaiety or the Avenue, whither she repairs after dining at the Café Royal. She goes, but not alone, to Monte Carlo, and returns, under a different escort, to London, after losing 'a great deal of the money of other people.

She was once married to a racing man of shady reputation and great wealth, but having soon wearied of the mock-respectability of a quasi-matrimonial existence, she makes the acquaintance of Mr. Justice BUTT at a moment when he is engaged neither upon the probate of wills nor on the collisions of ships. Yet her dislike of one husband who happened for a time to be her own has not in the least impaired her affections for the husbands, actual or to be, of others. No lady can be considered truly Corinthian unless she has figured as the defendant in an action for goods supplied by a milliner. It is thus that the Public learns the Corinthian value of silks, and satins, and laces, and decorative butterflies.

Finally, however, in spite of her gallant and protracted struggles, the years overtake her. She begins to be talked of with a pitying contempt as "*OLD SO-AND-SO*"; art ceases to outwit Nature, and she herself can no longer deceive men. For some time she clings to the fringe of the society she once adorned; but sinking gradually from the Corinthian to the Continental, from the Continental to the Cavour, from the Cavour to a supper-less Music-hall existence, and hence, after many misfortunes, to the cold comfort of the pavement, she ends her days decrepit, obscure, and unfriended, in the back bed-room of a Soho lodging.

GHOSTLESS BOSTON.

[It is said that the Psychical Society could find no authentic stories of ghosts in Boston, U.S.A.]

Nor a ghost in bumptious Boston! Do the souls of men whose books, So they tell us, outshine DICKENS, rise superior to "spooks"? Do the phantoms, having read them, fly in terror and in pain At the cult of vivisection of *La belle Américaine*? HOWELLS puffs up DUDLEY WARNER, who declares his HOWELLS fine. Do the spectres hate "log-rolling," and to haunt the place decline?

Are there no ghosts in New England? Really, this is something new. Where did famous *Rip van Winkle* see old HUDSON's phantom crew? Are the Katskills now unhaunted, where those silent elders bowled, And *Rip* brought the keg of liquor, and the awful thunder rolled? Or do those immortal spectres very wisely count as nought All the tricks of spirit-rappers and sham readers of our thought?

Did the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower*, as we must perforce surmise, Leave ancestral ghosts behind them when they sailed 'neath alien skies?

There is something in the notion, for it was a risky trip, And a spectre is a nuisance when he gibbers on board ship. So, no doubt, those sturdy people, when they crossed Atlantic foam, From an economic motive, left their phantoms all at home.

Or it may be disembodied spirits, when abroad they walk, Cannot stand the stucco culture and the egotistic talk; WARNER may have "lovely manners," HOWELLS swears he has, but then

Ghosts have seen as good in days of stately dames and high-born men; While a curious nasal accent, just a *soupcçon* of a twang, May cause spectres of refinement an involuntary pang.

So it seems the phantoms shun it, be the reason what it may, Not a single ghost of Boston owns to living there to-day. Possibly, if we but knew it, an American 's too spry, And he takes his spirit with him when he condescends to die; Any way the "spooks" have vanished, and the spectres of old time Only live in cheap romances and the poet's idle rhyme.

Fortunate and Economical.

DEURICOLANUS OPERATICUS didn't go over to Brussels the other day for nothing. What he had in his pocket at starting we are not aware, but it is certain that, while abroad, he collared a tenner, which is to last him through the ensuing season at Covent Garden. The new tenor's name is "Y-boo." Beautiful name! "Why boo?" Ask *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*, who tells us that "boo'ing" (not "for BALFOUR") is the only way to get on in life. The tenor, if successful, will be able to reply to "Y-boo" with the satisfactory answer—"Because I'm called before the Curtain."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Jones (nervously conscious that he is interrupting a pleasant tête-à-tête). "A—I'M SORRY TO SAY I'VE BEEN TOLD TO TAKE YOU IN TO SUPPER, MISS BELSIZE!"

GRANDOLPH'S LATEST.

YES; "one man in his time plays many parts,"
But GRANDOLPH posing on a Temperance platform?

Young Tories who so praised their hero's arts
Hardly expected him to show in *that* form.
He was their Coming Champion; he'd revive
The memories of the mighty days of BEAKY.
Him they could trust to keep the game alive;
Was he not vigorous, various, cool, and
cheeky?

GLADSTONE he'd beard, Corruption he would
throttle.
And here he stands behind the Water-Bottle!

As the political Puck he was rare fun,
As young Bellerophon he was a wonder;
He'd see that England had the biggest gun,
He'd end the era of expensive blunder.
E'en as *Jack Sheppard* collaring GLADSTONE'S
"swag."

The Tory-Democratic hosts admired him;
And when he seemed to stumble or to lag,
They swore he'd be "all there"—when
they required him.
But *did* they picture him upon the stump
As the Grand Young Apostle of the Pump?

He, whose amazing advent was all fire,
Stoop to the leaden level of cold water?
A spectacle indeed to tame and tire
The zeal of his most confident supporter.
What will DUNRAVEN say? Quidnuncs will
quiz,
And Balfour-worshippers will smirk and
And ask if he considers it "good biz"
To the Teetotal interest to truckle.

They may be right—or wrong, these babblers
busy.

They were not *always* right about BEN DIZZY.

Meanwhile he poses there as advocate
Of this last panacea of his adoption.
He holds the only way to save the State
Is Temperance, enforced by Local Option.
Spirited Foreign Policy? Anon!
Fiscal Economy? Quite secondary!
All is no use till the Drink-Demon's gone!

BUNG, who so loved him, feels his colour
vary;
And, while he perorates to all men's wonder,
Smug WILFRID smiles and whispers, "That's
my thunder!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

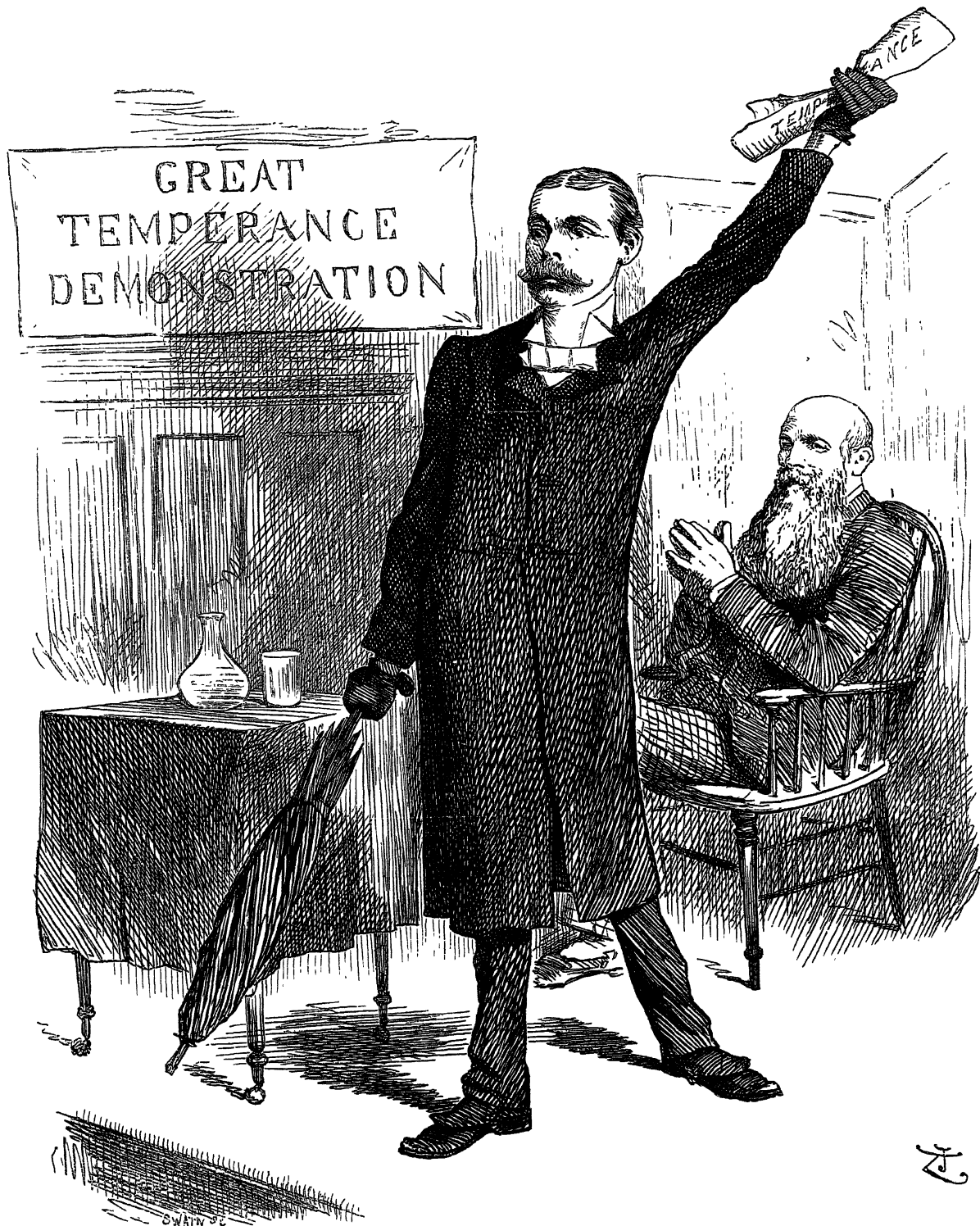
My faithful "Co." has been reading
Marooned, by Mr. CLARK RUSSELL, an
author who delights in stories of nautical
adventure. My worthy follower declares
that the novel, although rather spun out, is
full of interest. He was especially pleased
with Mr. CLARK RUSSELL'S anxiety to make
his meaning clear when talking of things
maritime. He particularly instances a pas-
sage in Vol. II., page 17. Here it is: "It
is proper I should state here, for the infor-
mation for those to whom sea-terms are unin-
telligible, that a studding-sail-boom is a long
smooth spar that reeves through irons, fixed
upon the yard to which it belongs." How
land-lubbers would be able to understand the
marine technicalities Mr. RUSSELL introduces
into his stories without explanations such as
this, it would be difficult to say: But with

such assistance, a studding-sail-boom becomes
as easy of identification as a marling-spike
lashed to a fore-castle spinnaker-boom, close
hauled apart under trysails, blowing out like
flags from the grips of clew-lines and leech-
lines towards the close of a second dog-watch!
Shiver LINDLEY MURRAY'S timbers! but what
can be finer than a bulkhead battered down
with the scandalised main-sail of a top-
gallant clipper-rigged halliard! Ah, what
indeed!

"Co." has also been improving his mind
by reading a new edition of Mr. JOSEPH
FOSTER'S *Noble and Gentle Families of Royal
Descent*, in which he has found, amongst
other interesting matter, the recently much
discussed pedigree of the Duke of FIFE. Like
all Mr. FOSTER'S books of reference, the two
handsome volumes are invaluable to the
genealogist, and no library can be accurately
said to be *quite* complete without them.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

DAUBIGNY IN BOND STREET.—Through the
organisation of Messrs. BOUSSOD, VALADON &
Co., and the kindness of Mr. JAMES STAATS
FORBES, Mr. W. CUTEBERT QUILLER, Mr. ALEX-
ANDER YOUNG, and other courteous collectors,
we are enabled to enjoy, at the Goupil Gallery,
as many as forty-three works by this distin-
guished *paysagiste* of the Barbizon School.
Nothing of the "daub" to be seen here except-
ing in the first half of the name. Charming
collection. Nice boys they were of the Bar-
bizon School, all in the best form. *Mr. Punch*
recommends everybody not to neglect to pay
an immediate visit to this superb exhibition.



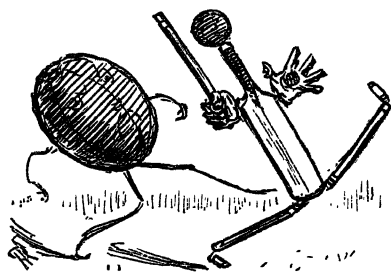
GRANDOLPH'S LATEST.

LE KICK-BALLE FIGHT.

"No definite date has yet been fixed for the football match which is to take place here between an English and a French eleven, the latter consisting of pupils from the Lycée Janson de Sailly, but the preliminary negotiations are still proceeding."—*Letter of Paris Correspondent.*

MON CHER MONSIEUR,

It is with the feelings of a 'Igh Life-Sporting-Gentlemen most ecstatic and profound, that I find myself preparing "*Le Onze*" of the great spirited youths of our Lycée, who have, brave-souled heroes, volunteered to meet on the *véritable champ de bataille* of



the kicke - legges - match your Public - school - team, who have thrown in their faces the challenge glove of combat. I say, I am preparing, but this means, of course, with such modifications of your *Jeu-de-Rugby* rules, which, indeed, turn the struggle into *un vrai carnage*, degrading alike to humanity and civilisation, as will permit the enlightened children of our great, refined and Republican

France, to meet their antagonists not with the savage antics of Blood-thirsty Cannibals, which seem to characterise what you term "*le scrimmage*," as practised by your contending "*ome-teams*" at *le Hovals* and other arenas, where meet and rend each other with the fury unrestrained, terrible and indescribable of the wild beasts and gladiators of the barbaric Roman Cirous, of ancient times, but with the humanised activity of that expurgated and refined form of the contest which has enabled the courageous but reasoning youth of this great reforming and Republic France of ours, to throw open wide her arms and welcome to her heart elastic and generous *Le Kick-Balle Fight*, as henceforth her own chosen and peculiar national game.

You can understand, *Mon cher Monsieur*, that I cannot, in the short space at my disposal in this limited letter, do more than merely outline the suggestion of the New Rules, but when I assure you that they have been cautiously thought out, drawn up and revised by a carefully selected Committee, comprising, among other noted experts, a Major-General of Engineers, two Analytical Chemists, a Balloon Proprietor, an Archbishop, a Wild-beast Tamer, a Ballet Master, a Professor of Anatomy, a Patent Artificial Limb Maker, and a Champion Fighter of *Le Boze Americain*, you will see that the features of the game, gay, murderous, active, and terrible, have all been considered with a due regard to their preservation where this has been found compatible with the sacredness of human life and the protection of *le shin* from too much furious and brutal bruising. But here I subjoin a few of the simpler "New Provisions" as adopted by the Committee.

1. "*Le Balle*."—He will be constructed of Gold-beater's Skin, and covered with Pink or Blue Satin, with perhaps a few White Silk Bows, sewn on to him for the purpose of elegant adornment. It is this making of "*Le Balle*," a light, gay, and altogether ethereal creation which will strike the key-note of the new game of *Le Kick-Balle Fight* as a recognised pastime for the courageous youth of modern France.

2. *Le Onze*, will all wear one uniform, which will consist of white satin slippers, pantaloons of cashmere, with feather pillows worn as a protection strapped over the knees, a bolster being wound round the body to safeguard the chest, ribs, and spinal column. A broad gay, coloured satin sash with a cocked hat and ostrich feathers completes the costume. The last to indicate, owing to the risks and dangers in which the combatants may be involved, its association with *le vrai champs de bataille*, to which, but for the "new provisions" it would bear such a terrible and striking resemblance.

3. "*Le 'Arf-back*."—This dangerous officer is abolished altogether, the Committee being of opinion, unanimous and decisive, that the position is only provocative of strife.

4. "*Le Forward*."—He is for the same reason equally abolished, and in the French game exists no more.

5. "*Le Goal-keeper*."—He may keep "*Le Goal*" if he can do so without danger of being struck in the face with "*Le Balle*."

6. "*Le Balle*" must, on no account, be touched with the foot, but merely slapped playfully, enough for the purposes of propulsion, with the palm of the open hand.

7. "*Le Scrimmage*." This barbarous and savage entanglement is absolutely *défendu*. No two opposing combatants must ever, under any circumstances, permit themselves to touch each other. The great skill of the new game will be, by subtle and appropriate gesticulation, to dance out of each other's way. On any two opposing combatants, by any chance, touching each other, "*Le Capitaine*" of either side will appeal to the Umpire, and, after the manner of "*Le jeu de Cricket*," will propose for him the simple question, "Mister

Umpire, 'ow is that?" Upon which, that official saying "Out!" the two offenders will be struck from the game, and enjoy no share of "*Le gate-money*," if that is the prize for which the two teams are honourably contending.

The above, *Mon cher Monsieur*, are the principal Rules, as arranged by the Committee, and you will see that they have been drawn up with a view to eliminating the bloodthirsty *boule-dogue* ferocity from a pastime which, under the title of *Le Kick-Balle Fight*, bids fair to become the characteristic sport, gay, active, and courage-inspiring, of our modern French youth awakened with *élan* and ardour to the athletic spirit of the age which has overtaken them.

Receive, *Mon cher Monsieur*, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration,

LE HEADS-MASTER OF THE LYCÉE JANSON DE SAILLY.

THE FARTHING NOVEL SERIES.

Now that the entire works of the late WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE can be purchased (allowing for discount) for fourpence-halfpenny, it seems strange that no publisher has issued the more celebrated of our romances at the rate per volume of the smallest coin of the realm. That it can be done will be obvious to the meaneast comprehension. All that is required is brevity and intelligibility. It is only necessary to give an outline of the story—the sketchier the better. If a little "local colouring" can be thrown in, no harm will be done. But that local colouring must be distinctly modern. Again, if sentiments calculated to be popular with the class by whom the series is likely to be purchased are introduced, a distinct gain will be the consequence. But as an example is better than pages of description, a sample is subjoined:—

IVANHOE;

Or, *The Disguised Knight, the Distressed Jewess, and the Templar who did not Behave like a Gentleman.*

CHAPTER I.

"You are very welcome," said CEDRIC the Saxon, for the fifth time, as SIR BRIAN DE BOIS-GILBERT took down the Fair ROWENA to supper. "As for you, WILFRID the Pilgrim, sit below the salt, and, Sir Seneschal, keep your eyes upon the horn spoons."

"And this is the curse of the land," murmured the heir, as he helped himself to plum-pasty, the forerunner of plum-pudding. "It is this haughtiness that causes our yeomen to strike, and makes ROBIN HOOD, Friar TUCK, and the rest of his merry men possible!"

CHAPTER II.

THE next day joined in the tournament. It was a grand sight. The horses pranced, the plumes flowed in the wind. The refreshments were executed by contract, at so much a head, by a body of adventurers, who had combined together to keep down prices.

"Nay, beshrew thee, man!" exclaimed JOHN, the Smith, to THOMAS the Jones—a contraction of joiner. "It is these combinations—co-operations, as SIR EVANS, the Clerk at the church over yonder hath it—that ruin trade." Before THOMAS the Jones or joiner could reply, there was a crash, and it was known that SIR BRIAN had been overcome by a Knight who had no crest.

"He does not deserve to win," said a Herald to a Pursuivant—"defrauding us of our fees! No coat-of-arms; no pedigree! It is simply disgraceful."

"Ay, and so it is," replied the under-officers of the College of Arms. "But see yonder is ISAAC of YORK the Jew. Join me in a bond, and we will avail ourselves of his usury." And within twenty-four hours the two gentles had borrowed one-and-sevenpence-halfpenny!

CHAPTER III.

IN the meanwhile SIR BRIAN had carried off REBECCA, been slain, and disposed of.

CHAPTER IV.

THEN there was a magnificent wedding, as WILFRID of Ivanhoe, no longer the disowned, but the heir to estates belonging to a highly respectable county family led his bride to the altar.

"Methinks she takes the cake," whispered WAMBA the Jester. "Not until after the breakfast," replied RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, throwing off his disguise as the Nameless Knight, and appearing in the full costume of a monarch.

"Long live the King!" shouted the populace. "You are right to utter that wish," returned His Majesty, "so long as I reign without attempting to govern. Believe me, it is better to have universal suffrage than a despot who may be at once cruel and incompetent."

"In fact, an idiot," put in a reporter, who was doing the ceremony for a local record.

"Quite so," acquiesced the Monarch; and then, turning to the newly-married pair, he observed, "Bless you, my children! Mark me, I order you to live in happiness for ever afterwards."

And IVANHOE and his bride obeyed the royal command.



Mr. Punch's suggestion for the betterment of Parliament Conversation Cages—in the Members lobby, which can be mechanically raised and lowered. M.P.s can then chat with their friends without fear of being overheard by the numerous frequenters of the lobby.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT. EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 17.—"Better be in your place early," said CHAPLIN, passing me as he marched with long strides across resounding corridor.

"Yes, I know. OLD MORALITY's going to say what Government will do about PARNELL Commission's Report; everybody anxious to know."

"It's not that, dear boy, not that," said our new Minister, in compassionate tone. "I have two questions to answer. First time, don't you know; everybody dying to see how it goes off; warrant you they shan't be disappointed."

COBB the Curious came on with first interrogatory. All about fox-hunting and fox-hunters. Pretty to see COBB, having submitted his question under ten sub-heads, place hands on knees and fix Minister with steady stare. CHAPLIN advanced to table with graceful carriage and confident bearing; produced with imposing flourish a sheaf of notes, foolscap size, stoutly sewn, apparently exceeding a dozen in number; began to read with practised elocutionary art; drew the House began to murmur; CHAPLIN, accepting invo-

covert, "so to speak," as T. W. RUSSELL protests he said when telling the men of Manchester that WILLIAM O'BRIEN must be taken by the throat. No draw; went to next covert—I mean turned over another folio.



"THE MISS!"

Gillie. "EH, MON! BUT IT'S FORTUNATE THERE'S BEEF IN ABERDEEN!"

luntary applause, read on with increased impressiveness and complacency; murmurs grew into shout. At view-halloa! fox started; fifth folio now reached; only seven more to read. CHAPLIN began to wish GOSCHEN or OLD MORALITY would go and fetch him glass of water. Cries from crowd grew louder. At last CHAPLIN, looking up, beheld, through astonished glasses, Opposition indulging in roar of contumely. Wouldn't have taken him more than quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to finish his few remarks, and yet a lot of miserable Members who didn't know a fox from a hare wouldn't let him go on! Struggled gallantly for some minutes; at last sat down; whole pages of his answer unrecited.

Speeches all night in continued Debate on the Address. PARNELL has moved Amendment arraigning BALFOUR's administration in Ireland. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, chancing to be out of prison, looks in and delivers fiery harangue in support of Amendment. But yesterday, BALFOUR, his gaoler; ordered his food; not too much of it and not full variety; fixed his hours of going to bed and getting up. Now prison-doors opened by lapse of time; O'BRIEN walks out through Westminster Hall into House of Commons; stands before SPEAKER on equal terms with his whilom gaoler, and scolds him magnificently. By-and-by BALFOUR will probably have his turn again, and O'BRIEN will be eating and drinking the bread and water of affliction. Meanwhile, storms at top of his voice, beats the air with long lean arm and clenched hand, and makes dumb dogs of English Members sad with musing on the inequalities of fortune, which has given these Irishmen the great gift of pointedly saying what they have at heart.

Business done.—Debate on Address.

Tuesday.—"Well," said THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER, sinking slowly into corner seat, grateful to find that PETER O'BRIEN was his neighbour, for PETER finds it possible to pack himself into a limited space and THOMAS BAYLEY's proportions are roomy—"well it is nice to see how these old colleagues love one another. Come next April, I have sat in House man and boy for twenty-five years. Have found that on some pretext, on one occasion or another, they are always at it, scratching each other's face, pulling one another's hair, or stabbing each other in the back. Why don't they all join the Cobden Club, sink minor differences, and be friends ever after?"

As THOMAS BAYLEY thus mused, he gazed across Gangway on to Front Opposition Bench. An interesting incident developing. HENRY JAMES on his legs (generally on one) opposing PARNELL's Amendment to Address. He stands between the outstretched legs of his two dear and right hon. friends, GLADSTONE and JOHN MORLEY. Just beyond JOHN MORLEY, TREVELYAN sits. At the other side of GLADSTONE, HARCOURT towers, toying with the gracious folds of his massive chin, looking straight before him with sphynx-like gaze. According to etiquette and usage, JAMES should be addressing the Chair; but his back is turned to SPEAKER. He faces half round to Front Opposition Bench, and, with left foot clasped round right ankle, elbow of right arm leaning on box, and clenched left hand swinging to and fro in perilous proximity to a grand old proboscis, he literally drives home his argument. House may listen, if it pleases, like crowd closing in on street squabble; HENRY JAMES is having it out with his old friends and Leader;



The Inquiring Cobb.



The Cobden Club.

professing fullest respect, and even reverence for his right hon. friend the Member for Midlothian, but at same time showing how utterly, hopelessly wrong he and his have gone since his former Solicitor-General parted company.

HARCOURT, a little out of it, sits and ponders, possibly thinking of the days when he was plain Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, and, seated below the Gangway, used, in company with his young friend, Mr. HENRY JAMES, bait GLADSTONE, then on Treasury Bench, hastening to the catastrophe of 1874.

"Makes me feel quite old," said THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER, dexterously appropriating another half-inch of the space that rightfully belonged to PETER O'BRIEN. "Seems but yesterday that HARCOURT and JAMES were in the running, one for Attorney-General, the other Solicitor-General. But getting it, having got it, or having abandoned it, seems all to lead to the same end—the worrying of the Grand Old Man."

Business done.—PARNELL's Amendment to Address negated by 307 Votes against 240.

Wednesday.—LYCIDAS is dead—dead in his prime! It was this very morning, in the earliest moments of its birth, that I watched JOSEPH GILLIS walking up the floor shoulder to shoulder with old friend DICK POWER, "telling" in division on PARNELL's Amendment to Address. Beaten, of course, but majority diminished, and JOEY beamed as he walked across Lobby towards Cloak-Room. Rather a sickly beam, compared with wild lights that used to flash from his eyes in the old times, when majority against Home Rule was a great deal more than 67.

"Yes, I am a little tired, TOBY, dear boy," he said. "These dull sittings and early adjournments don't suit me. I was better and stronger in the old times, when we used to sit up all night and fight all day. Remember thirteen years ago, when I slept for an hour on two chairs in the Library? Returned to House at five in morning; found them all looking jaded and worn; cheered them up by saying I'd come back like a giant refreshed. Well, I'll go home now, have a good sleep, be all right in the morning."

And when we are gathered in House for Wednesday's sitting we learn that all is right indeed, and that poor old JOEY B. lies quiet, with face upturned, in his alien lodgings off Clapham Common.

He would be surprised if he knew with what warm and sincere feeling his sudden taking-off is mourned. At the time he spoke of, thirteen years back, he was certainly the most abhorred person on the premises, and gleefully chuckled over consciousness of the fact. But the House, with nearer knowledge, learned to recognise his sterling qualities, and now, when Death rounds off with tragic touch the comicalities of his public life, everyone has a kindly word to say for JOSEPH GILLIS.

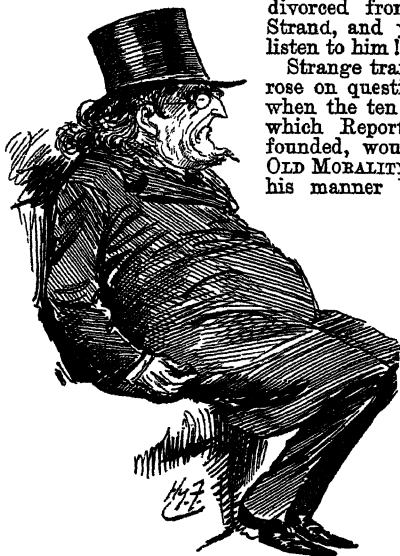
Business done.—Debate on Address.

Thursday.—"Curious," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, "how habits ingrained in early life, born in the blood as it were, come out at chance times. Here's OLD MORALITY been for a generation practically divorced from business affairs in the Strand, and yet look at him now, and listen to him!"

Strange transmogrification truly. Arose on question put by HUNTER as to when the ten volumes of evidence, upon which Report of Special Committee founded, would be on the bookstalls. OLD MORALITY at the table in a moment, his manner brisk yet deferential, his hands involuntarily wandering over the books and papers scattered about, as if he were looking for special edition someone on other side of counter had asked for.

"The Evidence," he said, "given before the Special Commission occupies eleven volumes, consisting of the Evidence and Appendix, and they will probably be followed by a twelfth volume containing Index matter. We trust that the first eleven volumes will be ready for delivery to customers before the 1st of March."

PETER O'BRIEN, not yet expanded since compressed by contiguity of THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER, asked whether complete copies of the evidence would be supplied to other persons incriminated, but not being Members of the House? OLD MORALITY at the counter again; the old Adam in him stronger than ever. Here was a pretty proposal!



District Councils.

Bound to supply this interesting work gratuitously to Members of Parliament; to go beyond that most unbusinesslike.

"No, Sir," he said, firmly; "it is open to other persons to obtain the volumes by purchase."

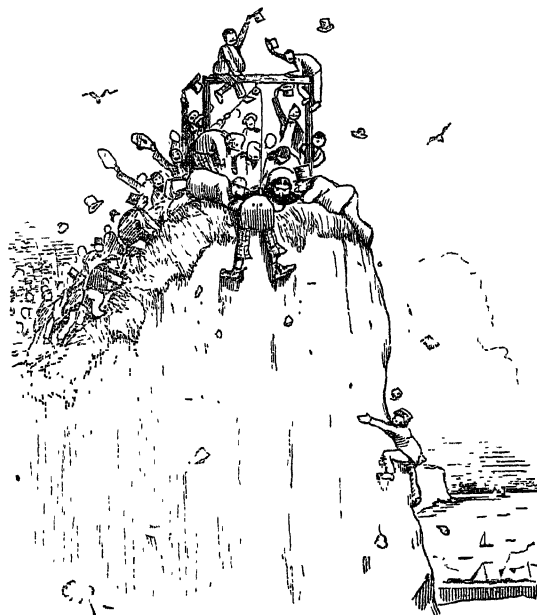
House roared with laughter, turned delighted from this little comedy to face the gloomy prospect of STANSFELD on District Councils.

Business done.—Still harping on Address.

Friday Night.—"Strange," said J. A. PICTON, slowly rubbing his brawny hands, "how in our ashes live our wonted fires."

Dwelt amongst dead ashes all week; dreary dullness. To-night, in very last hour of week, Debate suddenly flashes forth in brilliant flame, worthy of old traditions. CHAMBERLAIN, with his back to the wall, faced and flanked by jeering, scornful, angry Liberals. Explains why he's going to vote with Government against demand for Free Education. A tough, dialectical job, requiring skill, temper, courage. CHAMBERLAIN displays each quality. Cool, collected, master of the situation, deftly warding off thundering blows, and now and then changing, with swift action, from defensive to offensive. A pretty sight, worth waiting a week for.

Business done.—ACLAND's Motion for Free Education rejected by 223 Votes against 163.



THE KENT COAL HOLE.

Finding Coal in the Channel Tunnel Works. Rush of delighted S.E.R. Shareholders to Shakspeare's Cliff.

SONG FOR MR. STANSFELD, M.P.

(Adapted from Mr. J. L. Toole's "Speaker's Eye.")

Refrain.

In Eyer-land I used to try,
But I never could catch a P'leeceman's eye.
I never could catch—

[Whistles.]

Chorus of Members, led by the Speaker.

He never could catch—

Mr. Stansfeld and Chorus ensemble.

I } never could catch the P'leeceman's eye.
He }

Copies should be on sale in the House, with an illustration by Mr. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P.

FORTHCOMING Book, a "Standard" Work (in the Press). New Edition of *Allsopp's Fables*. N.B.—This volume will contain two extra Fables, illustrating the proverb of "Allsopps to Cerberus," and "There's many a slip between the mug and the Hind-lip." Many novel pints will be introduced.

"FESTINA LENTE."—Get through Lent festively.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL AND THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

APPEAL OF MR. HENRY IRVING. RESULT.

(A not impossible Extract from Next Year's Morning Papers.)

YESTERDAY, before the Theatres Committee of the London County Council, the appeal of Mr. HENRY IRVING (the well-known actor and manager) against the decision of the Sub-Committee to refuse a licence to the Lyceum Theatre, came on for hearing.

After Mr. HENRY IRVING (who appeared in person) had addressed the Committee at some length, dwelling upon the character of the pieces he had produced during his management, and the care and expense with which they had been mounted, several members of the Committee expressed a wish to put questions to him, which Mr. IRVING promised to answer to the best of his ability.

Mr. HECKLEBURY. I think you told us that *Hamlet* was one of your favourite parts? Is it not the fact that the chief character in the play drives his fiancée to madness and suicide by his cruelty, slays her father and brother, together with his own step-father, and procures the death of two of his school-fellows?

Mr. IRVING admitted that this was so. (Sensation.)

Mr. HECKLEBURY. That is all I wanted to ask you.

Mr. FUSSLER. I understand that you have produced a play called *Othello* on more than one occasion; perhaps you will inform us whether the following passages are in your opinion suitable for public declamation? (Mr. FUSSLER then proceeded to read several extracts to which he objected on account of their offensive signification.)

Mr. IRVING protested that SHAKESPEARE, and not himself, was responsible for such passages.

Mr. FUSSLER. Unfortunately, SHAKESPEARE is not before us—and you are. You admit that you have produced a play containing lines such as I have just read? That is enough for us.

Mr. MEDLAM. Unless I am mistaken, the hero in *Othello* is not only a murderer but a suicide?

Mr. IRVING. Undoubtedly. (Sensation.)

Mr. MEDLAM. We have heard something of a piece called *The Bells*. I seldom attend theatres myself, except in the exercise of my public functions, but I do happen to have seen that particular play on one occasion. Does my memory mislead me in saying, that you committed a brutal and savage murder in the course of the drama?

Mr. IRVING said that, as a matter of fact, the murder took place many years before the curtain rose—otherwise, the Member's memory was entirely accurate.

Mr. MEDLAM. Whenever the murder was committed, it remains undetected, and the criminal escapes all penalty—is not that the case?

Mr. IRVING urged that the Nemesis was worked out by the murderer's own conscience.

Mr. MEDLAM said that was all nonsense; a person's conscience could not be made visible on the stage, and here a murderer was represented as dying several years after his crime, in his own bedroom, respected by all who knew him. Did Mr. IRVING intend to tell them that such a spectacle was calculated to deter an intending murderer, or did he not? That was the plain question.

Mr. IRVING thought that intending murderers formed so inappreciable an element in his usual audiences, that they might safely be left out of the calculation.

Mr. MEDLAM. But you might have an intending murderer among your audience, I suppose?

Mr. IRVING's reply was not audible in the reporters' gallery.

Mr. PARSEKER. I should like to hear what you have to say about duelling, Mr. IRVING—I mean, is it, or is it not, a practice sanctioned by the laws of this country?

Mr. IRVING said that he did not quite understand the drift of such a question; but, since they asked him, he should say that duelling was distinctly illegal.

Mr. PARSEKER. You will understand the drift of my question directly, Mr. IRVING. I have made it my business to acquaint

myself with your dramatic career, and I find that you have played as hero at various times in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *The Corsican Brothers*, and *The Dead Heart*, besides *Macbeth*. Am I wrong in saying that in each of these pieces you fight a duel?

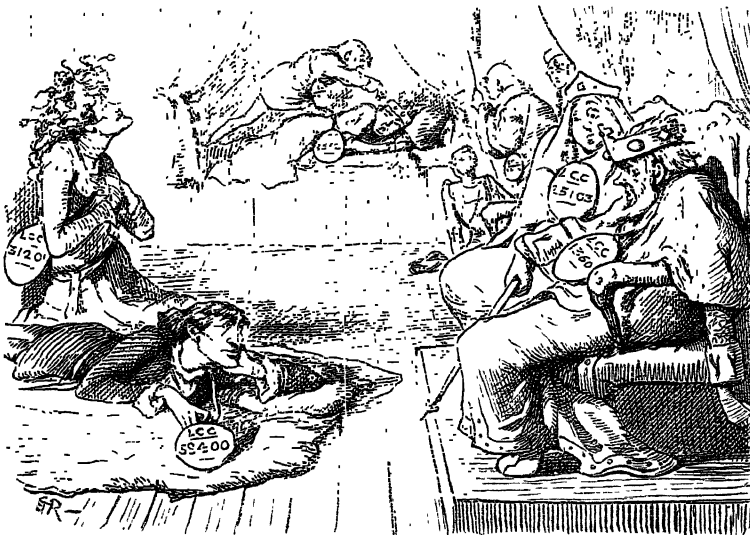
Mr. IRVING. No. I fight a duel in each of them, except *Macbeth*, in which there is no duel, only a hand-to-hand combat. I do commit a murder in *Macbeth*.

A MEMBER. Mr. IRVING's tastes seem rather to run in the direction of murders. (Laughter.)

After the report of the Official Censor upon the general tone of the Lyceum plays during the last fifteen years had been read a second time and adopted, the Chairman, without more than a formal consultation with his colleagues, proceeded to announce the decision of the Committee. He said that they had not come to their present conclusion without long and anxious deliberation. They were now the constituted guardians of the public morals, and must fulfil their functions without fear or favour. (Applause.) They must look at the character of the performances at each theatre, considering only whether they were or were not beneficial to morality. In the past, under a régime happily now at an end, public opinion had been shamefully lax, and official control purely nominal; plays had been repeatedly performed, and even welcomed as classics, which he

did not hesitate to say were full of incidents that were revolting to all well-regulated minds. SHAKESPEARE, who, with his undoubted talents, should have known better, was, so far from being an exception, one of the worst offenders. The Council must free themselves from the shackles of conventional tolerance. (Applause.) Evil was evil—murder was murder—coarseness was coarseness—whether treated by SHAKESPEARE or anybody else. Nor could the Committee shut their eyes to the fact that Mr. IRVING's histrionic ability, and his popularity with those who attended his exhibitions could only intensify the injurious effect which such representations must have upon young and impressionable minds. In his opinion, much as he regretted having to say so, the Lyceum was nothing less than a School of Murder. It aggravated rather than extenuated the evil to be

told, as they had been told, that all these deeds of violence had been represented on the stage with every aid which money, art and research could give. Again, was it desirable that the Democracy should derive their ideas of the family life of crowned heads from being admitted into the scandalous secrets of the household of *Hamlet*? Or did they wish to see an injured husband following the example of *Othello*? A thousand times no. These things must be stopped. The Council was very far from taking a Puritanical view of the question—(applause)—they fully recognised that the stage was a necessary social evil, and, as such, must be tolerated until the public taste was sufficiently purified to refuse it further countenance; but, in the meantime, the Council must insure that such exhibitions as they were prepared to sanction were of a kind consistent with the preservation of good manners, decorum, and of the public peace—(applause)—none of which conditions, in the unanimous opinion of the Committee, was fulfilled by the class of entertainment which the appellant IRVING had, by his own admission, persisted in providing. On those grounds alone the Committee dismissed the Appeal, and declared the Lyceum Theatre closed till further notice. He might say, however, that they might possibly be induced, after a certain interval, to reconsider the question, and allow the theatre to be reopened on Mr. IRVING's undertaking to produce dramas of an entirely unobjectionable character in future. (Mr. IRVING begged for some more definite leading as to the dramas alluded to.) The Chairman said that he had been informed that an illustrated periodical called *Punch* was publishing a series of Moral Dramas, in which the sentiments and incidents were alike irreproachable. Let Mr. IRVING promise to confine himself to these, and the Council would see about it. (Mr. IRVING then withdrew, without, however, having given any definite undertaking, and the Committee adjourned.)



"This is what the County Council's Licensing Bill for Places of Entertainment did not intend, as, according to the latest authoritative explanation, the L. C. C. does not consider Theatres as coming under the head of 'places of entertainment.' Rather hard on the Theatres!"

"PUTTING HIS NOSE OUT OF JOINT."



Sandars. July. 28. '90

Engineering (to Little Tour Eiffel). "WHERE ARE YOU, NOW, MY LITTLE MAN?"

"The Eiffel Tower is 1000 feet high; if the Forth Bridge were put up on end, it would be 5280 feet in height. The tower has in its construction 7500 tons of iron; the bridge has 53,000 tons of the best steel. The tower was made in about six months; the bridge has required seven years. The Eiffel Tower is a wonderful thing; but, then, how much more wonderful is the Forth Bridge!"—*Illustrated London News.*

The Bridge. You took lots of beating, my sky-scraping friend,
But BENJAMIN BAKER has compassed *that* end;
I am sure Monsieur EIFFEL himself would allow
That the Bridge licks the Tower; so where are you now?

The Tower. J'y suis et j'y reste, my big friend and great rival,
I hope for a long and a glorious survival;

But don't mind admitting—all great souls are frank—
That you—for the present at least—take first rank
'Midst the mighty achievements adorning our sphere
Of our latest of Titans, the Great Engineer.

The Bridge. All hail, Engineering! No wonder you're proud
Of a work in whose honour all praises are loud;
No wonder 'tis opened by princes and peers
Amidst technical triumph and popular cheers;
No wonder that BENJAMIN BAKER feels glad,
Sir JOHN FOWLER and COOPER quite other than sad.
'Twas a very big job, 'tis a very big day,
And the whole country joins in the Scotchmen's Hooray!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHAT train of thought was it that led the indefatigable PERCY FITZGERALD to write, *The Story of Bradshaw's Guide*, which appears in one of the most striking wrappers that can be seen on a railway book-stall? How pleasant if we could obtain a real outside coat-pocket railway guide just this size. It is a pity that the Indefatigable and Percy-ving One did not apply to *Mr. Punch* for permission to reprint the page of *Bradshaw* which appeared in *Mr. Punch's Bradshaw's Guide*, marvellously illustrated by BENNETT, many years ago. This *magnum opus in parvo* is really interesting and amusing, but if there is one thing more than another which he who runs and reads desiderates of an author writing of time-tables and guides, it is accuracy. Now, in one particular instance, our PERCY is inaccurate. He writes: "Close on fifty years have passed by, and the guide with every year has continued, like *Mr. Stiggins*, to be a 'swellin' wisely.'" The Brave Baron challenges PERCY to mortal combat on this issue, defying him to prove that *Mr. Stiggins* was ever described within the limits of *Pickwick*, as "swellin' wisely." Will the erudite biographer of *Bradshaw* be surprised to learn, that, in the first place, the description "swellin' wisely" was never applied to *Mr. Stiggins* at all, but was used by *Mr. Weller* senior, as illustrating the condition of a "young 'oman on the next form but two" from where he was sitting, who had "drank nine breakfast cups and a half, and," he goes on to whisper to *Sam*, "*She's a swellin' wisely before my very eyes.*" In the second place, the expression was employed at a time when *Mr. Stiggins* was not present, but, in his official character, as "a deligate from the Dorking branch of our society, Brother *Stiggins*" was in attendance downstairs. With these two exceptions, one mistake of omission, and one of commission, the Baron confers his *imprimatur* on the *Story of Bradshaw's Guide*, and recommends it to the public.

For a first-rate, short, well-constructed, and sensationally interesting story, let me recommend my readers to *The Peril of Richard Pardon*. Only one possible objection do I see to it, and that is a matter of my own private opinion, which is, that *Richard Pardon* is the most irritating idiot ever created by an author. For the sake of the story, it was necessary that he should be weak; but he is such a very backboneless man, and yet quite strong enough to support the fabric of the plot. Then one is cleverly put off the scent by a certain *Richard Mortlock*, from whom the reader expects much more than ever comes out. The sequel of this capital novelette must be *Richard Mortlock*. I have quite forgotten to say that *The Peril of Richard Pardon* is by Mr. B. L. FARJEON, whom I have to thank for making time pass too rapidly on many a previous occasion. The Hour Before Dinner Series—not that this is the genuine title, but it might be, and is a suggestion—is a real "boon and a blessing" to those who, like *Podgers*, in JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD's immortal farce, "only have a 'our,' not for 'their dinner,' but for 'their dinner-reading throughout the day. FARJEON soit béni!" (Signed) THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

AN EVENTFUL WEEK.

(From a Prophetic Journal of Events, looming possibly somewhere a-head.)

Monday.—London, having now been without coal for sixteen weeks, and people having kept their kitchen-fires alight by burning their banisters and bedroom furniture, several noted West-end houses undertake to deliver the arms and legs of drawing-room chairs ("best screened"), at £26 5s. a ton for cash.

Tuesday.—All the petroleum in the country having now been exhausted for heating purposes, and Piccadilly being, in consequence, illuminated by a night-light in one lamp-post in every three, a "Discontented Ratepayer" commences a correspondence in the *Times*, commenting on the matter in a severe temper.

Wednesday.—Several Colliery Owners, in despair, descend into their own mines for the purpose of trying to raise some coal themselves, but their employes, declining so assist in hauling them up again, they are left to their fate, and nothing more is heard of them.

Thursday.—A Syndicate of Noblemen determine to try for coal on the spot, by sinking a mine in the middle of Belgrave Square, when, on arriving at a depth of 2500 feet, they come across an active volcano, which proves such a nuisance to the neighbourhood, that the Vestry is applied to by several parishioners to put a stop to it. On their sending the Sanitary Inspector to investigate the matter, he orders the mine to be closed. On this being done, the scheme collapses, several of the Syndicate, as a consequence, in despair emigrating to Tierra del Fuego.

Friday.—A set of studs and a drawing-room tiara of "Best Wallsend," are shown in a window of a jeweller's in Bond Street, and attract such crowds that the Police have to be called in to prevent a block in the traffic, and keep the pavement clear for foot passengers.

Saturday.—Furious street riots commenced by a noble Duke in Grosvenor Place pulling up the wood pavement in front of his house, and having it carted rapidly into his coal-cellar. The move becoming popular, spreads in all directions, with the result of leading to serious collisions with the local Vestry Authorities, who call in the aid of the Police.

Sunday.—The Archbishop of CANTERBURY preaches to an enormous congregation in Westminster Abbey, on the "Plague of Darkness" in Egypt by the light of a one-farthing candle. This being, by some misadventure, inadvertently knocked over, the assembled multitude are enabled to realise, to some extent, the gloomy horrors of the situation as described by the reverend preacher, and, stumbling over each other, retire to unlighted streets and fireless hearths, to face another week of the consequences of the "Trade Problem," with the solution of which they have been brought face to face.

GRAND OLD BILLEE.*

"It is stated that the captaincy of Deal Castle . . . is to be offered to Mr. GLADSTONE, the captaincy being in the gift of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports."—*Daily News*.



THERE were three sailors of London city
Who found their (Party) ship at sea,
Although with programmes, authorised and unauthorised,
Most carefully they had loaded she.

There was greedy JOE and glosing JIMMY,
And the third was named Grand Old BILLEE;
And they were reduced to the piteous prospect
Of grubbing on one split (Party) pea.

Says greedy JOE to glosing JIMMY
"For captaincy I am hungaree."
To greedy JOE says glosing JIMMY,
"Then you and I must get rid of he."

Says greedy JOE to glosing JIMMY,
"With one another we should agree.
With me as Captain, and you as First Mate,
If it wasn't for Grand Old BILLEE."

"Oh, BILLEE, we're going to chuck you over,
So prepare for a bath in the Irish Sea."
When BILL received this information,
His dexter optic winked he.

"First let me take an observation
From the main-top over the Irish Sea!"
"Make haste, make haste," says glosing JIMMY,
Whilst JOE he fumbled his snickersnee.

So BILLY went up to the main-top-gallant mast,
And began to count o'er the Irish Sea;
And he scarce had come to eighty-six, or so,
When up he jumps. "Land Ho!" shouts he.

"I can see Ould Ireland! There's the Bay of Dublin;
With a distant glimpse of Amerikee.
And the Parliament upon College Green, boys,
With a right good glass I can (almost) see."

So they went ashore, and the crew when mustered
Kicked Guzzling JOE, and cashiered JIMMY.
But as for Grand Old BILLEE, they gave him
Of the old "Deal Castle" the captaincy!

* As various versions of the popular song of "Little Billee" have been set to music and sung, no apology is needed for the insertion in these pages of the version most up to date.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 24.—"Look here, TOBY, M.P.," said ARTHUR BALFOUR, almost fiercely; "if you suppose that I enjoy this sort of thing, you're quite mistaken." Hadn't supposed any such thing; hadn't, indeed, referred to the matter. Only looked at him inquiringly, as ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND, trudging stolidly through the mire, attempted to answer CHARLES RUSSELL. "If I am Irish Secretary, as TREVELYAN once said, I'm an English gentleman, and if you suppose I have any sympathy with the sort of thing that goes on at Clongorey, you're mistaken. But I am answerable for law and order, and law and order I maintain."

Thus ARTHUR, quite querulous. Have noticed sometimes, when a man hopelessly in the wrong, he is inclined to turn on his best friend and rend him. This Clongorey business, truly, a bad one. When, just now, SEXTON moved adjournment of House, in order to call attention to it, Conservatives rose with one accord and went forth. They know WINDBAG SEXTON of old, and thought he was probably going to favour them with one of his usual exercises. Better this once have stopped and listened. Interesting to see how two hundred English gentlemen would have voted had they learned all about Clongorey. Happily less, far less, than usual of the windbag about SEXTON. His story, in truth, needed no assistance from wind instrument. Farms at Clongorey simply strips of reclaimed bog land, on which struggling tenants had built miserable shanties; got along in good times; just managed to keep body and soul together, and pay the rent—rent on land they had literally created, and for huts they had actually built. Two years ago came a flood; swamped them. Asked landlord to make temporary reduction on rent, to tide over troublesome times. Landlord offered a pitiful trifle. What was thought of this shown by County Court Judge, who, on cases that came before him, permanently reduced rent by thrice amount of temporary reduction proffered. Judge further suggested that arrears should be wiped out. Landlord declined to listen to suggestion. Tenants drowned out by the cruel river, dragged out by the relentless landlord. Stood by whilst the emergency men wrenched roofs off their huts, and set fire to the ruins. A neighbour offered them shelter, enlarging out-buildings on her farm. Down came the police on workmen engaged in this act of charity. A hundred police, paid for by tax-payer, swooped down with fixed bayonets on Clongorey, arrested labourers, handcuffed them, marched them off to police barracks.

This is the simple Story of Clongorey, reduced to facts not denied by BALFOUR or ATTORNEY-GENERAL, divested of all incidental matters alleged, such as the parading of the handcuffed prisoners through the crowded streets of the town, the police making raids among the crowd, naturally gathered to see the sight. "One man had his eyeball burst, another his skull broken." CHARLES RUSSELL, not given to exaggerated views, somewhat reputable as a legal authority, with law-books in hand stated his opinion that, apart from incidents of the foray, magistrates and police were acting illegally.

"Well," said LONG LAWRENCE, turning his back on House of Commons, "I'm glad they've made me a Judge. Have ever been what is called a good Party-man; believe in BALFOUR; always ready to back him up with my vote; but, dash my wig (now that I'm going to wear a full-bottomed one) if I like voting to render possible the repetition of a business like this at Clongorey. Must begin to cultivate a judicial frame of mind; so I'll go for a walk on the terrace." LAWRENCE's view evidently taken in other quarters of Conservative camp, for, after diligent whipping up, Ministerial majority reduced to 42. *Business done.*—Address agreed to.

Tuesday.—Midst a mass of Notices of Motion, a sea of troublous words, GEORGE TREVELYAN drops in a score which shine forth with light of common sense. "Why," he asks, "does not Parliament rise at beginning of July, sitting through winter months for whatsoever longer period may be necessary for the due transaction of public business?"

Why not? On Friday, the 14th March, TREVELYAN will put the question in formal way before House, so that they may vote on it. Conservative majority may well be expected to support it. No new thing; simply revival of older fashion. Our great grandfathers knew better than to swelter in London through July, pass the Twelfth of August at Westminster, and go off forlorn and jaded in the early days of September. Hunting men may have objections to raise; but then hunting men, though eminently respectable class, are not everybody, not even a majority; may even be spared to go hunting as usual. WALPOLE hunted like anythink; yet, in WALPOLE's day Parliament oftener met in November than at any other time of year, and with due provision for Christmas holidays, sat into early summer. The thing can be done, and ought to be done—will be done if TREVELYAN sticks to it. Not nearly such a revolution in Procedure as that which, only a couple of years ago, estab-

lished the automatic close of Debate at midnight. Who is there would like to go back to the old order of things in this respect?

Got into Committee of Supply to-night on Vote for Houses of Parliament. TONY LUMPKIN turned up again. Last Session, in moment of inspiration, TONY spluttered forth a joke; likened new staircase in Westminster Hall to SPURGEON's Pulpit. It is just as like the River Thames or Finsbury Park; but that's where the fun lies. Incongruity is the soul of wit. Everybody laughed last Session when TONY, with much gurgling, produced this bantling; brings it out again to-night.



"Can't have too much of a good thing, TONY," he says, wrestling with his exuberant shirt-front, and rubbing his hair the wrong way. "Always had my joke, you know, down in the country. Remember the little affair of the circuitous drive? This is what you may call my urban class of humour. SPURGEON's Pulpit, Ha, ha!"—and TONY walked off delighted with himself.

Business done.—Supplementary Estimates.

Thursday.—Pity that prejudice should be allowed to stand in way of doing the best thing. Talk just now of pending vacancies on the Bench; such talk recurrent; sometimes more talk than vacancy. "But I pass from that," as ARTHUR BALFOUR says, when gliding over knotty points of question put from Irish Benches. If not vacancy to-morrow, sure to be within week, or month, or year. Why not make JEMMY LOWTHER a Judge? It is true he has no practice at the Bar; but he was "called," and, I believe, went. That is a detail; what we desire in our Judges are, a certain impressive air, a striking presence, and an art of rotund speech. JAMES has played many parts in his time—Parliamentary Secretary to the Poor-Law Board, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Steward of the Jockey Club. In this last capacity he, a year ago, temporarily assumed judicial functions. How well he bore himself! with what dignity! with what awful suavity! with what irreproachable integrity!

That this manner is ingrained, is testified to on the occasions, too infrequent, when JEMMY rises in House. To-night BUCHANAN asked HOME SECRETARY a question, involving disrespect of rabbit-coursing. JAMES, the great patron of British sport in all developments, slowly rose, and impressively interposed. Was his Right Hon. friend, the HOME SECRETARY, aware that rabbit-coursing, conducted under recognised and established regulations, affords pastime to large masses of the industrious population who are unable, from their pecuniary circumstances, to indulge in the more expensive forms of sport? Those were JEMMY's words, each syllable deliberately enunciated. What a study for the aspirant to Parliamentary style!

Kindly Earl of RAVENSWORTH, who still haunts the Chamber in which Lord ESINGTON once had a place, chanced to hear this question. Delighted with it. Wished he could introduce something of that sort in House of Lords. Went about Lobby with his faithful umbrella



Earl and Umbrella.

(companion of his daily life, wet or shine) murmuring the musical phrases. "Recognised and established regulations," "afford pastime to large masses of industrious population," "unable from pecuniary circumstances," "the more expensive forms of sport." That all very well, but not quite all. Easy enough to catch the trick of speech; who but JEMMY LOWTHER can add the indefinable personal gifts which invest even the commonplace with impressiveness?

Business done.—Lots. Ministers bring in Bills by the half-dozen.

Friday.—Such *alouettes*! SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, who can't abear scandals, brought on alleged iniquity of Government in connection with Cleveland Street affair. Got off his speech; ATTORNEY-GENERAL replied; then SAGE proposed to offer few supplementary remarks. In course of these appeared frank declaration of his private opinion that everything the MARKISS says must be taken *cum grano Salis-BURY*; only the way he put it was much worse than that. COURTNEY asked him to withdraw. "Shan't!" said the SAGE. Then COURTNEY named him (calling him, by the way, "Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE.") OLD MORALITY, rising to height of duty and occasion, moved that SAGE be suspended.

"Oh, hang it!" cried Opposition—"can't agree to that."

Divided on proposal; beaten, and SAGE hung up for a week. "He'll be pretty well dried by that time," grimly muttered the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, whom the SAGE had stroked the wrong way.

Business done.—Vote on Account agreed to.

'A DOSE OF 'GREGORY.'

It is some time since I have tasted a dramatic mixture so much to my liking as Mr. GRUNDY'S Gregory's Mixture, known to the public, and likely to be highly popular with the public too, as *A Pair of Spectacles*. Art more refined than Mr. HARE's, as *Benjamin Goldfinch* in this piece, has not been seen on the stage for many a long day; nor, except in *A Quiet Rubber*, do I remember Mr. HARE having had anything like this particular chance of displaying his rare skill as a genuine comedian of the very first rank.

Everyone remembers, or ought to remember, DICKENS'S "*Brothers Cheeryble*." Well, *Benjamin Goldfinch* has all the milk of human kindness which characterised these philanthropic Gemini. As to

moral characteristics, he is these two single gentlemen rolled into one, while physically, his exterior rather conjures up the picture of *Harold Skimpole*, though his eyes beam with the youthful impetuosity of old *Martin Chuzzlewit* when he caned *Pecksniff*. To this delightfully guileless good Samaritan, the rough, nay brutal, *Uncle Gregory* from Sheffield, with a heart apparently as hard as his own ware, is a contrast most skilfully brought out by Mr. CHARLES GROVE. Though the part of *Uncle Gregory* does not require the delicate treatment demanded by that of *Goldfinch*, yet it might very easily be overdone; but never once does Mr. GROVE overshoot the mark, although the author has imperilled its success by too frequent repetition of a catch-phrase, "I know that man," "I know that father," "I know that friend," and so forth, which is sometimes on the verge of becoming wearisome. Indeed, even now, I should be inclined to cut out at least half a dozen of these variations of the original phrase. His short but sufficient represen-

tation of the effects of too much lunch on *Uncle Gregory* is masterly. So realistic, in the best sense of the word, is the impersonation of these two characters, that one is inclined to resent the brutality of *Uncle Gregory*, when one sees the change suddenly effected in the sweet and sympathetic nature of *Benjamin Goldfinch*, and when we see him suspicious of everybody, and even of his young wife, whom he loves so dearly, we murmur, "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!" And, indeed, but that it is impossible to help laughing from first to last, the final scenes of this charming piece, replete with touches of real human nature, would send an audience away crying with joy, to think of the possible goodness existent in the world, of which one occasionally hears, but so seldom sees, except on the stage.

Not a part in this piece is even indifferently played. The two young men, Mr. RUDGE HARDING, and Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH, both very good, the latter having better dramatic opportunities, and making the most of them. Mr. DOWSWORTH just the very man for *Friend Lorimer*; Mr. CATHCART is *Joyce*, the Butler; and of the two Shoemakers, respectively played by Mr. KNIGHT and Mr. BYRON, I can only say, "I know those shoemakers."

As for the Ladies, Miss KATE RORKE looks very pretty, and acts charmingly as young *Mrs. Goldfinch*; Miss HORLOCK is very nice as *Lucy Lorimer*, delivering herself of a little bit of picturesque sentiment about feeding the birds (*Les Petits Oiseaux* is the title of the old French piece, if I remember rightly) in a rather too forcedly ingenious manner, but behaving most naturally in the interrupted courtship scene, and being generally very sympathetic. I mustn't omit Miss HUNTER, pink of parlour-maids, not the conventional firty *soubrette* nor the low-comedy waiting-woman, but a self-respecting, responsible young person, conscious of her own and her young man's moral rectitude, and satisfied with quarter-day and the Post-Office Savings Bank.

Only one single fault have I to find with the piece, and as it cannot be entirely remedied, though it might be modified, I will mention it. The title is a mistake; that can't be altered now: but the attempt at illustrating the double-meaning conveyed in the title by the practical "business" of changing the material glasses and thus hampering the actor by the necessity of altering his expression and his manner in accordance with his deposition or his resumption of these spectacles, seems to me to be childish to a degree, and tends towards turning this simple tale into a kind of fairy story, in which the spectacles play the part of a magic potion or charm, such as Mr. W. S. GILBERT would use in his *Creatures of Impulse*, his *Fogarty's Fairy*, and his *Sorcerer*, whenever he wishes to bring about a sudden and otherwise inexplicable transition from one mental attitude to another, and entirely opposite. But for the earnestness of the actors, this *reductio ad Fairydum* would have imparted an air of unreality to the characters and incidents which does not belong to them. The plot is a model of neat construction; and, to everyone at all in doubt as to where to pass an agreeable evening, I say, "Go to the Garrick Theatre." By the way, a Correspondent suggests that *A Pair of Spectacles* is an illustration of "The Hares Preservation Bill," JACK IN A BOX.

A DISCLAIMER.—The Right Hon. Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P., Anti-muzzle-man and Minister of Agriculture, wishes to deny explicitly that, when, by a *lapsus calami*, he was made to describe Mr. TAY PAY O'CONNOR as "peeping from behind the Speaker's chair," he ever intended to fix upon that honourable gentleman the *soubriquet* of "Peeping Tom"; nor had he any idea of sending him to Coventry. What he *did* say was—but it doesn't much matter what "he *did* say," what he *didn't* say is so much more to the point.

THE STANLEY AND AFRICAN EXHIBITION.—One of the largest contributors will be Mr. BONNY. This sounds well; at all events, it's BONNY. The French, who are now welcoming their own private African hero, *le Capitaine TRIVIER*, back to his native land, may be induced to place their trophies under Mr. BONNY'S care, as, if Imperialists, they can then say they have a BONNY-part in this Exhibition.

FROM AN INDIGNANT CORRESPONDENT.—"Sir,—I sent you a joke three months ago, which you have not used. Since then I have made arrangements for the joke to appear elsewhere." [What a chance we have lost!—ED.]



Grand Historical Picture. Mr. Labouchere struggling with his Conscience.



The Ruffed Grouse. "This is your umbrella!"



Mr. Grove as Gregory the Grater.



INFELICITOUS QUERIES.

He. "BY THE BYE, TALKING OF OLD TIMES, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT OCCASION WHEN I MADE SUCH AN AWFUL ASS OF MYSELF?"
 She. "WHICH?"

"THE BIG GUN!"

Grand Old Gunner loquitur:—

'Tis a regular "Mons Meg" of a cannon!
 The swabs, they have been every one,
 Very hard the Grand Old (Gunner) Man on,
 But what will they think of *this* gun?
 Double shotted, and charged to the muzzle,
 And trained by my hands and my eye,
 The foss I conceive it will puzzle,
 And tempt them to fly.

Mere skirmishing, up to the present,
 With pop-guns, and flint-locks, and such;
 But now! They will not find it pleasant,
 When once this huge touch-hole I touch.
 Mighty CÆSAR! I guess they won't like it;
 Great SCOTT! won't it just raise a din?
 And don't they just wish they could spike it
 Before we begin?

The fun of it is, they have furnished
 The filling themselves, unaware.
 The shot they've cast, polished, 'and
 burnished,

The powder were prompt to prepare.
 It's pitiful, quite, their position,
 To see, the unfortunate elves!
 Their carefully-stored ammunition
 Thus turned on themselves.

Their batteries big it should batter,
 Their trenches should burst and blow up,
 Their forces allied it should scatter,
 It's worse than an Armstrong or Krupp.
 Chain-shot for swift slaughter's not in it,
 For spreading it's better than grape,
 They'll all be smashed up in a minute,
 Scarce one can escape.

Now, MORLEY, my boy, and brave PARNELL,
 I'll lay it; just follow my hand.
 That plain will soon look like a charnel,
 With all that remains of their band;
 The "fragments of him called McCARTY"
 (Referred to, I think, in the song)
 Were huge chunks to the scraps that their
 Party
 Will show before long.

They shall see what I can do, when ready,
 As Grand Old (Artillery) Man.
 Right, PARNELL! left, MORLEY! Now,
 steady!!!
 Stop! Just one last peep, whilst I can!
 I do hope, dear boys, there's no blunder;
 I think it is loaded all right.
 Are they horribly frightened, I wonder?
 Well, now for a sight!!!

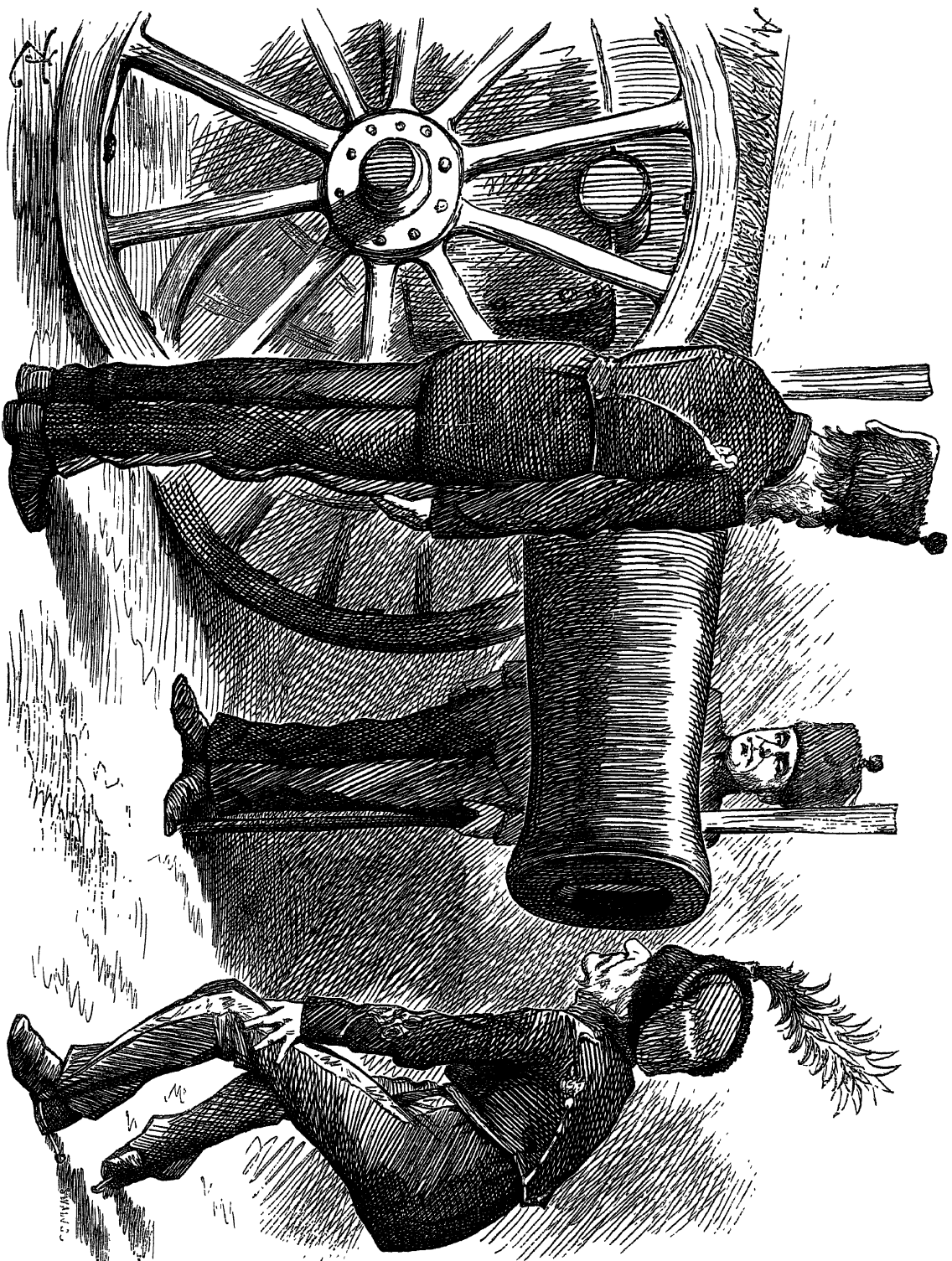
OLD FRIENDS AND COUNSEL.

OUR old friend MADDISON MORTON's *Box and Cox* runs SHAKESPEARE's works generally very near in the matter of daily application. But fancy its being quoted as an authority by Sir HORACE DAVEY, in his masterly reply to t'other side in the Bishop of LINCOLN's case. Yet so it was. "Bishop COSIN," said Sir HORACE, "had erroneously assumed that a letter had been written by CALVIN to KNOX, whereas it had been really written to an Englishman named Cox." So it was a mistake of the postman, after all, and it only wants the introduction of the name of Box to make the whole thing perfect and satisfactory. "It will be within the recollection of the Court," Sir HORACE might

have continued, "that Cox was prevented from becoming the husband of PENELOPE ANNE, relict of WILLIAM WIGGINS, Proprietor of Bathing Machines at Margate and Ramsgate, by the sudden and totally unforeseen union of the lady in question with one KNOX, whose residence, as the Musical Revised Version has it, was usually 'in the Docks'; and with this marriage of PENELOPE ANNE WIGGINS with Mr. KNOX of the Docks, Messrs. BOX AND COX professed themselves entirely and completely satisfied, as it is my earnest hope that Your Grace, and My Lords the Bishops, will also be. And should this be the result, then I assure Your Grace that there will not be a happier party sit down this night to supper than 'READ and others,' of which fact you may take your Davey."

On the Learned Counsel resuming his seat, there would have been considerable applause, which, of course, would have been instantly suppressed.

NOTES "IN GLOBO."—*Dorothy* was long ago taken off the stage of the Prince of Wales's to make room for *Paul Jones*. But another DOROTHY has recently reappeared at the Globe Theatre in the pretty Shakspearian fairy-play entitled, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, wherein DOROTHY DENE enacts the part of *Hippolyta*. By the way, the lady who used to speak of that immortal work, *Dixon's Johnsonary*, the other day referred to SHAKESPEARE as being "contemporaneous with that great wit—dear me—what was his name?—who wrote *Every Man in his own Humour*—oh, I remember—JOHN BENSON." Eminently satisfactory.



“THE BIG GUN!”

GRAND OLD GUNNER (*inspecting Cannon*). “IT’S BEAUTIFULLY LOADED! WHY, THE MERE LOOK OF IT IS ENOUGH TO SHAKE SM-THE’S ‘RESOLUTION.’”



MY TAILOR.



"The St. Petersburg tailors have hit upon an effectual device for obtaining payment of their bills. Immense black-boards are hung up in the most conspicuous place in the reception-room; thereon are chalked, in letters as big as arrow-headed inscriptions, the names of their hopelessly-indebted clients, and the amount of their indebtedness."

Daily Paper.

Who always seemed serene and bland;
Who never asked for "cash in hand,"
Quite pleased that my account should
"stand"?

My Tailor!

Who catered for the gilded throng,
Who chid me when my taste was wrong,
Whose credit—and whose price—was long?

My Tailor!

Who chatted when I felt depressed,
Who proffered wine with friendly zest,
Whose weeds were ever of the best?

My Tailor!

Who with sartorial oil anoints
My vanity, who pads my joints,
And fortifies my weakest points?

My Tailor!

But who in future, much I fear,
Will greet me with no words of cheer,
But talk of "settling"—language queer?

My Tailor!

Who silently will point his hand
To figures white on black-board grand,
Where all my unpaid "items" stand?

My Tailor!

Who'll thus expose me to my peers,
Bring on me jibes, and flouts, and sneers,
Male sniggerings, and female tears?

My Tailor!

Who'll frown when I suggest a loan,
And ne'er produce Clioquot or Beaune,
But for his "checks" demand my own?

My Tailor!

Who'll take my "measures" when he wills,
But only if I take his "bills,"
And add one more to human ills?

My Tailor!

TAKEN AS YOU LIKE IT.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

It was most kind of you to ask me to go to the St. James's Theatre, the other evening, to see Mrs. LANGTRY, after I had told you that since my recovery from the influenza, I had unfortunately lost my memory. "Don't you know anything about *As You Like It*?" you asked. I pondered deeply, and then replied, that I half fancied it was a GERMAN REED's Entertainment, that would have gone better had it included a part for Mr. CORNEY GRAIN. You told me I was wrong, but intimated that my ignorance on the subject would make my notice the more impartial. So I went.

As to the play—was I pleased with *As You Like It*? Well, I have known worse, but I have seen better. It seemed a mixture of prose and verse, with several topical allusions that appeared, somehow or other, to have lost their point. For instance, a dull dog of a jester (played in a funeral fashion by Mr. SUGDEN) stopped the action of the piece, for what seemed to me (no doubt the time was actually less) some three-quarters of an hour, while he explained the difference between the "retort courteous" and "the reproof valiant." The plot was as thin as a

wafer, but as it is, no doubt, generally known, I need not further refer to it. Mrs. LANGTRY was a most graceful and pleasing *Rosalind*. She acted with an earnestness worthy of a better cause, and afforded not a trace of the amateur. Of Miss VIOLET ARMERUSTER as *Hymen*, I might say, with a friend who spent several hours in knocking off the impromptu—

TO A SEASONABLE VIOLET.

Had always Hymen
Such mien, such carriage,
You ne'er would fly, men,
The state of marriage!

Mr. LAWRENCE CAUTLEY, as *Orlando*, had an uphill part. At times (thanks to the author) he appeared in situations that were absolutely ridiculous. For instance, he leaves an old retainer (capitally played by that soundest of sound actors, Mr. EVERILL) dying of starvation, and, sword in hand, appears at a pic-nic of the banished *Duke*, to demand refreshment. "I almost die for food, and let me have it," says *Orlando*, and is welcomed by the *Duke* to his table. And what does *Orlando* do? Does he seize the boar's head, or something equally attractive, and rush back to his fainting servitor with the prize? Not a bit of it! He leisurely delivers fourteen lines of blank verse about the "shade of melancholy boughs," "the creeping hours of time," and "blushing, hides his sword!" In my neighbourhood happened to be one of the greatest advocates of our generation, and I heard this legal luminary whisper, "while that fellow is talking, the old servant will die of starvation," and the legal luminary was entirely and absolutely right. *Adam* would have died of starvation while his garrulous master was posturing. A country wench called *Audrey* was admirably impersonated by Miss MARION LEA, and the remainder of the cast was, on the whole, satisfactory. Stay, it is only just that I should single out for special commendation Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, who played a character, to whom reference was frequently made as "the melancholy *Jaqes*," faultlessly. Here again the author committed an indiscretion. *Jaqes* (by the way, why was not Mr. SUGDEN's rôle described as, "the more melancholy *Touchstone*?") is permitted to stop the action of the piece to deliver some thirty lines commencing with the trite truism, "all the world's a stage." Mr. BOURCHIER spoke his words with excellent discretion, but I cannot help thinking that, in the cause of Art, the speech should have been cut out, and I have no doubt, that Mr. BOURCHIER, as a true artist, will cordially agree with me.

And so, to quote Mrs. LANGTRY in the Epilogue, "farewell;" but in spite of what you have said to the contrary, I am still of opinion, my dear Editor, that *As You Like It* must have been originally intended for Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED's Entertainment, minus Mr. CORNEY GRAIN.

Sincerely Yours,

A CORRESPONDENT WITHOUT A MEMORY.

ART-AUCTIONEER'S RELIGION, "CHRISTIANITY."

AN ASTRAL COMPLICATION.

In periods of sleep, despair,
Of aberration, we have guessed

We were not altogether there,
But seldom known where was the rest.

Our Astral Bodies wander far,
Whenever they will not be missed.

Strange things in earth and heaven are
For the devout theosophist.

Young WILFRID wooed the wealth of CLARE;
But ah, in spite of golden dearth,

His mind and heart approved more fair
KATE's intellect and moral worth.

"Prudence my steps inspire!" he said;
And automatically to

The residence of CLARE he sped,
And gained an instant's interview.

"Fairest," he cried, "my homage deep
Ah, not your rank, your wealth command!
These idle bangles, lady, keep.
Give me alone this lily hand!"

"I will," she said. (The dinner gong
That moment sounded.) "Haste away;
But meet me in the social throng
To-morrow—that is, Saturday."

That self-same hour—the clock struck eight—
In Holloway began to muse
The charming and the gifted KATE
On logarithms most abstruse.

Her door stood wide! Who entered there?

'Twas WILFRID spoke in hollow tone.
"With me life's logarithms share,
KATE, that I cannot solve alone!"

"I will," she answered. "But begone!
Strange chaperons inspect, explore.
The Principal, the stairs is on!"

He sighed, and vanished from the door.

Next eve, amid the social throng,
Serene stood CLARE at WILFRID's side;

And dreaming not that aught was wrong,
She gaily questioned and replied.

Till WILFRID suddenly was 'ware,
Close by, of a familiar face,
And realised with wild despair
All, all the horror of the case!

"Oh, what is wrong?" cried CLARE in awe.
Calmly, he answered, "It was *He*,

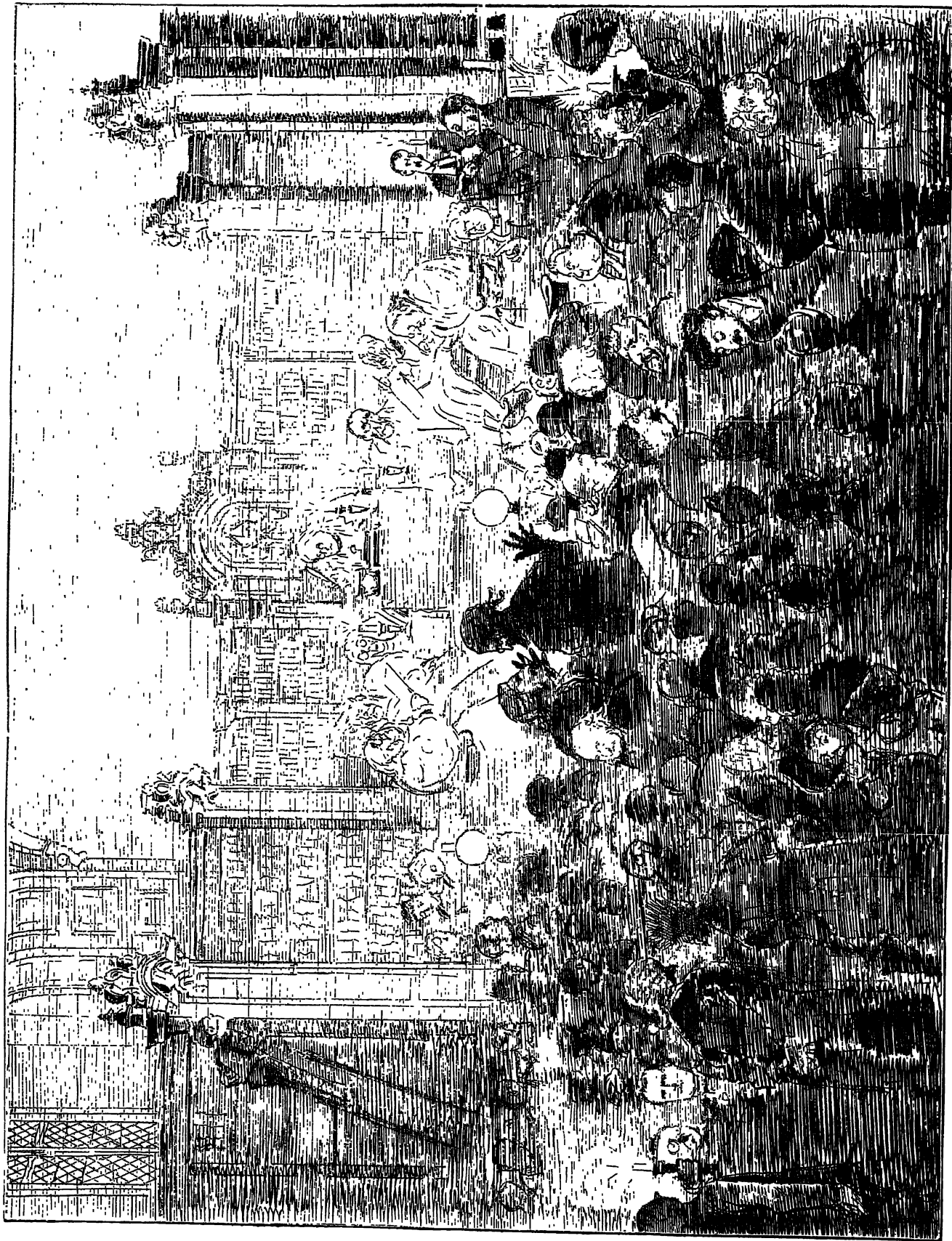
My Astral Body, that she saw.

Oh, which am I? Oh, woe is me!"

EAST-ERN ART IN BOND STREET.—"So let the world jog along as it will, I'll be Japanese-y still! Japanese-y, Japanese-y. I'll be Japanese-y still!" Can't help singing when we see Mr. EAST's pictures of Japan at the Fine Art Society's Gallery. This clever artist sojourned in that country from March to September. He kept his eyes open and his hand ever busy, and has brought back more than a hundred pictures—fresh, brilliant, and original. Such marvellous aspects of scenery, such wealth of colour, such novelty do we behold, that we long to start off at once to Yokohama, to Nikkô, to Hakone, to Tôkyo, or any one of these delightful places—singing, "Let's quit this cold climate so dull and Britannical, And revel in sunshine and colour Japanese!"

PROBABLE PUBLICATION.—Companion work to *Sardine and the Sardes*, by the same author, to be entitled *Sardinia and the Sardines*, illustrated in oils, and sold in tincases. Great reduction (at lunch time) on taking a quantity.





THE GREAT LINCOLN TRIAL STAKES AT LAMBETH. (As seen by Mr. Punch's Artist in a Fog.)

THE GREAT LINCOLN TRIAL STAKES.

LAMBETH is in darkness. A Policeman with a bull's-eye prevents my driver's energetic endeavours to drive through the Palace wall. I stumble into the large hall known as the Library. "Here," said I to myself, "is taking place the historic trial of the Bishop of LINCOLN." The weird scene strongly resembles the Dream Trial in *The Bells*, where the judges, counsel, and all concerned, are in a fog. Will the limelight flash suddenly upon the chief actor, the Bishop of LINCOLN, as he takes the stage and re-acts the part that has caused the trial? Archbishop BANCROFT founded this library, so theatrical associations are natural. The only lights in the long and lofty library (excepting the clerical and legal) are a dozen or two wax candles and a few oil-lamps, but of daylight, gas-light, or electric, nothing. I can hear the voice of JEUNE, Q.C., the JEUNE premier of this ecclesiastical drama.

They have commenced proceedings. In this, the Archbishop's Court, they, very properly, begin with prayer. So does the House of Commons. "Any special form of orison?" I ask in a whisper of the JEUNE premier, Q.C. "Yes," he answers in a subdued tone. "Look in your prayer-book for 'form of prayer to be used by those at sea.' That's it." Then he has to continue his argument.

At the further end of the library we have the Church, represented by an Archbishop and five Bishops; also a Judge, in a full-bottomed wig, who has evidently got in by mistake. Then we have the Law, represented by a row of Q.C.'s, their juniors, and attendants; and then a chorus of ordinary people, and common, or Thames Policemen. But where's the Bishop of LINCOLN? Not among the Thames Policemen? Not in the Dock? Where? Aha! I see him. I focus him. I sketch him. *Veni, vidi, vici!* I show result on paper to Official. "Oh, no," he says; "that's not the Bishop, that's THINGUMMY," a Clerk of the Court, or something. Hang THINGUMMY! Official disappears. Lights, ho! a link on Lincoln! I determine to find him. The Bishops sit round three tables, on a raised platform. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY sits in the centre; on his right is the mysterious Judge, in full wig, and red robes; this is the Vicar-General, Sir JAMES PARKER DEANE, Q.C.; next to him sits Assessor Dr. ATLAY, Bishop of HEREFORD, who looks anything but happy; his hair has the appearance of being impelled by a strong draught, and his hand is to his face, as if the draught had produced toothache. The portly Bishop of OXFORD is on his right, and like the other corner man, the Bishop of SALISBURY, he scribbles away at a great rate in a huge manuscript book, or roll of foolscap. On the left of the Archbishop sits the Bishop of LONDON, who severely questions the Counsel, and evidently relishes acting the school-master over again. The Bishop of ROCHESTER sitting on LONDON's left, supplies the comedy element, so far as facial expression goes; his mouth is wide open, and he holds some papers in front of him in an attitude which suggests that he will presently break forth into song. But where, oh where, is the Bishop of LINCOLN? Ah, I see him. I sketch him. I write his name under sketch, and show it to one of the Reporters. He scribbles across it, "Wrong." I write, "Where is he?" He waves me away. I believe the Bishop is at the other side of the long table, by his Counsel. There is a candle in front of him. I make my way to the other side. I find the Bishop is an old lady! I write, "Where does the Bishop of LINCOLN sit?" on a piece of paper, and take it to an Official. He cannot see to read it, so some time is lost while he finds a convenient candle. He looks towards me, and points to a corner.

Good! At last! There is an old gentleman, in plain clothes it is true, but still otherwise every inch a Bishop or a Butler, or perhaps both in one,—say Bishop BUTLER. I have just finished a careful study of him, when he turns round and whispers, "Please, Sir, can you tell me which is the Bishop of LINCOLN?" I shake my head angrily, and move away. I'll bide my time. JEUNE premier is answering the hundred-and-seventh question of the Bishop of LONDON, and is being "supported" by Sir WALTER PHILLIMORE. It amuses me to hear these two clever Counsel, in this natural and ecclesiastical fog, carrying on an animated legal conversation with each other, ignoring the Bishops; not that the latter seem to mind, as they scribble merrily away at their folios. Are their Right Reverend Lordships engaged in writing their Sunday sermons?

But where is the Bishop? He ought to be near his Counsel. The severe Sir HORACE DAVEY sits writing letters; next to him the affable Dr. TRISTRAM, then the rubicund Mr. DANKVERTS, but no Bishop. One o'clock! The Bishops rise for Lunch and Levée. "Where, oh where! is the Bishop of LINCOLN?" I ask JEUNE premier. "Quick—I want to sketch him before he leaves!"

"The Bishop!" returns the First Ecclesiastical Young Man, smiling. "Oh, he never comes near the place." Exit JEUNE premier. I appeal to the austere Sir HORACE DAVEY. "I can't tell you," says Sir HORACE—"DAVEY *sum, non Edipus*." And off he goes, to argue another sort of a case about Baird language and the Pelican Club. He will say no more. On this occasion only, HORACE is TACITUS. I do not find the Bishop, and quit Lambeth.



LIKELY—VERY!

"CONFOUND THESE BLACKS! THEY FOLLOW ME EVERYWHERE!"
 "YES, MY DEAR FELLOW; THEY TAKE YOU FOR A MISSIONARY!"

THE LITTLE DUC AND HIS BIG BILL.

THE *restaurateur* evidently considered that he "didn't kill a pig every day," when he stuck *Le Petit Duc* for this now historic bill, which, as given in full by the *Figaro*, Mr. Punch reproduces here for general edification:—

Un artichaut barigoule	. 12fr.	1 salade	. 3fr.
Un châteaubriand	. 16 "	1 caneton aux navets	. 25 "
1 sole	. 10 "	6 écrevisses	. 15 "
1 noix de veau	. 10 "	Hors d'œuvre	. 5 "
1 homard	. 25 "	Une assiette de fruits	. 15 "

Whenever it may be the lot of any distinguished Member of the Upper House to be sent to the Tower of London, or a Member of the Lower to be shut up in the Clock Tower, the Provisional Government for the time being will know what to charge for its provisions. The *restaurateur* addressed his little account, "*A Sa Majesté (sic) Louis Philippe-Robert*" ('ROBERT' was in it) *Duc d'Orléans*." In styling *Le Petit Duc* "His Majesty" the artful *restaurateur* evidently had in view a future *restauration*. The *restaurateur*, who expected to provide the young Duke of ORLEANS with a second dinner, of course quoted SHAKESPEARE, and exclaimed enthusiastically—

"I must go victual Orleans forthwith!"

Henry V., Part I., Act I., Sc. 5.

But the youthful Duc or Duckling wasn't to be caught and stuffed a second time.

A SATURDAY SERIES.—"Hunters' Dams" was the heading of an article in last week's *Saturday Review*. As the counter-jumper politely says, "What will be the next article?" We look forward with interest to "Shooters' Swearings," "Anglers' Affirmations," "Coursers' Curses," and a few others that may suggest themselves.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS.—At the pleasant Gallery, 5A, Pall Mall East, is a good show of needle-work. One of the most prolific contributors is a certain clever gentleman whose name may possibly be familiar to some of our readers, one REMBRANDT VAN RHYN, who sends no less than a hundred works.

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

No. III.—THE YOUNG M.P.

FOR the proper production of the young M.P. there are many receipts, but only one is genuine. Take a rickety boy, and provide



him with a wealthy father, slightly flavoured with a good social position and political tastes. Send him to a public school, having first eliminated as much youthfulness as is compatible with continued existence. Add some flattering masters, and a distaste for games. Season with the idea that he is born for a great career. Let him be, if possible, verbose and argumentative, and inclined to contradict his elders. Eliminate more youth and transfer hot to a University. Add more

verbosity, and a strong extract of priggishness. Throw in a degree, and two speeches at the Union. Set him to simmer for two years in a popular constituency, and serve him up, a chattering pedant of twenty-four, at Westminster.

In the course of the contest which resulted in his return to the House of Commons, the young M.P. will have tasted the sweets of advertisement by seeing his name constantly placarded in huge letters on coloured posters. He will have been constantly referred to as "Our popular young Candidate," and he will thus have become convinced that the welfare of his country imperatively demands his immediate presence and permanent continuance in Parliament. When the genial butcher who, besides retailing the carcasses of sheep and oxen, sits in the Town Council, and presides over one of the local political associations, declared, as he often has at other contests and of other candidates, that never, in the course of his political career, had he listened to more mature wisdom, adorned with nobler eloquence, than that which had fallen from "Our young and popular Candidate," he was merely satisfying a burning desire for rhetorical expansion, without any particular regard to accuracy of statement. But the candidate himself greedily gulps that lump of flattery, and all the praise which is the conventional sauce for every political gander. On this he grows fat, and being, in addition, puffed up by a very considerable conceit of his own, he eventually presents an aspect which is not pleasing, and assumes (towards those who are not voters in the Constituency) a manner which can scarcely be described as modest.

The majority of his Constituents regard him simply as an automatic machine for the regular distribution of large subscriptions. He regards himself as a being of great importance and capacity, and endowed with the power of acting as he likes, whilst the local wire-pullers look upon him as a convenient mask, behind which they may the more effectively carry on their own petty schemes of personal ambition.

As a Candidate, moreover, the young M.P. will have discovered that the triumph of his party depends not merely or even chiefly upon the due exposition of those political principles with which he may have lately crammed himself by the aid of a stray volume of MILL, and a *Compendium of Political History*, but rather upon the careful observance of local custom and local etiquette, and the ceaseless effort to trump his adversary's every trick. He will thus have become the President of the local Glee Club, the Patron of a Scientific Association, and a local Dog Show, the Vice-President of four Cricket Clubs and of five Football Clubs, a Member of the Committee of the Hospital Ball, and of the Society for Improving the breed of Grey Parrots; to say nothing of the Guild for Promoting the happiness of Middle-aged Housemaids, and the local Association for the Distribution of Penny Buns, at cheap prices, to the deserving poor. Moreover, before he has discovered the true relation of benefit societies to politics, he will find himself a Member of the Odd Fellows, the Foresters, the Hearts of Oak, the Druids, and the Loyal and Ancient Order of Free and Accepted Buffaloes, with the right, conferred by the last-named Society, of being addressed on lodge nights as if he were a Baronet, or, at least, a Knight.

Having thus met and shaken hands with the working-man during his hours of festive relaxation, the young M.P. will be properly qualified for discussing those social questions which form the chief

part of every aspirant's political baggage. Being gifted with a happy power of enunciating pompous platitudes with an air of profound conviction, and of spreading butter churned from the speeches of his leaders on the bread of political economy, he will be highly thought of at meetings of political leagues of either sex, or of both combined. It is necessary that he should catch the eye of the Speaker during his first Session. He will afterwards talk to his Constituents of the forms of the House in the tone of one who is familiar with mysteries, and is accustomed to mingle on terms of equality with the great and famous. He will bring in a Bill which an M.P., who was once young, has abandoned, and, finding his measure blocked, will discourse with extreme bitterness of the obstruction by which the efforts of rising political genius are oppressed.

In London Society the young M.P. may be recognised by an air of conscious importance as of one who carries the burden of the State upon his shoulders, and desires to impress the fact upon others. He may be flattered by being consulted as to the secret intentions of foreign Cabinets or the prospects of party divisions. He will then speak at length of his leaders as "we," and will probably announce, in a voice intended not so much for his immediate neighbours as for the thoughtless crowd beyond, that "we shall smash them in Committee," and that "AKERS-DOUGLAS" (or ARNOLD MORLEY, as the case may be) "has asked me to answer the fellows on the other side to-morrow. I am not sure I shall speak," the MS. of his speech being already complete. On the following day he will speak during the dinner-hour to an audience of four, and, having escaped being counted out, will be greatly admired by his Constituents. He will assiduously attend all social functions, and will not object to seeing his name in the paragraphs of Society papers. It is not absolutely necessary that the young M.P. should be bald, but it is essential that he should wear a frock-coat. It is well, also, that his dress should be neat, but not ostentatiously spruce, lest the more horny-handed of his supporters should take umbrage at an offensive assumption of superiority over those whose votes keep him in place.

Custom demands that the young M.P. should travel extensively, and that he should enlighten his home-staying Constituents as to the designs of Barataria, the labour question in Lilliput, and the prospects of federation in Laputa, by means of letters addressed to the local newspaper. He will also interview foreign potentates and statesmen, and cause the fact to be published through the medium of REUTER. On his return, he will write a book, and deliver a lecture before the Mutual Improvement Society of the town he represents. He will then marry, in order that he may attend Mothers' meetings by deputy, and cause his wife to make lavish purchases at a local bazaar, which he will have opened. Shortly afterwards he will select an unpopular fad, which certain members of his own party approve, and will take a vigorous stand against it on principle, thus earning the commendation of all parties as a man of independent views, and unswerving rectitude.

If, at a subsequent election, he should chance to be rejected at the poll, he will publicly profess that he is delighted to be relieved of an uncongenial burden, whilst assuring his friends in private that the country in which able and honest men are neglected must be in a very bad way. He will, however, publish an address to the electors, in which he will claim a moral victory, and will assure them that it will ever be one of his proudest memories to have been connected with their constituency. He will spend his period of retirement on the stump, and, unless he be speedily furnished with another Constituency, will entertain doubts as to the sanity of his party leaders. Subsequently he will find himself again in the House of Commons, and, having been spoken of as a young man for about a quarter of a century, will at last become an Under-Secretary of State, and a grandfather, in the same year.

MASTER SINGERS.—Sir,—In accordance with your request, I visited the Meistersingers' Club (an institution which, seemingly from its name, has been established as a memorial to WAGNER), where a "dramatic performance" was given last week that had many points of interest to the languid pleasure-seeker, wearily thirsting for fresh sources of amusement. The evening's entertainment commenced with a play obligingly described by the author as a farce, which was followed by a new and original operetta, containing some very pretty music by Mr. PERCY REEVE, with the exquisitely droll title of *The Crusader and the Craven*. The one lady and two gentlemen who took part in this were, from a prompter's point of view, nearly perfect. Mr. R. HENDON as *Sir Rupert de Malvoisie* (the Crusader) suggested, by his accent and gestures, that he must have come from the East—how far East, it boots not to inquire. Miss FLORENCE DARLEY was a good *Lady Alice*, and Mr. J. A. SHALE an efficient "Craven." Later on an operatic performance is threatened. If the thrilling series of arrangements on the back of the Programme is to be accepted as authentic, the members of the Club will be invited to have *Patience*. It would be difficult to find a more appropriate accessory to a Night with the Meistersingers. No one asked me to have any supper, Yours, A HAND AT CLUBS.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. VIII.—JACK PARKER;

Or, *The Bull who knew his Business.*

CHARACTERS.

Jack Parker ("was a cruel boy, For mischief was his sole employ."
Vide Miss JANE TAYLOR.)Miss Lydia Banks ("though very young, Will never do what's rude
or wrong."—Ditto.)Farmer Banks.
Farmer Banks's Bull. } By the Brothers GRIFFITHS.
Chorus of Farm Hands.SCENE—A Farmyard. R. a stall, from which the head of the Bull
is visible above the half-door. Enter Farmer BANKS with a cudgel.Farmer B. (moodily). When roots are quiet, and cereals are dull, I
vent my irritation on the Bull.[We have Miss
TAYLOR's own
authority for
this rhyme.Come hup, you
beast! (Opens
stall and flour-
ishes cudgel—
the Bull comes
forward with
an air of delibe-
rate defiance.)
Oh, turning
narsty, is he?
(Apologetically,
to Bull.)Another time
will do! I see
you're busy![The Bull, after
some consider-
ation, decides
to accept this
retraction, and
retreats with
dignity to his
stall, thedoor of which he carefully fastens after him. Exit Farmer
BANKS, L., as LYDIA BANKS enters R., accompanied by Chorus.
The Bull exhibits the liveliest interest in her proceedings, as he
looks on, with his forelegs folded easily upon the top of the door.

Song—LYDIA BANKS (in Polka time.)

I'm the child by Miss JANE TAYLOR sung; Unnaturally good for
one so young— [on the tip of my tongue,
A pattern for the people that I go among, With my moral little tags
And I often feel afraid that I shan't live long, For I never do a
thing that's rude or wrong!Chorus (to which the Bull beats time). As a general rule, one doesn't
live long, If you never do a thing that's rude or wrong!

Second Verse.

My words are all with wisdom fraught, To make polite replies I've
sought; [good for nought.
And learned by independent thought, That a pinafore, inked, is
So wonderfully well have I been taught, That I turn my toes as
children ought!Chorus (to which the Bull dances). This moral lesson she's been
taught—She turns her toes as children ought!Lydia (sweetly). Yes, I'm the Farmer's daughter—LYDIA BANKS;
No person ever caught me playing pranks!
I'm loved by all the live-stock on the farm,

[Ironical applause from the Bull.

Pigeons I've plucked will perch upon my arm,
And pigs at my approach sit up and beg, [Business by Bull.For me the partial Peacock saves his egg,
No sheep e'er snaps if I attempt to touch her,
Lambs like it when I lead them to the butcher!Each morn I milk my rams beneath the shed,
While rabbits flutter twittering round my head,
And, as befits a dairy-farmer's daughter,What milk I get I supplement with water,
[A huge Shadow is thrown on the road outside; LYDIA starts.Whose shadow is it makes the highway darker?
That bullet head! those ears! it is—JACK PARKER![Chord. The Chorus flee in dismay, as JACK enters with a reckless
swagger.

Song—JACK PARKER.

I'm loafing about, and I very much doubt if my excellent Ma is
aware that I'm out;
My time I employ in attempts to annoy, and I'm not what you'd
call an agreeable boy!I shoe the cats with walnut-shells; Tin cans to curs I tie;
Ring furious knells at front-door bells—Then round the corner
fly!'Neath donkeys' tails I fasten furze, Or timid horsemen scare;
If chance occurs, I stock with burrs My little Sister's hair!

[The Bull shakes his head reprovingly.

Such tricks give me joy without any alloy,—but they do not denote
an agreeable boy![As JACK PARKER concludes, the Bull ducks cautiously below
the half-door, while LYDIA conceals herself behind the
pump, L.C.Jack (wandering about Stage, discontentedly). I thought at least
there'd be some beasts to badger here!

Call this a farm—there ain't a blooming spadger here!

[Approaches stall—Bull raises head suddenly.

A bull! This is a lark I've long awaited!

He's in a stable, so he should be baited.

[The Bull shows symptoms of acute depression at this jeu de
mot; LYDIA comes forward indignantly.

Lydia. I can't stand by and see that poor bull suffer!

Excitement's sure to make his beef taste tougher!

[The Bull emphatically corroborates this statement.

Be warned by Miss JANE TAYLOR; fractured skulls

Invariably come from teasing bulls!

So let that door alone, nor lift the latchet;

For if the bull gets out—why, then you'll catch it!

Jack. A fractured skull? Yah, don't believe a word of it!

[Raises latchet; chord; Bull comes slowly out, and crouches
ominously; JACK retreats, and takes refuge on top of pump;
the Bull, after scratching his back with his off foreleg,
makes a sudden rush at LYDIA.Lydia (as she evades it). Here, help!—it's chasing! Me!—it's too
absurd of it!

Go away, Bull—with me you have no quarrel!

[The Bull intimates that he is acting from a deep sense of duty.

Lydia (impatiently). You stupid thing, you're ruining the moral!

[The Bull persists obstinately in his pursuit.

Jack (from top of pump). Well dodged, Miss BANKS! although
the Bull I'll back! [Enter Farm-hands.

Lydia. Come quick—this Bull's mistaking me for JACK!

Jack. He knows his business best, I shouldn't wonder.

Farm-hands (philosophically). He ain't the sort o' Bull to make a
blunder. [They look on.

Lydia (parting). Such violent exercise will soon exhaust me!

[The Bull comes behind her.

Oh, Bull, it is unkind of you . . . you've tossed me!

[Falls on ground, while the Bull stands over her, in readiness to
give the coup de grace; LYDIA calls for help.A Farm-hand (encouragingly). Nay, Miss, he seems moor sensible
nor surly—

He knows as how good children perish early!

[The Bull nods in acknowledgment that he is at last understood,
and slaps his chest with his forelegs.

Lydia. Bull, I'll turn naughty, if you'll but be lenient!

Goodness, I see, is sometimes inconvenient.

I promise you henceforth I'll try, at any rate,

To act like children who are unregenerate!

[The Bull, after turning this over, decides to accept a
compromise.

Jack. And, LYDIA, when you ready for a lark are,

Just give a chyhike to your friend—JACK PARKER!

[They shake hands warmly.

FINALE.

Lydia. I thought to slowly fade away so calm and beautiful.
(Though I didn't mean to go just yet);But you get no chance for pathos when you're chivied by a
bull! (So I thought I wouldn't go just yet.)

For I did feel so upset, when I found that all you get

By the exercise of virtue, is that bulls will come and hurt you!

That I thought I wouldn't go just yet!

Chorus. We hear, with some regret, That she doesn't mean to go
just yet.But a Bull with horns that hurt you is a poor return for virtue,
And she's wiser not to go just yet![The Bull rises on his hindlegs, and gives a forehoof each to
LYDIA and JACK, who dance wildly round and round as the
Curtain falls.[N.B.—Music-hall Managers are warned that the morality of this
particular Drama may possibly be called in question by some
members of the L. C. C.]

A RETIRING YOUNG MAN.

(Positively his Last Appearance.)



I LINGER on the same old stage
Which I have graced so long,
Though oft, when sick, or in a rage,
I've sworn to give up song,
Still somehow, like mellifluous REEVES,
I flow, and flow, and flow.
Stage-stars, though fond of taking leaves
Are very loth to go.

Teutons, once again,
Greet me once again!
Old songs I'm singing,
Shall I sing in vain?
Once more I front the same old House,
And hear the same "Encore!"
My rivals slink as slinks the mouse
When Leo lifts his roar.

I'll take my turn with potent voice,
In solo or in glee.
At my *rentrée* my friends rejoice
They only wanted ME!
Teutons, once again!
Greet me once again!
Old strength is waking,
Shall it wake in vain?

THE CRY OF THE CITY CHILDREN.

(For Playing Fields.)

[A conference of delegates of various Athletic Clubs was held on March 4, in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, for the purpose of considering the necessity for the further provision of Playing fields for the people of the Metropolis.]

Would you see Town Children playing, O my brothers,
With their bats and leathern spheres?
They are herding where the slum-reek fumes and smothers,
And *that* isn't play, one fears.
The young rustics bat in verdant meadows,
The young swells are "scrummaging" out west;
They are forming future GRACES, STODDARTS, HADOWS;
They are having larks, which, after all, is best.
But the young Town Children, O my brothers,
They are mooning all the day;
They are idling in the play-time of the others,
For they have no place to play!

Do you recollect they used to play at cricket
In the bye-streets years ago,
With a broomstick for a bat, a coat for wicket?
Now the Bobbies hunt them so!
The old ladies grumble at their skipping;
The old gents object to their tip-cat;
So they squat midst slums that shine like dirty dripping,
Not knowing what the dickens to be at.
And the young Town Children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Making mud-pies, to the horror of their mothers,
In their dirty Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and grubby faces,
And they answer—"Cricket? Us?
Only wish we *could*, but then there ain't no places;
Wot's the good to make a fuss?
Yes, you're right, Guv, this is dirty fun and dreary;
But 'Rounders' might just bring us 'fore the Beak,
And if we dropped our peg-top down a airey,
They would hurry up and spank us for our cheek.
Arsk the swell 'uns to play cricket, not us nippers;
We must sit here damp and dull,
'Midst the smell of stale fried fish and oily kippers,
'Cos the Town's so blooming full."

True, true O children! I of old have seen you
Playing peg-top, aye, like mad,
In the side-streets, and upon a village green you
Could scarce have looked more glad.
I have seen you fly the kite, and eke "the garter,"
Send your "Rounders'" ball a rattling down the street.
If you tried such cantrips now you'd catch a tartar
In the vigilant big Bobby on his beat.
If you tossed the shuttle-cock or bowled the hoop now,
A-I's pounce would be your doom.
In the streets at Prisoner's Base you must not troop now,
There's no longer any room!

So you sit and smoke the surreptitious 'bacey,
And deal in scurril chaff;
Vulgar JENNY boldly flirts with vicious JACKY,
You're too knowing now by half.
They're unchildish imps, these Children of the City,
Bold and blasé, though their life has scarce begun,
Growing callous little ruffians—ah, the pity!—
For the lack of open space, and youthful fun.
Bedford's Bishop says the Cricket pitch is driven
Further, further, every day;
And the crowded City grows—well not a heaven,
Where there is no room for play.

So, if Cricketers and Footballers, who gather,
Find Town Children space for sport,
Punch will be extremely pleased with them; so, *rather*,
Will the thralls of lane and court.
ALFRED LYTTELTON, so keen behind the wicket;
Lord KINNARD, who once was hot upon the ball,
Give our Arabs chance of football and of cricket,
And you'll fairly earn the hearty thanks of all;
'Or the young City Children, doomed to rummage
In dim alleys foul as Styx,
Never else may know the rapture of a "scrummage,"
Or "a slashing drive for Six!"

A DESIRABLE "RAIKES" PROGRESS.—In the direction of concession to the overworked and underpaid Post-Office employés.



APPRECIATIVE.

Amateur Tenor. "I SHALL JUST SING ONE MORE SONG, AND THEN I SHALL GO."
Sarcastic Friend. "COULDN'T YOU GO FIRST!"

A JUBALEE PERFORMANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—After *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, which is a fine broad Scotch setting of Rantin' Roarin' ROBBIE'S poem, came *The Dream of Jubal*. This, as I take it, was a work produced in the Jubalee Year. I don't know who JUBAL was, at least I've only a vague idea. Rather think he was a partner of TUBAL. TUBAL, JUBAL & Co., Instrument Makers. From this Oratorio I gather that JUBAL was an enthusiastic amateur, but that the only musical instrument he possessed was a tortoise-shell,—whether comb or simple shell I couldn't quite make out. However, comb or shell, he worked hard at it, until one morning, when he was practising outside the house (I expect TUBAL & Co. wouldn't stand much of it indoors), the birds started a concert in opposition to his solo. This quite drowned his feeble notes, and drove him half frantic. In despair he lay down under the shade of a tree and fell asleep, and in his dreams he saw the instrument which he had invented gradually developed into a "Strad," and from that into the most glorious instrument of our time; namely, the banjo. This so soothed and pleased him, that, waking up, he adorned his tortoise-shell with flowers, and sang aloud to all his descendants in all time and tune, and out of all time and tune, if necessary, to join him in praising the invention of Music generally, and of this Jubalee instrument in particular.

MR. JOSEPH BENNETT has given a most effective description of the dream; the accompanied recitation being very fine indeed, and splendidly performed by Miss JULIA NELSON, who, like JUBAL, has been in the Tree's Shadow at the Haymarket. Fine triumphal march and chorus. Your own MAGGIE MCINTYRE, and your MR. BARTON MCGUCKIN, were in excellent form, and everybody was delighted, with the exception of one person,—who is always *à peu près*, never quite satisfied, and therefore rightly named, "ALL-BUT HALL, S.W."

"HARLOWE THERE!"—This now familiar exclamation might be appropriately adopted as the motto of the Vaudeville Theatre during the run of *Clarissa*. She does run, too, poor dear—first from home, then from *Lovelace's*, and then "anywhere, anywhere, out of the world!" By the way, is it quite fair of Mr. THOMAS THORNE, in the absence of a friend and brother comedian, to speak of himself, as he does in this piece, as "a mere TOOLE"? How can such a metamorphosis have taken place? We trust that Mr. THOMAS THORNE, Temporary Tragedian, will amend his sentiments.

SIR W. V. HARCOURT, on the night when he was so huffy, "left the House." True: he certainly did not "carry the House with him."

MR. PUNCH'S PANORAMA OF THE YEAR 1889.

PROLOGUE.

Mr. Punch to Toby.

I AM the only Painter without bias,
And Monster Panoramas, my TOBIAS,
Now being quite the order of the day,
I've limned the largest, which I here display;



And, issued in mine Almanack, 'tis clear
'Twill be the Biggest Order of the Year!
'Tis painted in the Highest Art Style—Mine!
Here you perceive the pith of 'Eighty-Nine,
A Year of Grace—and also of disgraces.
Look, TOBY, on this sea of well-known faces!
Mark the familiar eyes, the salient noses!
(The sign of GLADSTONE or the mark of MOSES.)
Kings, Lords and Ladies, Statesmen, Whigs and Tories. [Allegories
No painter of great sprawling Ever yet packed into so small a compass

So many who've won fame—or raised a rumpus.
A précis of a twelvemonth's work and babble is
This summary of the great *Annus Mirabilis*.
Perpend, TOBIAS. Hand me up the pointer.
Listen, O World! and, Time, thou great disjoiner
Of hearts and epochs, stand awhile at gaze,
Whilst I explore, explain the Mighty Maze,
Which, being made by *Punch*, the Friend of Man,
You may depend is "not without a plan."

Now for the rostrum! Follow my pointer, TOBY, with thy recording pencil. Listen, O World, with ears attent, and eyes "sequacious of the—Truth-teller!" I speak *urbi et orbi*!

First, the newly-elected County Council, Ladies and Gentlemen! RITCHIE's colossal Civic Symposium! "RITCHIE's Folly," some hasty assayers of innovations may have been tempted to term it. But *Punch* is never hasty.

Macbeth at the Lyceum and GLADSTONE in Naples! Later on, "Macbeth" IRVING visits the QUEEN—an honoured guest! The return of the dove—if the Brummagem Bruiser may be likened to the Bird of Peace. All, at any rate, welcome his wife, a true messenger of peace, let us hope, from across the Atlantic flood.

From West to NORTH—the "Nitrate King." Let us trust he'll prove a "True North" to the multitudes who trust him. Next the Teuton Titan on the (Colonial) War-Path! Formidable competitor; but even Titans trip at times, eh, Orion? From BISMARCK asking for Samoa to CHAPLIN "chucking" Protection is a transit. Big 'uns both—of a sort! But BOULANGER, the pseudo-great General Boum, coming a cropper? *Guarda, e passa!*

The ingenious Japs at a new work of Art—scarcely native this time. We'll hope their "New Constitution" may shape as well as their cabinets, and wear better than their locks and keys. Pantomime child-peris turned out—*pro tem.*, thanks be—of their Stage Paradise. "See me reverse!"

Two openings,—Parliament and the Parnell Commission. And then—sinister sequel to the latter!—the flight of the pitiful FIGOTT. A far pleasanter picture is the return of generous D'AUMALE to Chantilly. Scarcely less agreeable, to lovers of peace and of France, is the flight of the blatant firebrand BOULANGER. Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest!

Big brave boys these American Base-Ball players. Game *may* be acclimatised here, but *they* evidently thought our "climate" against them, and with reason. Loss of the *Sultan*.—not the PADISHAH himself, worse luck! He would be no loss. Cambridge winning "the classic race"! Bravo, Light Blue! Who mutters demur! Ah! you are a brunette, though a "fair" one, my dear, so *Punch* pardons you. The sight of your Gracious QUEEN enjoying her Royal self in Portugal, will, perhaps, put you in a better temper, Miss.

Two bad endings! Abolition of the Board of Works, and abdication of King MILAN of Serbia. Both can be well spared. But BRIGHT, brave belligerent JOHN, true, tenacious, trenchant,—no, we could ill spare him. What, *Punch* wonders, would the fighting Apostle of Peace have said of the "Naval Defence Bill" hard by? Well, we know what the Country said of it. And the escape of that

Kane-Captained Rennic-engined *Calliope*,—England has not forgotten that yet, if the Admiralty has.

Opening of the Great—the Colossal, the Titanic, the World-witching, Republic-saving French Exhibition! As "Big" a thing as—as the Tour Eiffel itself! Can even *Mr. Punch* say more! It must have a paragraph all to itself. Well done, LUTETIA! Well may you *pro tem.* at least, kick out politics.

SANDY "takes the floor," and his "Scotch Local Government Bill!" Hope he'll like it. He generally does like big things, be they Bills or Cabers! Better anyhow than PADDY relishes "BALFOUR's Battering-Ram," which comes next. And then, Gentlemen, the match at Brummagem between those two political pugilists, CHURCHILL and CHAMBERLAIN! Fight unfinished, result as yet uncertain. National Portrait Gallery to be fitly housed at last. Then the picture takes us "across the herring-pond" to the great Washington Centenary. Four Millions more money for Ships, the opening of the Opera Season, the raising of the Rates; all matters of interest, painful or otherwise, to most of you, Gentlemen.

Abandonment of the Sugar Bill! Not one of the much-talked-of "sweets of office" this, eh? Ask BARON DE WORMS! Raid on the Betting Clubs! But the great Demon of Gambling, like the objects of the great Curse in Ingoldsby, "never" seems "one penny the worse." Opening of the Spanish Exhibition. Equipment of our Volunteers. Bravo, Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD!

The Johnstown Floods. Gentlemen; too terrible to talk lightly of. Here is symbolised the discreditable Parachute Mania, which was a disagreeable feature of the dead year. May it die therewith! I hear a stir, a silken amongst my fair auditors. Yes, Ladies, the Marriage of the lucky Duke of PORTLAND, lucky, as I said at the time, with both Bridal and Bridle. Another Dropper Bill, Gentlemen; this time the Land Transfer Bill, "knocked out" in the Lords by the "Sluggers" of Legal Privilege. Westward Ho! goes the ubiquitous, inexhaustible G. O. M. on party thoughts intent; whilst near him is shadowed forth the rise of that Irreconcilable, Socialistic new "Fourth Party," the avowed purposes of which probably sometimes "give him pause."

Great Show of the "Humorists in Art." Hope you all went to see it. If you didn't, 'twas your loss. Then—strange juxtaposition!—the Great Turf Libel Case! Can one "libel" the Turf! *Mr. Punch* wonders. Anyhow, "Donovan"—that Lucky Duke again!—wins the Derby. "Donovan" was evidently "on the job," not "out for an airing," eh? Visit of the SHAH of Persia. You will not want me to say anything more about that threshed-out subject. The Labour Congress in Switzerland was less talked of, but probably quite as important, whilst the appointment of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY as President of the Royal Agricultural Society is of even greater home-interest.

Next comes the Great Event of the Year! *Mr. Punch's* Visit to the Paris Exhibition, already celebrated by him in proper time and shape! You all of you have its record, of course. If not—get it!!! That Balloon bore a happy party, and needed no parachute.

The Delagoa Bay Railway business, *Mr. Punch's* pictorial comment on which so infuriated mischievous Master PORTUGAL! The White-chapel Woe! Not a matter for words, Gentlemen, but deeds.

Hooray! Another Royal Marriage! The Wedding March, with a FIVE accompaniment! And—quite "in a concatenation accordingly," though at t'other side of Panorama—the Golden Wedding of the G. O. M. Prospect and retrospect, both pleasant. Was it the tender association of sympathy which made the G. O. M. so eloquent in favour of the Royal Grants? Who knows? Anyhow, his more rampant "followers"—LABBY among them—would have liked, for the moment, to "muzzle" the "old man eloquent"—as MONRO did the London dogs. The Naval Review, and the German Emperor's brief visit, "synchronised," as the saps say; and *then*, as another "Big Thing," they made CHAPLIN Minister of Agriculture! "Capping the Climax," that! Hard-by another Great—or Big—Man, hews away at the Tithes Bill. Go it, HARCOURT!

Following the example of another *really* Great Man, Mr. GLADSTONE goes to Paris, sees the Exhibition, mounts the Eiffel Tower, perorates pleasantly about the Two Republics, France and America. Or should we say, America and France! *Areades ambo!* And the G. O. M. orating on them was *very* Arcadian indeed.

The miserable Maybrick Case calls for no comment here. The Great Strike does. Memorable event, Ladies and Gentlemen, which—as Truthful THOMAS would say—"will have results." Ecclesiastical dress for ladies *may* interest the more "dressy" portion of my audience—or may not. The French Elections. *Mr. Punch* congratulates *Madame La République* whom primarily the Exhibitors, and secondarily the Urns, saved from chaos and General Boum-BOTLANGER! BALFOUR's little *faux pas*, in connection with an Irish University. That fish won't bite! "OUTRIDANOS" on the Triple Alliance! Outis—the Ulysses of Liberalism—defying the huge Polyphemus of Continental Despotism. So perhaps he, the Homer-lover, would picture it. Polyphemus may have a different opinion, perchance.

Railways in China! Ah! *Mr. Punch* thinks he has heard of that before. He hopes it may be true this time; though, to the Mandarin, the Locomotive is a Bogey, and the Line sacrilege. Arab advance on Suakin! Neither is *that* a novel item of news! Gallantly repelled this time, though, and partly, at least, by native valour. A good omen!

Trials at Maryborough, consequent on the lamentable Gweedore evictions, and yet more lamentable crime attending them. When will *this* sort of thing be wiped out of the panorama of the year?

Raid of the egregious McDUGALL, compound, apparently, of *Bottom* and *Paul Pry*. Well, all's well that ends well, eh, "Mister" ROSEBERY? Glad, anyhow, *you* are to boss the London County Council yet a little longer. You may be counted on to minimise the McDUGALL element.

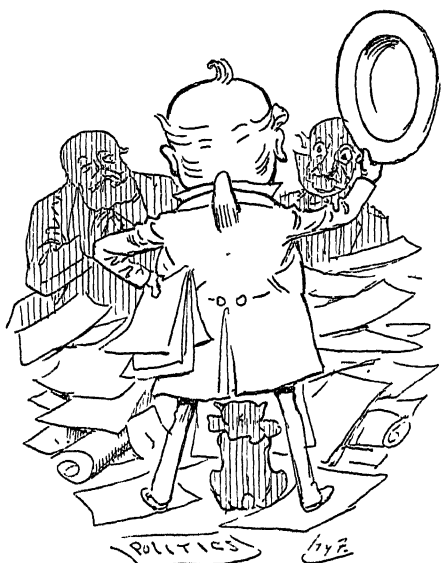
Greek Royal Wedding. Rare year this for what may be called Splendid Splices! Royal Princes, Princesses, and lucky Dukes well to the fore! As a set-off—alas!—*Mr. Punch's* Panorama has reluctantly, and delicately, to record many lamented deceases of great, or worthy, or well-beloved ones. Poor Crown Prince RUDOLPH, stout and eloquent JOHN BRIGHT, quaint and clever PELLEGRINI, the *Vanity Fair* Caricaturist, Lady HOLLAND, of politico-social fame, WILKIE COLLINS, the master of ingeniously Sensational Romance; and last, but, to *Mr. Punch* and his young men certainly not least, PERCIVAL LEIGH, of *Comic Latin Grammar*, and *Mr. Pips's Diary* fame—to the world, and, to his private friends, "dear old Professor," of pleasant and unfading memory.

Royal Globe-trotters again? The German Emperor visits Constantinople, and hob-nobs with the SULTAN; the Prince of WALES is off to Egypt, where, perhaps, he hob-nobs with Father Nile. Thence returning, *Punch* hopes, happy, and with renewed stores of sturdy health!

Yet later in the year come two Big Shows, the Lord Mayor's to wit, with pretty reproductions of old English dresses and disportings, and that of the evergreen P. T. BARNUM, with—well—with everything in the marvel line, if *Mr. Punch* may trust PHINEAS's posters.

The Public, anyhow, may trust *Mr. Punch's*! By such a Panoramic Poster even the Great Showman will admit himself outdone.

That is all, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the present. *Mr. Punch*, in conclusion, wishes you all a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year!



N 22nd of February Session opened; date unusually late, but then remember our Autumn Session of previous year brought us up to Christmas Eve. CHARLES LAMB, arriving at office late in the morning, pleaded that he made up for it by going away early. House, going away late, returns little later. Very modest Ministerial Programme to commence with. How it has been carried out has been told from day to day with graphic minuteness and uncompromising fidelity by *Mr. Punch's* humble, but respected companion. "The Diary of TOBY, M.P.," follows the British flag. It is read everywhere—ly the pathless ice-

floes of Canada, through the length of North and South America, in the cities of Australia, by the watch-fires of the Squatters, on Greenland's icy mountains, and eke on India's coral strand; where *Punch* appears weekly on the bookstalls, price threepence. It will, therefore, not be necessary to go much into detail, a brief summary sufficing.

At the outset GEORGIE HAMILTON promises Bill to strengthen Navy; LORD ADVOCATE mentions Scotch Universities Bill, with Scotch Local Government Bill to follow. PARNELL puts in early appearance, challenging BALFOUR, amid wild cheers from Irish Members, to explain why CAREW, M.P., at present in prison, had been deprived not only of his flannel shirt, but of his hair and moustache?

Debate on Address turns largely on Irish affairs. Suddenly, in full tide of attack, comes news of flight of PIGOTT. For awhile PIGOTT's presence fills the place; his name thrown at BALFOUR whenever he

risers; cries of "PIGOTT!" punctuate Ministerial replies. Nevertheless, JOHN MORLEY's Amendment to Address negatived by 339 votes against 260; Address being finally carried without a division.

GEORGIE HAMILTON got on early with his scheme for strengthening the Navy. Twenty-one-and-a-half millions asked for, adding seventy ships to British Navy. Not all to be built at once; whole scheme to be accomplished by April, 1894. Bill, debated three several nights, finally passed. In accordance with pledge given last Session, Supply put in fore-front of business. House sat night after night, sometimes voting money, always talking. All kinds of questions came up in Supply; treatment of Irish prisoners; Ministers' alleged connivance with *Times*; above all, PIGOTT, by this time, huddled up in suicide's grave at Madrid. Special attack made on ATTORNEY-GENERAL for his professional connection with the *Times* case. HARCOURT led attack, CHARLES RUSSELL taking notable part in it. But his friends stuck to him through thick and thin, and Vote of Censure defeated by large majority.

On 28th of March, came news of death of JOHN BRIGHT; fell like oil on troubled waters. OLD MORALITY bore testimony to his worth. GLADSTONE pronounced a splendid eulogy; HARTINGTON added a postscript; JUSTIN MCCARTHY spoke for Ireland; and CHAMBERLAIN, rising to height of occasion, informed the House, that Birmingham had never allowed the Statesman they mourned to pay any of the subscriptions ordinarily exacted from a Borough Member. Thereafter the House went on with its ordinary business.

On 16th of April, GOSCHEN introduced Budget in smallest House gathered in similar circumstances for many years. Both ends made to meet by increase of Death Duties, and a little tinkering of the Malt Duty. About this time, the "NOBLE BARON," began to loom on horizon with his Sugar Bounties Convention. Much time wasted through remainder of Session over this matter. Government stood gallantly by "NOBLE BARON;" in the end, amid the jeers of Opposition, Sugar Bounties Bill withdrawn to avoid Ministerial defeat.

On 14th of May, OLD MORALITY brought in Bill to establish Board of Agriculture for Great Britain, a measure which, happily passing, has dowered the country with CHAPLIN as Minister of Agriculture.

Early in July, came on proposal to make provision for eldest Son of PRINCE OF WALES. Manifestations of opposition induced Government to present the matter in modified form of Motion for appointment of Select Committee to consider the whole question of provision for Members of Royal Family. This agreed to, after debate, in which SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE came to the front, keeping his place throughout subsequent proceedings, Great efforts made to buy off opposition of this incorruptible person; hesitated for brief moment, when position of Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household dangled before his eyes. Principal public duty of Treasurer, is to bring in gracious replies from the Throne to Addresses from faithful Commons. In his mind's eye, SAGE saw himself in Windsor uniform, with gold stripe adown trouser-leg, leaning lightly on white wand of office, as he stood at the Bar of the House awaiting the SPEAKER's signal to bring up gracious reply. For a moment he faltered, but only for a moment "No," he said, "England expects every man to do his duty, and LABBY will not disappoint expectation;" and he went straight off and put down five fresh Amendments. This, now published for the first time, is authentic.

These debates on the Royal Grants were, perhaps, the most animated of Session. Vote for Royal Family of course granted, but in face of significant minority of 116. GLADSTONE supported Government, marching into Lobby against large majority of his own following, who turned aside with the Incorruptible SAGE. Oddest thing of all was to behold Irish Members voting with the Court Party—JOSEPH GILLIS going out shoulder to shoulder with ARTHUR BALFOUR, and TAY PAY hobnobbing with OLD MORALITY.

After this the Session languished. OLD MORALITY expedited business by announcing that no fresh measures of importance would be taken. Members began to clear out, and early close of Session seemed imminent. But, towards end of July, when everybody thought business would be wound up, the Tithes Bill brought in, and stubbornly pressed. A difficult position for the Government. Bill hotly opposed by Liberals, and not-loved by Conservatives. GRAY, Conservative Member for Maldon, moved crucial Amendment, which was negatived only by critical majority of four in a House of 286 Members. Nevertheless Government still stuck to framework of Bill. ATTORNEY-GENERAL tabled batch of Amendments which transmogrified the Measure. On 16th of August House faced by practically new Bill. This made matters no better. Liberals mollified, Conservatives angry. Next day, amid storm of jeering, borne with characteristic calmness by OLD MORALITY, he withdrew the Measure.

After this it was all over, even the shouting, and on the very last day of August the Session of 1889 came to a close. Its final hours, otherwise peaceful, were fluttered by promise of a Measure endowing an Irish University, whereat there was much spluttering in political circles.

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

No. IV.—THE GIDDY SOCIETY LADY.

THE Giddy Lady is one who, having been plunged at an early age into smart society, is whirled perpetually round in a vortex of



pleasures and excitements. In the effort to keep her head above water, she is as likely as not to lose it. This condition she naturally describes as "being in the swim." In the unceasing struggle to maintain herself there, she may perhaps shorten her life, but she will apparently find a compensation in the increased length of her dressmaker's bills. She is ordinarily the daughter of aristocratic parents, who carefully allowed her to run wild from the moment she

could run at all. By their example she has been taught to hold as articles of her very limited faith, that the serious concerns of life are of interest only to fools, and should, therefore (though the inference is not obvious), be entirely neglected by herself, and that frivolity and fashion are the twin deities before whom every self-respecting woman must bow down.

Having left the Seminary at which she acquired an elementary ignorance of spelling, a smattering of French phrases as used by English lady novelists, and a taste for music which leads her in after-life to prefer Miss BESSIE BELLWOOD to BEETHOVEN, she is soon afterwards brought out at a smart dance in London. From this point her progress is rapid. Balls and concerts, luncheons and receptions, dinners and theatres, race meetings and cricket matches, at both of which more attention is paid to fashion than to the field, follow one another in a dizzy succession. She has naturally no time for thought, but in order to avoid the least suspicion of it, she learns to chatter the slang of the youthful Guardsmen and others who are her companions. A certain flashing style of beauty ensures to her the devotion of numerous admirers, to whom she babbles of "chappies" and "Johnnies," and "real jam" and "stony broke," and "two to one bar one," as if her life depended upon the correct pronunciation of as many of these phrases as possible in the shortest time on record. She thus comes to be considered a cheerful companion, and at the end of her third season, marries a jaded man of pleasure, whose wealth is more considerable than his personal attractions, and who, for some inscrutable reason, has been approved by her parents as a suitable husband.

She treats matrimony as an emancipation from rules which she has rarely seen any one else observe, and has never honoured herself, and after a few years, she becomes one of that gaudy band of Society ladies who follow with respectful imitation the giddy vagaries of the Corinthians of a lower grade. She dines often without her husband at smart restaurants, where she has constant opportunities of studying the manners of her models. She adores the burlesques at the Gaiety and the Avenue, and talks, with a complete absence of reserve and a disregard of pedantic accuracy, about the lives and adventures of the actresses who figure there. She can tell you, and does, who presented LOTTIE A. with a diamond star, and who was present at the last supper-party in honour of TOTTIE B. Nor is she averse to being seen and talked about in a box at a Music-Hall, or at one of the pleasure-palaces in Leicester Square. She allows the young men who cluster round her to suppose that she knows all about their lapses from strict propriety, and that she commends rather than condemns them. *Causas célèbres* are to her a staple of conversation, her interest in them varying directly as the number of co-respondents.

It is impossible, therefore, that the men who are her friends should treat her with that chivalrous respect which an obsolete tradition would seem to require, but they suffer no loss of her esteem in consequence. Such being her behaviour in the society of men, the tone of her daily conversation with friends of her own sex may be readily imagined, though it might not be pleasant to describe. Suffice it to

say, that she sees no shame in addressing them, or in allowing herself to be addressed by a name which a Court of law has held to be libellous when applied to a burlesque actress. She is always at Hurlingham or the Ranelagh, and has seen pigeons killed without a qualm. She never misses a Sandown or a Kempton meeting; she dazzles the eyes of the throng at Ascot every year, and never fails at Goodwood.

Twice a year the Giddy Lady is compelled by the traditions of her caste to visit Paris, in order to replenish her exhausted wardrobe. On these occasions she patronises only the best hotel, and the most expensive and celebrated of men-dressmakers, and she is "fitted" by a son of the house, of whom she talks constantly and familiarly by his Christian name as JEAN, or PIERRE, or PHILIPPE. During the shooting season she goes from country-house to country-house. She has been seen sometimes with a gun in her hands, often with a lighted cigarette between her lips. Indeed she is too frequent a visitor at shooting-luncheons and in smoking-rooms, where a woman, however much she may attempt to disguise her sex, is never cordially welcomed by men. The conventions of the society in which she moves seem to require that she should be attended during her visits by a *cavalierservente*, who is therefore always invited with her. Their pastime is to imitate a flirtation, and to burlesque love, but neither of them is ever deceived into attributing the least reality to this occupation, which is often as harmless as it is always absurd.

These and similar occupations, of course, leave her no time to attend to her children, who are left to grow up as best they may under the fostering care of nursery-maids and of such relations as may choose, from time to time, to burden themselves with the olive-branches of others. Her husband has long since retired from all competition with her, and leaves her free to follow her own devices, whilst he himself follows the odds. She is often supposed to be riding for a fall. It is certain that her pace is fast. Yet, though many whisper, it is quite possible that she will ride to the end without open damage.

Of her dress and her jewels it need only be said that she affects tailor-made costumes and cat's-eye bangles by day, and that at night she escapes by the skin of her teeth from that censure which the scantiness of her coverings would seem to warrant, and which Mr. HORSLEY, R.A., if he saw her, would be certain to pronounce.

In middle age she loses her brilliant complexion. Yet, for reasons best known to herself, her colour continues to be bright, though her spirits and her temper seem to suffer in the effort to keep it so. As old age advances, she is as likely as not to become a gorgon of immaculate propriety, and will be heard lamenting over the laxity of manners which permits girls to do what was never dreamt of when she was a girl herself.

THE PINT OF IT.

How curious that our youngest boy, aged fifteen months, should have already become partially paralysed, and be afflicted, besides, with anæmia, rickets, and growing inability to digest the smallest particle of food!

If it were not that we procure our milk from the "Hygienic Unskimmed Lacteal Fluid and Food for Babies Company, Limited," I should begin to believe that there might be something wrong with the beverage which forms the staple of his infantile dietary.

The Company professes to sell milk "pure from the cow." From the quality of this morning's supply, I should be inclined to fancy that that cow is suffering from an advanced stage of atrophy.

As our eldest child, aged two-and-a-half, is still totally unable to walk, and its legs have become mere shrivelled sticks, I really must call in an Analyst to test our milk.

Heavens! The Analyst reports that more than half the cream has been "separated"—which seems to mean removed—and that its place has been supplied by "65 per cent. of impure water."

Under these circumstances, I hardly think that the fine of five shillings, and half-a-crown costs, which the Magistrate has inflicted on the Company, quite meets the justice of the case, or will be sufficient to stop such adulteration in the future.

Buffalo Bill and Leo Pope.

WENT BUFFALO BILL to see the POPE pass by. Then were the Cow-boys cowed by the POPE's eye, With which, like many an English-speaking glutton, They'd often met, and fastened on, in mutton. The difference vast at once they did espy, Betwixt a sheep's eye and a LEO's eye. Says SHINEY WILLIAM to himself, "I'm blest!" And so he was, and so were all the rest.

FROM A NAUTICAL INQUIRER.—"Please, Sir, what's the uniform of an Admiral of the 'Bouillon Fleet'?" I see this Fleet advertised, but have been unable to obtain any information about it at the Admiralty, where I have called repeatedly to make inquiries." [Consult "The First Lord!" The first lord you meet will do.—Ed.]

"GRENADIERS TO THE FRONT!"

I MUST confess, my dear Editor, I was greatly gratified at your gracefully recognising my twenty years' service, spent in the defence of my QUEEN and my country (in the Militia), by asking me to be present at the initial performance of the Guards Burlesque Company of *Fra Diavolo* in the Theatre Royal, Recreation Room, Chelsea Barracks, S.W.



The place was not entirely new to me. Last year it had been my good fortune to see *Ivanhoe*, with Mr. NUGENT in the principal character—a gallant and talented gentleman, who was, alas! conspicuous by his absence on the present occasion. I was given to understand that this year the Grenadiers were ordered "to the front," and that the command had been obeyed, the list of the *Dramatis Personæ* amply proved.

The music was admirably selected by Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON, the "*Baker Roll*" from *Pickwick* going capitably. The scenery, by the Hon. ARNOLD KEEPEL (late Scots Guards), was good, and "the writing up to date," by Mr. YARDLEY (never to be forgotten on the field of cricket), was better.

For the rest, I may say that the Guards' Burlesque Company, from a theatrical professional stand-point, were hardly "Gaiety form," but, as amateurs, they were simply magnificent. There was no supper—but this is a detail. Yours sincerely,

A VERY OLD SOLDIER.

The Plains of Waterloo, in rear of the Army and Navy Stores, S.W.

"LENT LECTURES."—A Correspondent signing himself "MISSING LINK," says, that he frequently sees Lectures advertised as above, and wants to know if they come into the same category with "Borrowed Sermons." [Don't know. Consult Mr. F. JEUNE, Q.C., or the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.—ED.]

"THAT ought to be an interesting and amusing article in *Lippincott's Magazine* for March," observed Mrs. RAM—"I mean the one called, 'Who are the Christy Minstrels?'" We referred to the number. No such article in it; but one entitled, "Who are Christian Ministers?" Probably this was it. Near enough for Mrs. R.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Walery-Gallery Co.—for WALERY has transformed himself into a Limited Liability—is bringing out a series of "Sporting Celebrities," with sporting notes, monographs, and dramatic notes too. The photographs are excellent. Two in each monthly number. The monographs are right enough, but the sporting and dramatic notes in a monthly, are either not sufficient or too much. Three portraits and three monographs, one sportswoman and two sportsmen in each number would be better, at least, so it seems to the learned Baron, who would sum up the requisites for making the Walery-Gallery Sporting Series a success in a Shakspearian quotation, adapted for this special occasion,—"More art and less matter."

The Baron is always much interested in the *Revue de Famille*, directed and largely contributed to by M. JULES SIMON, who is also a pretty regular contributor to its pages. In December last, M. SIMON wrote a thoughtful and interesting article on *L'Education des Femmes*, and M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY, a very amusing paper on *Le Timide au Théâtre*. The number for February (it is only a bi-monthly publication) has a paper on *L'Influence* (not the influenza) *des Femmes en France*, the only fault of which is its length; and GYP gives a satirical sketch called *Nos Docteurs*, which hardly seems in keeping with the family character of the *Revue*. The March Number is now out, and can be procured at HACHETTE'S. It is one of the best French serials.

A delightful book is *Yorkshire Legends and Traditions*, collected and recounted by the Rev. THOMAS PARKINSON. He who writes of fairies and of witches should of course possess some potent spell—(how many members of the School-Board, had they lived a couple of hundred years ago, would have been punished as witches for teaching "spelling," it is pleasant to imagine)—and Mr. PARKINSON'S great charm is his apparent belief in the wonders he relates. Even when he occasionally alludes to "popular superstition," you feel it is only a phrase introduced evidently out of consideration for the unphilosophic prejudices of his "so-called" Nineteenth-Century readers, who pride themselves on being HUXLEYS in the full blaze of scientific light, and yet would shrink from passing a night in a haunted room, or, if alone, would go a mile out of their way to avoid an uncanny spot. The greatest mistake made by narrators of the marvellous is, attempting to account for the unaccountable. This book is, I believe, one of a series now being published by ELLIOT STOCK, of Paternoster Row, a stock which Your Own Baron recommends as a safe investment, for the book alone is a good dividend, the interest being kept up all through; and it is satisfactory to hear that, as the other counties of England, and perhaps of Ireland and Scotland, are being dealt with in a similar manner, there is a good reserve-fund of information and amusement.

Mr. RUNCIMAN, in *The Fortnightly*, brings a serious indictment of plagiarism against Mr. RIDER HAGGARD, which it strikes me he would be unable to sustain in a Court of Common Sense before MR. PRESIDENT PUNCH, unless it were first laid down as a fixed principle, that a writer of fiction must never have recourse to any narrative of facts whereon to base his Romance. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

SONG SENTIMENTIANA.

A Delightful "All-The-Year-Round" Resort for the Fashionable Composer.)

EX. I.—RESPECTING THE LOVER'S INDIFFERENCE FOR THE ADVANTAGES OF CIVILISATION.

I AM waiting in darkness to greet her—
Why in darkness I cannot explain,
For there's plenty of gas in the meter,
And enough, I suppose, in the main!
But 'tis darkness so unpenetrating,
And 'tis darkness so dimly deep!
And I'm waiting, and waiting, and waiting,
Like the chap in "A Garden of Sleep."
I've been patiently waiting to meet her,
Till I'm thoroughly sick of this gloom;
It is ten by my Benson repeater—
It was six when I entered the room!
But I must not begin to grow weary,
And to stamp, and to fret, and to curse!
The surroundings are certainly dreary,
But they might be decidedly worse!
I am waiting, still waiting, to greet her!—
Here all night I'm determined to stand,
For a prettier girl, or a sweeter,
There is not to be seen in the land!
If I go, I am sure to regret it,
So I'll make up my mind here to stay.
What though time is departing? Well, let
I shall wait here for ever and aye! [it]

MAXIMS FOR THE BAR.

No. I.



"When Cross-examining a Lady, treat her with Deference."

SWEET LAVENDER.—Miss SPRULES, whose "Lavender Farm" in Surrey was recently visited by a ubiquitous *P. M. Gazette*, appears to be a real scenter of attraction. "Does it pay?" asked the Interviewer. And of course the Lady's answer was, "Scent per scent."

"JUNKETING" IN LONDON.—Last Saturday a grand Devonian Dinner took place at the Criterion. Of course, only *La Crème de la Crème* of Devon were present.

THE "SO-CALLED" NINETEENTH CENTURY FOR THIS MONTH.—"*Palmer qui...* ferat." Has the gallant Corporal any more to Tel-(el-Kebir)?

FROM "1ST FLAT, COLNEY HATCHWELL."—The song of "*Be Mine*" is a great success. The song "*Be Minor*" ought to be a greater.

NEW NOVEL, shortly to appear, by a Director of the London and Westminster Bank, entitled, *Allsops and Conditions of Men*.

UNGRAMMATICAL BUT QUITE CORRECT.—When a Gentleman asks, at a book-stall, "Have you a number of *Woman* here?"

WHAT'S "a bore for coal is fun for us!" Mem. by Shareholder, S. E. Line.



NIL DESPERANDUM.

Fair Visitor (to Hostess). "HOW WONDERFULLY WELL MRS. WILKINSON WEARS I DO HOPE I SHALL BE AS GOOD-LOOKING AS THAT AT HER AGE!"
Fair Hostess. "SO DO I!"

THANK GOODNESS!

"OFF?" Thank goodness, yes!
 Always was—confound it!—
 An unsavoury mess,
 Foulness reeking round it.
 Resurrection pie
 Not in it for nastiness.
 Dished-up—who knows why?—
 With unseemly hastiness.
 Of the *chef's* poor skill,
 Feeblest of expedients.
 Sure we've had our fill
 Of its stale ingredients.
Toujours perdrix? Pooch!
 That is scarce delightful;
Toujours Irish Stew
 Very much more frightful.
 Thrice-cooked colewort? Ah!
 That no doubt were tedious;
 But this hotch-potch? Pah!
 Thought of it is hideous.
 It has been too long
Pièce de résistance;
 Take its odour strong
 To unsniffing distance.

Waiter's self looks sick
 At the very thought of it.
 Oh, remove it, quick!
 Customers want nought of it.
 Eh? One hungry sinner
 Asks another plateful?
 He should have his dinner
 Snatched by harpies fateful.
 Kitchen never yet
 Knew a failure greater.
 Few its end regret.
 Surely not the Waiter.
 He his finger had
 In the pie—or gravy.
 Did he? Well, 'tis sad.
 He must cry "*Peccavi!*"
 But whoever mixed,
 Or whoever boiled it,
 Our opinion's fixed,
 He, or they, quite spoiled it.
 'Tis the general scoff,
 But of chaff and rudeness.
 Irish Stew is "*Off,*"
 Finally—Thank Goodness!

MORE TO FOLLOW.

THE dinner given by Mr. JAMES STAATS FORBES, Chairman of the L. C. & D. Railway, last Wednesday, to M. EIFFEL, and the French Engineers, was a big success. As the *P. M. G.*, which, being now edited by a *chef*,—at least, he is a man-Cook,—authoritatively informed us, in anticipation of this feast, "The Continent and Great Britain have been ransacked for delicacies." There is to be another banquet, we hear, and more "ransacking." Once again will that delightfully-entertaining Chairman, J. S. FORBES, of the Lucullus Chatting and Dining Line, present a *menu* which will be unexampled in culinary history. By great favour we are permitted to present a few of the delights of this bill of fare, in which a SOYER would have rejoiced, a UDE have delighted, and of which a BRILLAT-SAVARIN might indeed have been proud. No expense in ransacking has been spared. They are sending to the prairie for prairie oysters; to Egypt for *Pot-au-feu (soupe à la mauvaise femme)*; to Jerusalem for artichokes, to Bath for chaps, and Brussels for sprouts. Bordeaux will be ransacked for pigeons, Scotland for Scotch woodcock, Wales for rabbits, Sardinia for sardines, and Turkey for rhubarb. Special messengers are travelling through Germany in search of sausages; others are in Ireland seeking supplies of the stew of that country. Bombay is being ransacked for its celebrated Bombay ducks, Guinea for fowls, Norfolk for dumplings, and Chili for vinegar. Merchant traders are already in treaty with Madeira for cakes; and while Naples is being ransacked for ices, the Government Stationery Office at home will yield an almost inexhaustible supply of wafers.

The guests, led by a choir arrayed in twenty-four sheets, also supplied by the Stationery Office, will sing a delightful compound of the drinking chorus in *Through the Looking-Glass*, and "*The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee*," which will go as follows, all (who can) standing:—

Let's fill up our glasses with treacle and ink,
 And anything else that is pleasant to drink,
 And hook the best port and let us gay free,
 And hurrah for STAATS FORBES and the L. C. & D.!

We can only give these few hints, as of course, this is but a small portion of the *menu*, a mere pennyworth to any amount of ransacking.
 VIVAT LUCULLUS!

REVISED VERSION. "IN GLOBO."—The author of Dixon's *Johnsberry*, who last week sent us a paragraph about the Globe Theatre (where, he said, it was pleasant to find the name of SHAKESPEARE once more associated with that of his great contemporary, JOHN BENSON), was wrong in saying that Miss DOROTHY DENE is taking the part of *Hippolyta* in *The Midsummer Matinée's Dream*. It is very kind of so conscientious an *artiste* to "take anybody's part." But, as a matter of fact, Miss DOROTHY is appearing as *Helene*, *La belle Hélène*, in the same drama.

"SPRING HATS FOR LADIES."—Are they going to adopt the *gibus*?



THANK GOODNESS!!!

HUNGRY HOME-RULER. "WAITER! I WANT SOME MORE OF THAT 'IRISH STEW A LA PARSELL COMMISSION.'"

HEAD WAITER. "'PARSELL COMMISSION,' SIR? *HOFF, SIR!*"

A COLONIAL FRIEND PAYS ME A VISIT.



His Hunting Costume is rather startling.



His Method of Amusing himself in Covert was unusual.



His style of Riding was a trifle reckless.



And when he compelled some Bullocks to join in the chase, it was hardly the thing.



But all this wouldn't have mattered so much, if he hadn't galloped through the Hounds—



And murdered the Fox with his infernal Whip!

"LE KICKE-BALL" IN FRANCE.

(A Vindication.)

MON CHER MONSIEUR PUNCH,—That you have been the victim of "a 'oax," crafty, ingenious, and abominable, there is now no shadow of a doubt. That letter palmed off on to your good and trustful nature the week before last, with the signature of "LE HEADS MASTERRE," professing to deal with the subject of the International athleticism, I should unflinchingly pronounce, after cursory investigation, to be a forgery, impudent and profound. For survey the facts: while it proposed, in a set of regulations *bizarre* and fantastic, to abolish "Le 'Arf-back," as a superfluous officer in the French game, a contest took place in the very centre of this Paris, in which not only the "Arf-back," but the "Three-quarterre-back" was referred to as having been *changed four times in the progress of one game*! Nor was this all. So highly and efficiently trained by the indefatigable Principal had been the French "Ome-team," that,—glorious announcement to make,—they succeeded in carrying off the victory, not merely from one of your Public School Clubs, representing only one country, but from a united "Onze," that might have been regarded with a natural and excusable patriotic pride, as the combined force of all the whole civilised world. Yes, the force opposed to our courageous youths of the *Lycée Janson de Sailly* comprised not only Englishmen, but other nationalities, including sons of the American United

States and Holland. Against this formidable combination the active and sportsman-like youth of our re-awakened athletic France scored a victory, easy, swift, and complete, of two tries to nothing.

For further particulars, I refer you to the newspapers of the period, that furnish the details of the affair. In them you will see that, so far from "*Le Scrimmage*," being abandoned, on the contrary, several, of a character hotly contested, and severe, appear to have arisen in the efforts necessary to secure *les deux "tries"*; for though no mention is made of the Hospital ambulance, yet it is hinted that much sticking-plaster must have been used in fastening up and healing the many contusions, grave, startling, and various, resulting from the furious kicking of legs, and struggling of bodies, inevitable in the progress of "*Un Scrimmage*," in which *Three-quarterre-backs*, *Arf-backs*, *Forwards*, and even *Goal-keepers* were often mingled in confusion, bewildering and prolonged, and only saved from being deadly and prostrating by the admirable *élan* and courageous spirit with which it was encountered.

No, *mon cher Monsieur Punch*, I do not say that when our Athletic Committee commence their investigations of the dangers obvious and definite connected with the conduct of your *jeu de Cricquette*, that they may not alter the constitution and weight of the ball, which I understand is made of lead, and weighs ten pounds and three-quarters, and reduce the size of *les batte-clubs*, themselves instruments to an excessive degree *underous* and grotesque, probably eliminating entirely from the field such dangerously-armed officers as "*Le Long-stoppe*," "*Le square-legge*," and, above all, "*Le wicket-keepere*," but this does not affect their action in considering the reformation of the rules for the legitimate and reasonable conduct of the game of "*Kicke-ball*." No, *mon cher Monsieur*, these they are agreeable to leave as they are, remembering that the ball, formidable though he may be on account of his size, is harmless as a butterfly in the contact, being filled only with air. Moreover they see no reason to change when an "*Onze*" of this New Athletic France can, with the old rules, claim as she does the noble victory of *le deux "tries"* to nothing, and enables the writer of this letter of correction, with a satisfaction that is keen and infinite, and a pride that is profound and pardonable, to subscribe himself hereunder,

A THREE-QUARTERRE-BACK OF THE
RECENTLY VICTORIOUS LYCÉE.

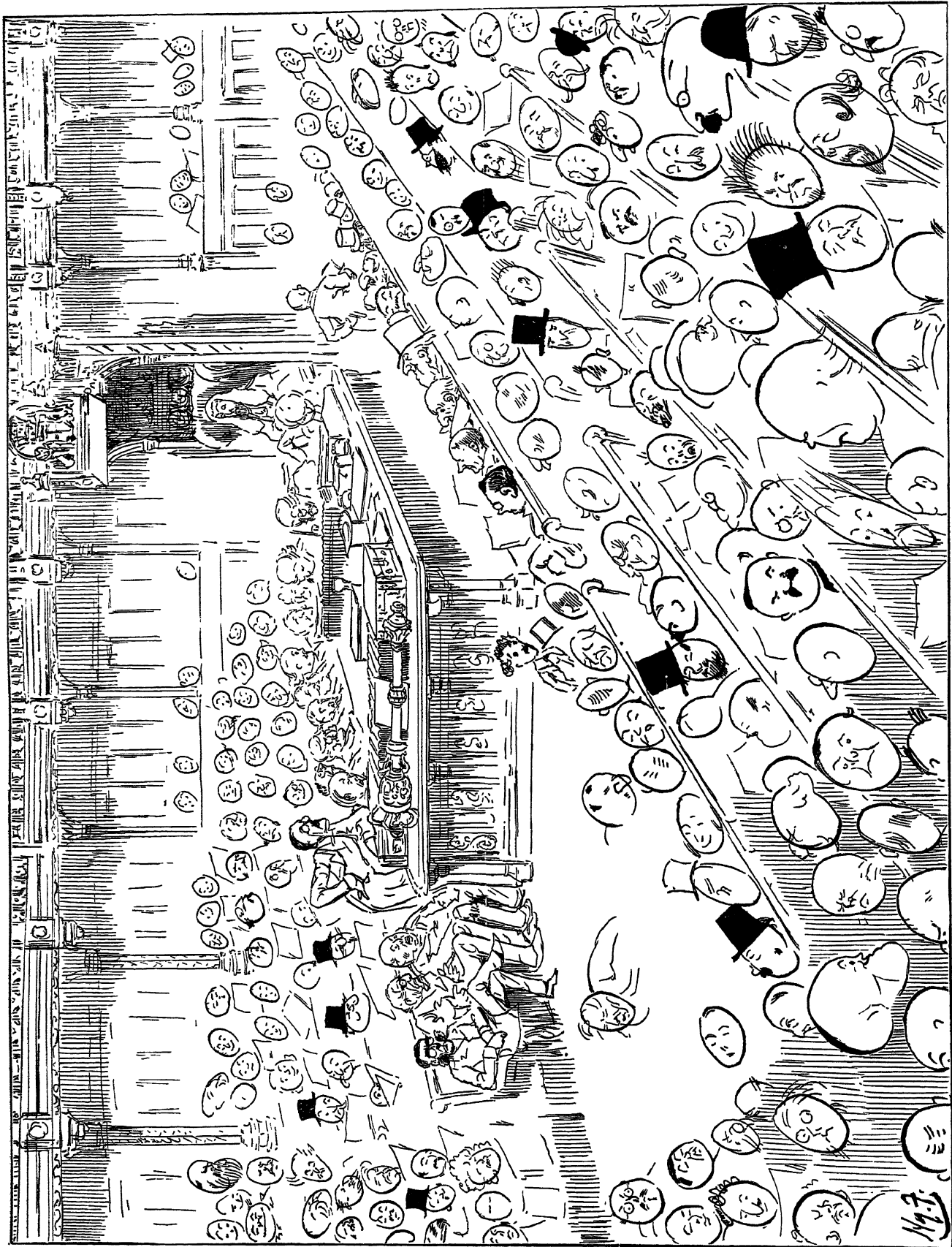
QUESTION OF PARENTAGE.—Prof. HUXLEY, returning to the charge against Socialism, declares Capital to be "the Mother of Labour." If so, surely "the child was mother of the woman!"—to adopt WORDSWORTH's seeming paradox. The first family, when first doomed to Labour, had surely very little Capital.

When ADAM delved and EVE span
Where was then the—"Middleman"?

A CITY Correspondent sends us this Advertisement from the *Daily Chronicle*:—

THE MANAGERS of the STOCK EXCHANGE are about to APPOINT an ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT of WAITERS. Applications, accompanied by Testimonials, must be made in writing, on or before the 15th March, to the Secretary, the Stock Exchange, from whom full particulars of the duties and salary can be obtained. Candidates must be under 40 years of age.

He is afraid lest it should have escaped our ROBERT's eye. Under forty years of age is rather young for a Superintendent, perhaps; but no doubt ROBERT, who, as he says, "is not for any pertikler age, but for all time," would be equal to the occasion.

**A HOUSE OF CIPHERS.**

[Mr. PIERCE, M.P., said, "that if every day was to be taken for Government business, Private Members would become mere Ciphers."]

OMNIBUSINESS.

(A Report of a Meeting yet to be held.)

A MEETING of the Improved Saloon Palace Coach Combination (Limited), was held at the Offices of the Company on Thursday last, when Lord BURLINGTON ARCADIA (in the absence of the Duke of UTOPIA) was called upon to preside.

The noble Chairman said he was delighted to see so many benevolent-looking shareholders present. He admitted that he felt a little nervous, as no doubt the Board of Directors (of whom he had the honour to be one) had acted to a great extent upon their own responsibility in conducting the business of the Company. Encouraged by the comments of the Press, the Board considered they owed a duty to the Public second only in importance to the duty they owed to the shareholders. Nowadays, great trading communities had no right to act selfishly—they must think not only of those who owned the capital, but also of that vast majority whose comfort it should be their pleasure to enhance.

The paper to which he specially referred suggested that various improvements should be made. All the Saloon Palace cars of the Company, it was proposed, should be repainted in various colours, to facilitate identification; but this would cost money—(loud cheers)—and he was happy to say they had money to spend. They had spent it. (Murmurs.) He was sure that they would be pleased when they learned the manner in which that money had been spent. Instead of being hoarded up to swell the dividend—(groans)—it had been absorbed in improvements which would confer great benefits upon the community. (Uproar.)

A SHAREHOLDER. What have we to do with the community?

The CHAIRMAN explained that as the greater included the lesser, the community must include the Shareholders. ("No, no!") He was sorry to hear those sounds of dissent, but what had been done could not be undone. (Loud and prolonged groaning.) He trusted that he would be treated with courtesy. ("Hear, hear!") He had come to the meeting at considerable inconvenience. (Cheers.) As a matter of fact, he had little stake in the Company, as some time since he had disposed of the vast bulk of his shares. (Groans.) However, he would continue. As they knew, the vehicles were now fitted with warm bottles in winter and air-cushions in summer. Every passenger had a velvet upholstered arm-chair. Flowers were supplied in great profusion in the interior of the vehicles, and costly shrubs arranged on the platform supporting the cushioned garden-seats of the exterior. As the additional weight to be drawn in consequence of these improvements was considerable, it had been considered advisable to increase the number of horses to each vehicle from two to six. (Groans.) New routes had been selected—for instance, special services of carriages had been arranged up and down the Belgrave Road, the Mall, Hammersmith, the Upham Park Road, Chiswick, and round Brompton Square. Then he might say—

A SHAREHOLDER. We know all this, but how about the dividend? (Cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN regretted the interruption. However, as the meeting wished to enter into the subject of finance—(cheers and cries of "We do!")—he might say, that no dividend would be declared this half-year, but—

At this point of the proceedings there was a rush for the platform, and, shortly afterwards, the meeting noisily separated.

We are informed, that the inquest upon the bodies of the Chairman and his co-Directors, will be held early next week.



SYMPATHETIC ANSWERS TO KIND INQUIRIES.

Young Masham (leaving Cards). "IS ANYONE ILL HERE NOW?"

Footman (fresh from the Country). "I'M DOING PRETTY WELL AT PRESENT, THANK YOU; BUT 'ER LADYSHIP HASN'T YET SHOOK OFF HER GRIP."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 3.—OLD MORALITY, decently dressed in black, stood at table-to-night, reading through the space of an hour his discourse on Report of Parnell Commission. A decorous, almost funereal function. J. G. TALBOT enjoyed it thoroughly. "So like being in church on Sunday afternoon," he said. "Wish OLD MORALITY could have seen his way to put on white neck-tie, and brought his notes bound up in black cover."

Service proceeded very well without these details. JEMMY LOWTHER early fell victim to gentle influence of occasion. Long before OLD MORALITY had reached his fourthly, JAMES, with head reverently bent on his chest, sweetly slept; dreamt he was a boy again, sitting in the family pew at Easington-cum-Liverton, listening to his revered grandfather bubbling forth orthodoxy. Up in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery sat a little boy on his father's knee. Long he listened to the gentle murmur, broken now and then by a yawn from a back bench, or the rustling of the manuscript as it was turned over folio by folio. It was a great occasion for him; his first visit to the Chamber which still echoed with the tones of his father's uncle, JOHN BRIGHT. He kept gallantly awake as quarter-hour sped after quarter-hour, and then, reminiscent of a nursery story some-

where told, his too audible whisper broke in upon the slumbering gallery.

"Papa, hasn't the Gentleman brought his Amen with him?"

It came at last. Perhaps none so grateful as OLD MORALITY. Curious to note how, when beholding the welcome last folio of his discourse, OLD MORALITY, uplifting his voice, said, "And now to—"

there was a sudden movement in the crowd, a shuffling of feet, a rustling of garments, a motion as if the congregation were about to rise to receive the benediction. But OLD MORALITY was only about to observe, "And now to bring these imperfect remarks to a conclusion, I would entreat the House to consider the great interests at stake, to vindicate the reputation of this House, and to do their duty to their Queen and Country."

After peace, the storm. GLADSTONE ruffled prevalent calm with a tornado of virile eloquence. Grand Old Man in fine form. If he had had the arrangement of course of events, nothing could have been more successfully designed than the contrast. For OLD MORALITY's gentle common-places, his pallid platitudes, his copy-book headings strung together in timid fight after the Good and the True, here rushed a flood of burning eloquence, carrying with it the whole audience; jubilant the Opposition, faintly resisting the Ministerialists. GLADSTONE had no copy-book before him, only the merest skeleton of notes. These, with what seemed to the intently-listening audience the fewest, simplest touches, he informed and inflamed with flesh and blood. Spoke for an



A Distinguished Stranger.

hour and forty minutes—a marvellous feat for any man, a miracle of mental and physical force for an octogenarian.

HICKS BEACH followed; but spell broken; the listening throng, filling the chamber from floor to topmost range of gallery, swiftly melted away. Thus it came to pass there were few to see HARCOURT



"I shan't play!"

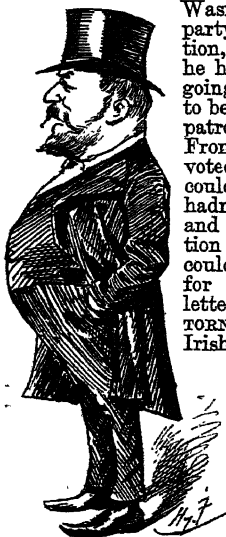
LEES' plunge into debate on the Parnell Commission Report. Rose at same time as CHARLES LEWIS, squaring his elbows, stretching his legs and crooking his knees, as if he had just dismounted, after winning steeplechase. CHARLES LEWIS, Bart., on feet at same time; might reasonably be supposed to claim precedence, having Amendment on paper, in addition to wide Parliamentary reputation. LEES didn't even look at Bart. Began his remarks, taking it as a matter of course that SPEAKER would call on him. House doesn't like CHARLES LEWIS, Bart., so called on LEES, and Bart. withdrew, angrily snorting.

Very few Members present. Getting on for dinner-hour. General conviction that it's going to be a dull night. Nothing can help it. But GLADSTONE waits, and presently, attracted by LEES' superb sense of superiority, sits with hand to ear, listening with kindly smile. Nothing delights Grand Old Man so much as youth, especially aggressive youth—youth that knows about everything, with fuller information and judgment more accurate than its elders. This is what, years ago, first attracted him to RANDOLPH. Now sits listening while YOUNG TWENTY-NINE, who represents Omniscience and Oldham, in drawing voice, hesitating for a word, but having no hesitation in keeping the House waiting for it, settles the question that for two years has riven parties and convulsed continents.

YOUNG TWENTY-NINE knew all about it from the beginning.

Wasn't born in 1860 for nothing. When his own party were rushing headlong down to destruction, arranging for appointment of Commission, he had warned them of their error. But no use going back on the irrevocable. Thing is, what is to be done now? YOUNG TWENTY-NINE casting patronising look on OLD EIGHTY, listening on the Front Opposition Bench, would really like to have voted for his Amendment. But, on his conscience, couldn't; too strongly drawn, doncha; why hadn't he taken counsel of some young friend, and drafted his Amendment with more moderation? At same time, YOUNG TWENTY-NINE couldn't do otherwise than condemn the *Times* for its recklessness in publishing the forged letters. Generally approved the conduct of ATTORNEY-GENERAL; regarded the proceedings of Irish Members with mixed feelings, and, on the whole, would vote for Resolution. Whereat OLD MORALITY, long on tenterhooks, gave sigh of honest relief, and Grand Old Man went off to dinner with a twinkle in his eye and an amused smile lighting up his countenance. Writ moved to-night for new election for Stoke, WILLIE BRIGHT having had enough of it. "Good-bye, TOBY," he said, as he cleared out his locker; "they call me W. LEATHAM BRIGHT, now I suppose it will be W. LEAVE-'EM."

Business done.—Debate on Report of Commission.



W. Leave-em Bright.

as presently he went forth whimpering. He, the champion slogger, accustomed to rampage round the tents of the enemy, and bring his shillelagh down on any head accidentally protruding, had been himself attacked. HICKS-BEACH girded at him to-night in comparatively gentle fashion. HARCOURT tossed about on bench and pettishly protested; claimed SPEAKER's protection; SPEAKER declined to interfere. Then, digging lusty knuckles into moist eyes, he sobbed, "I—I—am not going to stay to be abused in this manner; sha'n't play!" and so went forth, amid the jeers and mocking laughter of naughty boys opposite. *Business done.*—Debate on Parnell Commission Report opened.

Tuesday.—Haven't seen anything more charming for a long time than ELLIOTT

Wednesday.—Curious little difficulty arose at meeting of House to-day. No House to meet. On Wednesdays SPEAKER takes chair at twelve o'clock. Crosses Lobby, accompanied by Sergeant-at-Arms carrying Mace, and tall gentleman in shorts carrying train. Walks up floor between rows of Members, standing and bending



The Hon. G. N. Curzon sees more Shadows.

(*Vide "Times" Letter, March 6.*)

heads like sheaves of corn over which wind passes. To-day benches bare. Chamber empty. SPEAKER feels like one who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted, whose guests are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but he departed. Only in this case they haven't arrived. CHAPLAIN in his place, ready to say his prayers. Everything here but congregation. House, it is well known, thrilled with excitement over Parnell Commission Report. Throbbing with anxiety to debate it. Manages somehow to dissemble its feelings, smother its aspirations. Presently two Members drop in; take their seats.

"Rather a small gathering," whispered the SPEAKER, pleasantly.

"Yes," says CHAPLAIN, forlornly looking round empty chamber. "A very small gathering indeed; might almost call it a pimple."

Word scarcely Parliamentary in this connection.

"Order! order!" said the SPEAKER, *sotto voce*; and, to avoid the beginning of the sundering of friendship, CHAPLAIN read prayers.

Business done.—Debate on Parnell Commission Report.

Thursday.—For ordinary mild-mannered man, JUSTIN MCCARTHY to-night dealt CHARLES LEWIS, Bart., what *The Marchioness* used to call "a winner."

Yesterday, LEWIS delivered carefully prepared diatribe on Report. Not particularly friendly to Ministers, especially JOKIM; but death on Irish Members. MCCARTHY to-day complained that, without giving notice, Bart. had made personal attack on him; and, what was worse, holding Report in hand, and purporting to quote from it, had misled House on matter of fact.

"But then," said JUSTIN, sweetly smiling, "the Hon. Baronet is a lawyer—a lawyer of the school of Mr. Sampson Brass."

Pretty graphic that; House cheered and laughed, consumedly. But what about the phrase being Parliamentary? Is there to be one rule for Chaplain of House, and another for Member for Derry?

Business done.—Still on Commission Report.

Friday Night.—Supposed to have reached full tide of surging Debate to-night. Been piling up agony all week. Now nearing crisis. Lobbies thrilling with excitement; corridors crowded with senators; competition for SPEAKER's eye threatens personal danger. A great occasion, a memorable struggle. That's the sort of thing imagined outside by ingenuous public. Fact is, when SPEAKER came back from chop at twenty minutes to nine, House almost as empty as on Wednesday afternoon. Count called; bell rang; only thirty-five Members mustered; no quorum; adjourned.

Business done.—House Counted Out.



After dealing the Bart. One for his Nob.

MAXIMS FOR THE BAR. No. II.



"Always laugh at the Judge's jokes. It is not upon such an occasion that his Lordship observes that he *will* not have the Court turned into a theatre."

JUSTISS FOR THE PORE.

I've jest been told another staggerer. Well, it seems then that, in one of the werry largest and werry poppularrest of all the City Parishes, sum grand old Cristian Patriots of the holden times left lots of money, when they was ded, and didn't want it no more, to be given to the Pore of the Parish, for various good and charitable hobjecs, such as for rewarding good and respectabel Female Servants as managed to keep their places for at least four years, in despite of rampageous Marsters, and crustaceous Missuses; also for selling Coles to werry Pore Peeple at sumthink like four pence per hundred-weight, be the reglar price what it may; also for paying what's called, I think, premeums for putting Pore Boys or Pore Gals as aprentisses to various trades, so as to lern and labor truly to get a good living when they growd up, insted of loafing about in dirt and hignorence; likewise for allowing little pensions to poor old women as is a striving all their mite and main to keep themselves out of the hated Workhouse; and there are sewerall other similar good purposes as the good Citizens of old left their money for, and hundreds if not thowsands of pore but honest men and women has had good cause to be grateful to 'em for their kind and pious thortfulness.

Well, I hardly xpees to be bleevend when I says, that a law has been passed that allows suttin werry respectabel but werry hignerant Gents, called Charity Commissioners, to sweep away ewerry one of those truly charitable hinstitutions, and to make use of all this money somewhere else, and for sum other objecs, and for sum other peeple!

I ain't so werry much supprized as I ort to be, to lern that the ouse of Commons—ouse of "Short Commons," I shud call 'em—has passed this most wicked Law, *cos werry pore peeple ain't got no votes*; but I do confess as I am supprized at the most respectabel and harrystocrattick House of Lords a condesendin not merely to rob a pore man of his Beer, but to rob a poor Made Servant of her 2 Ginneys reward for behaviour like a Angelfor four long weary years in the same place, be it a good 'un or a werry ard 'un, and to purwent a lot of pore hard working Men and Women from getting their little stock of Coles in at about a quarter of the reglar price! In course it ain't to be supposed as Washupfool Dooks and Honnerabel Markisses can know or care much about the price of Coals, altho there is one Most Honnerabel Markis, from whom I bort a hole Tun larst year at rayther a high figger, who coud have told em, and shoold have told em all about it, tho' praps he's agin cheap Coles on principal. And besides all this, it won't I shoold think, be a werry plezzant thort to come across a Noble Dook's or a Virtuous Wiscount's mind—if such eminent swells has em, like the rest on us—when they sees a lot of dirty raggid boys and gals a loafing about the streets, to think that if the money that was left hundreds of years ago by good men, had been still used *as it was ordered to be used*, and has been used for sentrys, these same raggid boys and gals woud have bin a learning of some useful trade by which they might have heard a desent living.

In course I can hear, with my mind's ear, as *Amlet* says, my thowsends of simperthising readers shouting out, "What's the use of your crying over spilt milk?" Well, none, of course, but I happens to have herd that there's still *jest one chance left*. It seems

that there is what's called, I think, "*a appeal*" to sum werry heminent Swells called "the Lords of the uncommon Counsel on Eddication," and the kind-hearted Church Wardens, as I has before eluded to, means to make one; and ewery kind-hearted Cristian Man and Woman as reads my truthful statement, and can feel, as me, and Lords, and Ladies as well, can, and ort to, and must feel, will wish 'em thurrur suksess in their good, and kind, and mussful atemst to hobbane justiss for them as carnt no hows obtane it for theirselves.

ROBERT.

HOW WE DO BUSINESS NOW.

BEAR COURT CHAMBERS, BULL LANE, E.C.
CIRCULAR 1059.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—SPIDER.
TELEPHONE NUMBER—BILLION.

MY DEAR SIR,—Now is *the* time to remit to me for the forthcoming big movements I intend to make during the current Month. If my last Circular proved true down to the very last letter, this one will be ten times truer. What did I say last month? I said there would be a big rise in Boomerang Rails, which were then at 11½. In 57½ hours after my Circular was issued they had risen to 110½, and many of my clients made thousands of pounds. One of them actually making the magnificent sum of £27,876 11s. 4½d. I love to be accurate, so I give the exact amount.

Now is the time, I repeat. No one out of the millions of clients, from an Exalted Lady, whom delicacy forbids me to name, down to the junior waiter at the Pomona, ever lost by coming to me. I also advised, and I repeat it this month,

CHUCKSTER TOLL BAR BINKSES.

They were hardly quoted on the Stock Exchange—hardly known even—when I took them up on the 1st of April last year. Where are they now? At 119! And they will move on to 219 before the year ends. I have means of information possessed by none besides me. I have a wire of my own laid on to every Embassy house on the Continent; every *attaché*, every dragon-man is my correspondent, and more than one Crowned Head has honoured me with the secrets of his last Council, or of his resolves on War or Peace. I myself am a Power. I can make and unmake and ruin homes as well as any Czar or Emperor.

But I bind the clients who trust me with bands of iron.

Again I say buy

CHUCKSTER TOLL BAR BINKSES.

Remit the necessary Cover to me at once. Small sums combined make large ones, and you cannot begin too soon. Five-pence (a sum you would throw at a crossing-sweeper) covers Five Pounds. Here is my scale:—

£1	covers	£1000.
£5	„	£5000.
£20	„	£200,000.

But send me whatever you like, and it will prove the most important act of your life; one you will never forget.

Again I say buy

CHUCKSTER TOLL BAR BINKSES.

There is fascination in their very name. Don't do the thing weakly. Act on the advice of that great man BARRY LYNDON, and speculate grandly. Take the history of one out of thousands of fortunes made by me for others:—

A BANK CLERK, hard up, desperately pressed by his duns, had received a small remittance from his father, a struggling Clergyman. The sum amounted to £50, just enough to pay the young fellow's bills, and leave him a paltry sovereign. Do you think he was such a fool as to have read my Circular in vain? He very wisely brought the money to me. I bought Boomerangs at 11½. In 57½ hours that young man was a *millionaire*. He has magnificent chambers on the Embankment; shows himself in the Row at the present time; would not look at a cigar under half-a-crown; and has not entirely forgotten the claims of his family, for to my knowledge he has remitted several pounds to his younger brothers.—Again I say,

BUY BOOMERANGS OR CHUCKSTERS.

One Word of Caution, and I conclude Circular 1059. BE VERY CAUTIOUS OF SOME PEOPLE I KNOW. Once trust yourself to them, and it is all U. P.—Wire immediately (*and send the necessary cover*) to Yours truly, ZACH. SPYDUR.

P.S.—When once you have tasted the joys of speculation, you will think and care for nothing else. The click of the Tape Machine is music to you. I have one going all night in my bed-room.

SUGGESTION FOR ADVERTISEMENT OF ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—"*As You Like It*,"—come and see it!

MADAME DIOGENES.



Diogenes. What are these better possessions you speak of?

Krates. Wisdom, self-sufficiency, truth, plain-speaking, freedom.

LUCIAN'S *Dialogues of the Dead*.

AN! Madame La France, after trials all round
Of great Chiefs and their squabbling political progenies,

Like him of Sinope, at last you are found
With lantern in hand, a true Lady Diogenes.
The precinct is dark, and seems growing still dimmer,
Your wandering light shows a devious glimmer.
A right Honest Man? He was scarce in the Courts.
He seems very nearly as scarce in the Caucuses.

You've had leaders of late of all sizes and sorts, [Orcus's.
And the gloom of the outlook is utter as Imperial, Royalist, Red Flag or White, [light.
Not one of them leads La Belle France to the Wisdom, truth and plain-speaking? Ah,
where are they found? [dom!
As scarce in these days as is genuine free-
They all prate of Honour, yet Honour all round [from Edom.
They'll sell for the first mess of pottage
Well, Madame, *Punch* wishes you luck with your lantern, [turn!
And up, soon or late, may a true Honest Man

STANZAS TO RHUBARB.

(By The O'Greedy.)

O BRIGHT new-comer, I have seen,
I see thee, and rejoice;
Though what the coster-man may mean
I judge not, by his voice.
I see thee, and to either eye
The tears unbidden start;
O rhubarb! shall I call thee pie,
Or art thou truly tart?

I was not wont thy charms to see
When childhood stubborn stood
Fix'd in the faith, that thou must be
Too wholesome to be good.
Just as we loved the cloying jam,
By no effects dismay'd,
Regarding as a bitter sham
The honest marmalade.

When daffodillies deck the shops,
And hyacinths indoors
Recall the flavour of the drops
We used to suck by scores
(Pear-drops they were,—a subtle blend
Of hyacinthine smell,
And the banana's blackest end,—
We loved them, and were well);

When chrysalis-buds are folded thick,
And crocuses awake,
And, like celestial almonds, stick
In Flora's tippy-cake;
Before the crews are on the Thames,
The swallows on the wing,
The radiant rhubarb-bundle flames,
The licor-rod of Spring.

Still, still reluctant Winter keeps
Some chill surprise in store,
And Spring through frosty curtain peeps
On snowdrifts at her door;
The full moon smites the leafless trees,
So full, it bursts with light,
Till the sharp shadows seem to freeze
Along the highway white.

Yet the keen wind has heard the song
Of summer far away,
And, though he's got the music wrong,
We know what he would say.
For in the vegetable cart
Thy radiant stalks we spy.
O rhubarb, should we call thee tart,
Or art thou merely pie?

And why not so? The cushat dove
To such a shrine we trust,
Though in dumb protest she will shove
Her tootsies through the crust;
And larks, that sing at Heaven's gate
When April clouds are high,
Not seldom gain the gourmet's plate
Through portals of the pie.

So thou, sweet harbinger of Spring,
Gules of her blazon'd field,
If in a pie thy praise we sing,
To worthy fate wilt yield.
Enough! I sing; let others eat:
Be mine the poet's lot.
The thought of thee is all too sweet—
The taste of thee is not.



NO FEAR FOR THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.

Priest (teaching Catechism in Catholic School). "NOW, SAUNDERS, REPEAT THE TEN——"
All the other Boys. "PLEASE, FATHER, THIS 'ERE BOY'S A PRO'STANT!"

"I'LL CALL THEE HAMLET."

MR. BENSON, the enterprising young Lessee of the Globe Theatre, on two evenings of the week affords a spectacle of the greatest possible interest to every Shakspearian student. His *Hamlet* is rather given to noisy declamation when greatly moved, but, barring this, seems to be a thoroughly good-natured harmless creature, who, as fond of dabbling in private theatricals, would probably be hailed as an acquisition at the Meistersingers Club and cognate institutions. The innovations introduced into the action relieve the gloom of the Tragedy. Take for instance, the treatment of *Ophelia*, which is full of quiet humour. That she should look as old as *Hamlet's* Mother, is of course, accidental, and is purely attributable to the Globe *Gertrude* being exceptionally comely and youthful, still it has a very quaint effect. But the idea of the unfortunate maid, after she has committed suicide, being carried *à la Guy Faux* into the throne-room with a sort of "See what we have found" air, is broadly comic. The funeral with its "maimed rites," is also very funny. Apparently, the Bishop (whose garb, by the way, seems to be a compromise between an eccentric Jewish Rabbi and that of a decidedly demented Roman Catholic Priest) has "contracted" for the procession, with the result of collecting together a heterogeneous company, consisting of modern High Church curates, a few members of some humorous Confraternity, and a sprinkling of other amusing grotesques. But the fun reaches its climax, when the body of *Ophelia* herself is produced in, what seemed to me to be, a hamper! The above example of what is being done twice a week in Newcastle Street, Strand, will show how well worthy of the scholar's notice is the present revival of *Hamlet* at the Globe Theatre. As actors, Mr. BENSON's company are not entirely satisfactory. As thinkers, however, they are worthy of the greatest possible respect. Under these circumstances, it is to be hoped, that should they ultimately, for sufficient reason, decide to give up acting, they will yet resolve to continue what they do so well, and, in three words—go on thinking. (Signed) BENE VESTITUS.

COVENT GARDENING PROSPECTS.—The prospectus of the Italian Opera Season lies on Mr. *Punch's* table; but though this is its attitude, there is no reason to doubt the truthfulness of its statements. More anon. *En attendant*, we may say that the stage-management, in the hands of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, is a guarantee for the excellence of the *mises-en-scène*, of the *misses-en-scène*, and of the "hits"—*en-scène*.

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

No. V.—THE DILETTANTE.

THE Modern Dilettante will have been in boyhood a shorn lamb, for whom it was necessary to temper the wind of an English educa-



tion by a liberal admixture of foreign travel. A prolonged course of interrupted studies will have filled him with culture, whilst a distaste for serious effort, whether mental or physical, and an innate capacity for mastering no subject thoroughly will have produced in him that special refinement which is to the Dilettante as a trade-stamp to Britannia metal. In after-life, he will speak with

regretful fondness, and with an accuracy which he fails to apply to other matters of his "days" (four in number) at a German University, and will submit with cheerfulness to the reputation of having drunk deep from the muddy fountains of metaphysical speculation, which are as abundant and as ineffective in Germany, as her springs of mineral water. Having passed his period of storm and stress without committing any of those follies or indulging in any of those excesses by which the parents of ordinary young men are afflicted, he will arrive without reproach at the borders of an apparently blameless middle age, and, finding himself after the death of his father, in the enjoyment of a settled income of considerable size, he will set up in life as an acknowledged amateur of all that is truly precious. In order that nothing may be wanting to him for the proper pursuit of this calling, he will gather round him a little band of boneless enthusiasts, who after paying due devotion to themselves, and to one another, will join him in worshipping the dead or living nonentities whose laurelled photographs adorn his rooms. He will cover his couches with soft silks, his walls will be hung with impressionist etchings and engravings of undraped ladies of French origin, *terra-cotta* statuettes principally of the young Apollo, will be placed in every corner, and a marble bust of the young AUGUSTUS will occupy the place of honour next to the grand piano, on which, will be ranged the framed cabinet photographs of interesting young men. Each photograph will bear upon it an appropriate inscription, announcing it to be, for instance, a gift "From BOBBY to TODDLERKINS." Nothing more is necessary for the perfect life of dilettantism, except to settle an afternoon for tea, and an evening for music. When this is done the Dilettante is complete.

It is curious, however, that although he aims at being considered a poet, an artist, a dramatist, and a musical composer, the Dilettante rather affects the society of those who are amateurs of imperfect development, than of those who have attained fame by professional effort. Yet since his nature is tolerant, he does not exclude the latter from the scope of his benevolence, and they may occasionally be seen at his parties, wondering how so strange a medley of second-rate incompetencies can have been gathered together into one room.

It is noticeable, that the Dilettante loves the society of ladies, and is not averse to encouraging amongst his intimates the belief, which none of them holds though all express it, that he is in reality a terrible fellow and much given to the destruction of domestic happiness. He finds a sense of rest and security in fancying that he is suspected of an intrigue. But it is somewhat remarkable, that the evil tongues which make sad havoc of many unwilling reputations are very slow to gratify the willing Dilettante in this respect. No Dilettante can be considered genuine, unless he expresses a pitying contempt for everything that is characteristically English, and for the unfortunate English who are imbued with the prejudices of their native land. He gives a practical expression to his scorn by quavering in a reedy voice, the feeble *chansonnettes* of an inferior French composer, and by issuing a volume of poems in which the laws of English Grammar are trampled under foot, and the restrictions of English metre are defied. In his lyrical effusions he breathes the passionate desire of a great soul for Love that is not of the earth. He aspires to the stars, and invokes the memory of dead

heroes, his intimates. He sets out to win imperishable glory amidst the embattled ranks of his country's foes. He lashes the cold and cruel heartlessness of the world with a noble scorn. He addresses the skeletons of departed friends with passionate longing. He finds that life and its gaudy pleasures are as dust and ashes in the mouth.

Having read these efforts to an admiring circle, he betakes himself with infinite zest to the discussion of æsthetic tittle-tattle over a cup of tea and a toasted bun. "Dear fellow," his friends will say of him at such a moment, "he is so æsthetic; and his eyes, did you observe that far-away, rapt look in them?" They will then take pleasure in persuading one another without much difficulty, that they are the fine flower of created beings.

The Dilettante, moreover, is a constant attendant at the first nights of certain theatres. He figures with equal regularity as a large element in the society gossip of weekly journals. He is a delicate eater and never drinks too much out of the Venetian glasses, which his butler ruthlessly breaks after the manner of domestics. There is amongst the inner circle of the Dilettanti a jargon, both of voice and of gesture, which passes muster as humour, but is unintelligible to the outer world of burly Philistines. They dangle hands rather than shake them, and emphasise their meaning by delicate finger-taps. Their phrases are distinguished by a plaintive cadence which is particularly to be remarked in their pronunciation of the word "dear."

At charitable concerts in aristocratic drawing-rooms the Dilettante is in great request. On these occasions, he astonishes and delights his friends with a new song, of which, he will have composed both the words and the music, if he may be believed, whilst he was leaning from his casement "watching the procession of the moon-lit clouds." He sometimes smokes cigarettelets (a word must be coined to express their size and strength), but he never attempts cigars, and loathes the homely pipe. In gait and manner he affects a mincing delicacy, by which he seeks to impress the thoughtless with a sense of his superior refinement. In later life, he is apt to lose his hair, and to disguise the ravages of time upon his cheeks by the aid of *rouge*. Yet he deceives nobody, and having grown stout and wheezy is eventually carried off by a common cold in an odour of *pastilles*. He will be buried in a wicker-work coffin covered with lilies, and a rival Dilettante having written a limp and limping sonnet to his memory, will take his evening.

COMIC SLAUGHTER!

(The Story of the Next Battle, written in advance for Next Month's "Powder Magazine," by a Soldier in the Ranks.)

THE Victory of Rumtumidity was certainly one of the most amusing things I ever saw in my life. We landed at six o'clock in the evening, and finding a grog-shop, were soon gone coons. Speaking for myself, I saw the colours of the Regiment magnified by twenty! Well, we were ordered to march, and off we started, staggering along in fine style. Out came the moon, and one of us fell down in a dead faint.

"Suffering from sunstroke!" said the Surgeon, who was a Welsh Irishman. "Leave him in the sand, and he will soon come to himself when he finds you gone—if he doesn't, the vultures will hasten his movements."

This jest made us all laugh. Our Captain hearing one of us roaring a trifle too loud, put his sword through him. Immense!

We marched along to the music of the prisoners, who yelled out bravely when they were prodded by the guards set over them.

"Did you see the like!" said TIM O'FLANAGAN (from Edinburgh), who, no doubt, would have developed the idea, had not his head at that moment been carried off by a cannon-ball. Very comic!

"Now, my lads," said our Captain, who wasn't much of an orator, "look here—England expects every man to do his duty; and, if you don't, why I am having you all watched, and, as sure as beans is beans, the laggards will be bayoneted."

This little speech had the desired effect, especially after it had been strengthened by a double ration of grog.

Then came the order to charge. We charged, and killed everyone we saw, including our own officers. This simplified matters. A little later the whole place was in our hands. Rumtumidity was taken!

Then came the order to bury the dead. But we did more—we buried the living with them! Oh, how it made us laugh! Then came supper, and we amused ourselves by telling to one another our adventures. I was just recounting how I had emptied the pockets of a deceased officer, when—"whisk!"—up came a cannon-ball and struck me! I was able to say nothing more at that time; as, when the cannon-ball had passed, I found it had left me defunct! And I have been dead ever since. My companion and chum, whose name I must not give without permission, will vouch for every word I've said.

(Signed)

A. MUNCHAUSEN,

Late Lance-Ensign, the Lincoln Longbowers.

"ENGLISH, YOU KNOW, QUITE ENGLISH."

PERHAPS, the good old rule that, "You should never look a gift-horse in the mouth," cannot be so rigorously applied to gifts of pictures to the Nation as to other things. Nevertheless, Mr. TATE's munificent proffer of his Collection to the National Gallery, is surely too good a thing to be missed through matters of mere detail. Mr. Punch's view is—well, despite *Touchstone's* attack on "the very false gallop of verses," there are two things that come most insinuatingly in metre; offers of love, and of friendly advice:—

ENGLISH Art no longer paints
Those "squint-eyed Byzantine saints"
Mr. ORROCK so disparages.
Martyrdoms and Cana Marriages
Over-stock our great Art Gallery,
Giving ground for ORROCK's rallery.
Scenes in desert dim, or dun stable,
Than Green English lanes by CON-

STABLE

Are less welcome, or brown rocks
And grey streams by DAVID COX.
Saint Sebastian's death? Far sweeter
Sylvan scenes by honest PETER;
There's a charm in dear DE WINT
Cannot be conveyed in print.

Verdant landscapes, sea-scapes cool,
Painted by the English School.
Must be welcome to our British
Taste, which is not grim or skittish;
Rather Philistine, it may be,
Sweet on cornfields and the Baby;
Yet of ROMNEY's grace no spurner,
Or the golden dreams of TURNER.
Moral? Will a moral, bless us!
Comes like that old shirt of NESSUS.
Still, here goes! An Art-official
Should be genial, but judicial.
When an Art-Collection's national,
It is obviously rational.
It should be a bit eclectic,
Weeding out the crude or hectic.
He who'd have his country's honour,
As a liberal Art-donor,
Thinks more of his country's fame
Than of his particular name.
Would you win true reputation
As benefactor of the Nation.
Trust me 'tis not "special room"
Keeps that glory in full bloom.
Punch is a plain-speaking chap;
Here's his view of things. *Verb. sap.!*

PICTURES IN THE HAYMARKET.—"And there stood the 'tater-man, in the midst of all the wet; A vend-



ing of his taters in the lonely Haymarket." So sang one of the greatest of Mr. Punch's singers, years ago. If he had sung in the present day, he would have substituted pictures for 'taters; for surely this pleasant thoroughfare has become a mart for pictures and players

rather than potatoes. Look in at TOOTH's Gallery, and you will stay a long while, indeed you will age considerably, and may be said to be "long in the TOOTH," before you



A Fancy Portrait of my Laundress, judging by her Handiwork.

come out, as you will find the exhibition so palatable. Then having refreshed your eye with the spring sunshine—if there happens to be any about—you will turn into McLEAN's *salon* and see a marvellous picture of Jaffa, by G. BAUTERNFELD, and other works by English and foreign painters. The County Council will have to change the title of this street into the A-market, "A" standing for Art, of course.

THE GRAND OLD HAT.

WHEN this old hat was new,
(Tis not so many years,)
My followers did not view
My course with doubts and fears.
CHAMBERLAIN then would praise,
And HENRY JAMES was true;
Ah! this was in the days
When this old hat was new.
When this old hat was new
My head was smaller—yes!
Now I'd have much ado
To get it on, I guess.
The cause I cannot tell,
I only know 'tis true;
My head has seemed to swell
Since this old hat was new.
Perhaps, as some maintain,
My cranium may have grown,
Owing to stretch of brain,
Or thickening of bone.
"The hat has shrunk?" Eh? What?
That nonsense will not do!
My head has grown, a lot,
Since this old hat was new.
What TYNDALL dares to call,
In wrath, my "traitorous" head,
Is "growing still," that's all;
(Of "MARIAN" this was said)
My cranial vertex flat?
Pah! Tories may pooh-pooh;
I wore a smaller hat
When this old hat was new!

THE NEW BISHOP OF DURHAM.—WESTCOTT and,—no, Bishops don't wear them—so His Reverend Lordship will be known as "WESTCOTT and Apron."

ODE ON A BLACK BALL.

(A Fragment, some way after Addison, picked up in the neighbourhood of the Athenæum Club.)

WHAT though in solemn silence all
Drop in the dark the fatal ball?
What though no overt voice or sound
Amidst the voting throng be found?
In reason's ear they speak of choice,
And utter forth a boding voice,
Saying, as silent they recline,
"Your company we must decline!"

PIPING TIMES FOR THE EMPIRE.—

The bagpipes were not heard playing, "*The Campbells are Coming*," at the relief of Lucknow. Why? Because the regiment hadn't got any. The regimental bagpipes were first introduced by Mr. BOUTICAULT, in his drama of *The Relief of Lucknow* (that was the subject, whatever the name might have been) at Astley's. Miss AMY ROSELLE's recitation of the thrilling story specially written for her by Mr. SAVILE CLARKE is most dramatic, and thrills the audience at the Empire. The journalistic discussion, as to the pipes, comes in very appropriately, and will assist to raise the wind and pay the piper.

This recitation is a great "Relief" to the ordinary Music-hall entertainments, and the Empire has "Luck now."

"PROPRIA QUÆ MARIBUS."

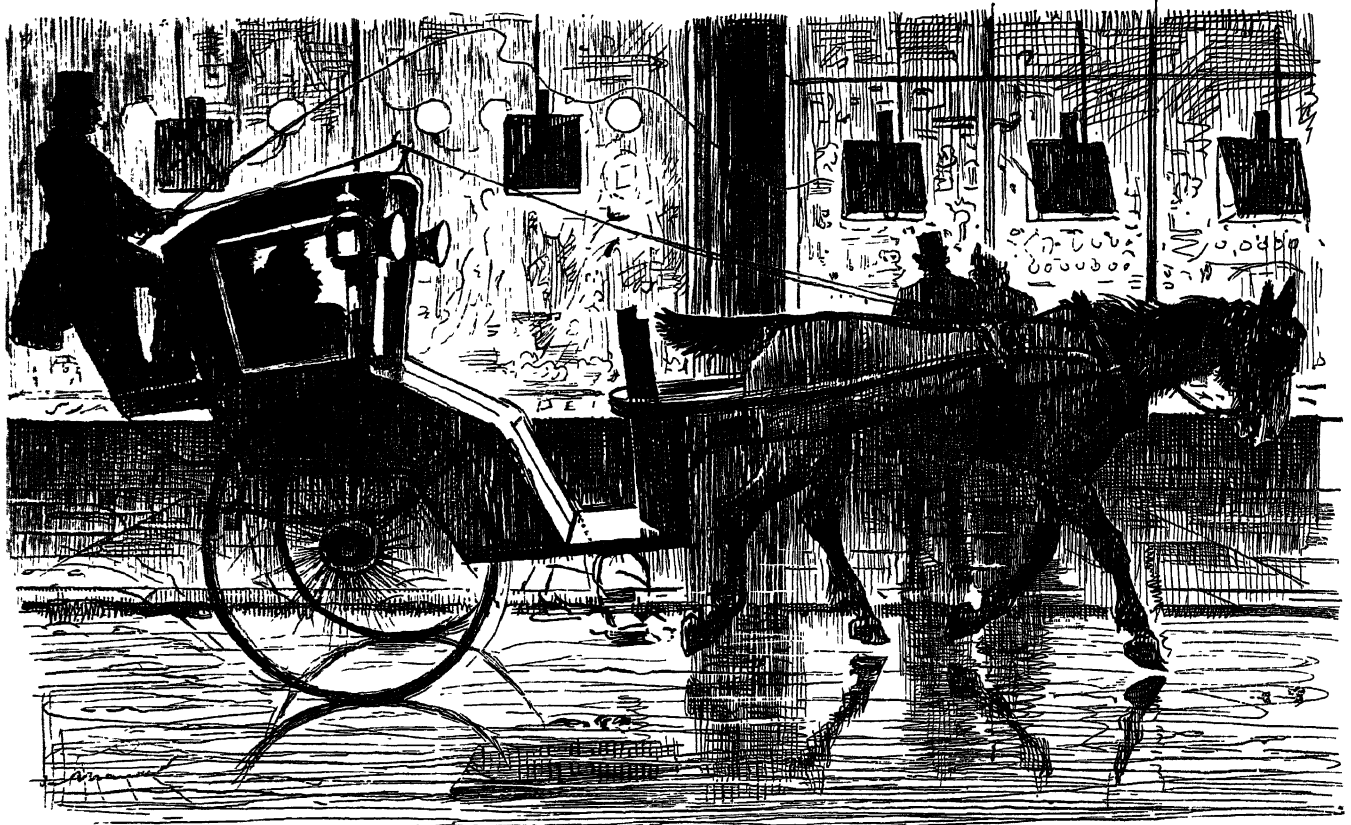
PENTHESILEA straddling on the pigskin?
Surely a male biped need not dwell
In a prejudiced pedantic prig's skin,
Not to like that prospect passing well.
CARLYLE, who scoffed at Man, had deemed it
caddish
To picture *Woman* as "a mere forked radish."
Dear Diana after hounds a riding
Like—a clothes-peg on a clothes-line? Nay!
Rub out all unnatural laws dividing
Sex from sex,—'tis the World's drift to-day.
Let ladies mount the 'bus, or Hansom Cab it,
But let not custom new banish old Habit.
Paint, write poems, pose as prandial wit,
Perorate upon the public platform; [Ma'am,
Even in the County Council sit, Ma'am,
If Law lets you, and your taste takes that
form;
But take *Punch's* tip, and do not straddle;
Stick to common-sense and the side-saddle.

Lines on the Labour Conference.

THE youthful German Emperor may try
By Socialistic plans to prop his rule.
Some think 'twill all
result in a great
cry,
And little (Berlin)
wool.
Still, all good souls
will wish young
WILLIAM luck.
The Teutons may
not relish Swiss
suggestion,
But anyhow it shows
the Emperor's
pluck
In handling *Berne-ing* questions.



Q. Shall Privates in uniform be admitted to the stalls and boxes in theatres? A. Certainly, if covered with "Orders." Private Boxes henceforth will be Boxes for Privates.



WEATHER STUDIES.

"ONLY A FACE AT A WINDOW!"

| ONLY A FACE—NOTHING MORE!"

"GRANDOLPHO FURIOSO!"

Mr. Punch loquitur:—

"BE GONE brave army, don't kick up a row!"—
GRANDOLPHO mine, it were sheer superfluity
For you to bid *your* forces scatter *now*.

The troopers two, of curious incongruity,
With the long drummer, and the fifer short,
That formed the old stage-army were more
numerous

Than is your following. You have given us
sport

In many scenes, but this is hardly humorous.

The general of ARTAXOMINUS

Was far less terrible than—well, thrasonic.
To tear a thing to tatters, shout and "cuss,"

In an assembly callous and sardonic,
Savours a bit too much of sheer burlesque,
Scarce to the level of fine acting rises.

The unexpected's piquant, picturesque,
But a sound drama is not *all* surprises.

Thought you had taken to the "Temperance"
line,

This looks much more like angry inebriety.
A little freakishness is vastly fine,

But even of surprise there comes satiety.

If you and FUSBOS JENNINGS can't agree,
There seems small prospect of a growing

Party,
Verb. sap. They thought BOMBASTES dead,
you see.

But the *finale* found him up, and hearty!

OUT OF IT.—The Amazons who doff the
skirt, and don the, the—other things, can never
be considered in Rotten Row as "*habitués*."

HE CAN'T ALP IT!

"My only desire is to meet you on the terms on
which long ago we stood when you gallantly offered
to take me up the Matterhorn."—*Mr. Gladstone's
Letter to Professor Tyndall.*

MR. GLADSTONE and PROFESSOR TYNDALL dis-
covered seated on the edge of a Crevasse.

Mr. Gladstone. I didn't know a glacier was
so frightfully slippery.

Prof. Tyndall. Slippery—ha! Like *some*
politicians I might mention!

Mr. Gladstone. That last avalanche, too,
bowed us over so neatly that I feel distinctly
limp.

Prof. Tyndall (*severely*). You should try
and avoid this "subserviency to outside in-
fluences." I always do.

Mr. Gladstone (*ignoring the remark*). What
range is that over there?

Prof. Tyndall. The Pennine Alps, stoopid!
From their name they would seem a suitable
residence for a person who scribbles twaddle
in Magazines—ahem! No personal allusion,
of course.

Mr. Gladstone (*gaily*). Of course not!
But isn't it rather dangerous sitting here,
with that bank of snow just above us? Sup-
pose it came down on us!

Prof. Tyndall. As the Judges came down
on your Parnellite allies, eh? Perhaps, as
we're getting to some nasty places, we might
be tied together now.

Mr. Gladstone (*warmly*). Quite so. A
union of hearts, in fact.

[*After a few hours' more climbing, they
reach the summit of the Matterhorn.*]

Prof. Tyndall. Sorry to leave you, but you
see I only promised to take you up, not to see

you safe down again. Ta, ta! I may as well
mention that I consider you a "ubiquitous
blast-furn—"

[*Disappears suddenly over the edge.*]

Mr. Gladstone. Dear me! what dreadful
language! And he appears to have cut the
rope! He must be a Separatist, after all! If
it were PITT, now, I should call his conduct
rather "base and blackguardly." Perhaps I
shall meet the "Professor at the Tea-Table"
—at Zermatt! [*Descends cautiously.*]

THE BURGLAR'S BACK.*

"Lord ESHER is greatly concerned about the
probable condition of a burglar's back after a
couple of floggings."—*Times.*

ATR—"Those Evening Bells."

THE burglar's back, the burglar's back!

'Twill soon be rash a crib to crack.

BILL SIKES will sigh for happier times,
When "cats" were not the meed of crimes.

The burglar's back! Lord ESHER pales
When thinking of its crimson wales.
His feelings will not stand the strain,
Of dwelling on the ruffian's pain.

The brute may "bash," the scoundrel shoot,
Hack with his knife, "purr" with his boot;
But though he "bash," or "purr," or hack,
You must not touch the burglar's back.

No, let the brutal burglar burgle;
Whilst sentiment will calmly gurgle
Bland platitudes, but not attack
That sacred thing, the burglar's back!

* "The Burglar's Back"—Is he? then the
sooner he's caught and sent to penal servitude the
better.—ED.



“GRANDOLPHO FURIOSO!”

MR. PUNCH. “HULLO, GRANDOLPH! I THOUGHT YOU'D TAKEN TO ‘TEMPERANCE’!!”

'MAY FARE WORSE!'

Or, The Difference between Goode and Baird.

WHAT a sweet little supper!—two fire-eating "pros,"
And a person "of no occupation,"



Chancery Practice.

good of being called GOODE if you are going to get your eyes gouged out, and be beaten on the head with a poker, and, in fact, worsted all round? But there, if one gentleman is "slightly intoxicated," while another is "undoubtedly drunk," and a third is "slightly mixed," there's no knowing what may happen. Did GOODE "keep his hair on" when he got hit on the head with a poker? What a beautiful picture of genuine Mayfair manners it is! The case is still *sub* (*Punch and*) *judice*, and Mr. Justice *Punch* reserves his decision.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Cassell's Cabinet Portrait Gallery. In Number One are met together the Duke and Duchess of FIFE, SARAH BERNHARDT as *Theodora*, and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, the last very properly looking another way. In Vol. II. there is rather a nice one of Mrs. STIRLING and MARY ANDERSON, but the photographer ought to have been more careful about the little finger of MARY's right hand. In Vol. III., JAMES PAYN, reading a manuscript, with his spectacles up on his forehead, is very good. The picture of H.R.H. the Prince, in uniform, is too dark, and his expression is severe. Charming and clever Miss MAUD MILLETT is in Part IV., followed by the Duke of WESTMINSTER and Mr. LEWIS MORRIS, the Poet looking so awe-struck, that he must have been taken by surprise, and been "struck like it." Miss ANNA WILLIAMS leads off No. V., and, to express it musically, she is accompanied by the Duke of CONNAUGHT. Sir JAMES LINTON appears for the Water-colourists. In Part VI. the face of Mr. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., is full of light and shade, more light than shade, fortunately, and it is a really good likeness. The Duchess of LEINSTER looks lovely, and Sig. PIATTI uncommonly wise as he guards his 'cello.

Neatly and concisely done is Mr. BESANT'S *Captain Cook*, published in the MACMILLAN Series of *English Men of Action*. He discovered the Society Islands, whence, of course, are obtained our present supply of Society Papers. The natives of these Society Islands made great use of their Clubs, some of which proved fatal to Captain Cook and his men.

Captain Cook, had he been alive now, would have been among the first to appreciate *The Pocket Atlas*, in which the names of the chief places are clear enough for all practical purposes. There are seventy-two maps, and the publisher bears the honoured name of WALKER, though the map is not specially intended for the use of pedestrians.

MACMILLAN & Co.'s cheap edition of CHARLES KINGSLEY'S works is deservedly popular; easy to carry, good clean type, so that those who ride may read. *Two Years Ago* is just out. By the way, the same firm's CHARLOTTE YONGE and the other KINGSLEY Series, make a noble show in a library, on our "noble shelves." "MAC & Co."—i.e., the "Two MACs"—are to be congratulated; and, that being so, the Baron hereby and herewith congratulates them.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MR. G'S HEAD.—A "DUKE" writing to the *St. James's Gazette* last Thursday, joined in the discussion about Mr. GLADSTONE'S head, and observed that hats shrink, and that certain hatters, exceptionally sane, whose evidence can be trusted, allowed for the decrease in size. But do they allow for this in the bills? Is the decrease there proportionate? Considering what Mr. GLADSTONE once was, a Tory of the Tories, and what he is now, is it to be wondered at that a considerable change should have been going on in Mr. GLADSTONE'S head? Why he is finishing poles apart from where he commenced!

THE King of the National Picture Donors is henceforth "the Potent TATE."

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

(Which will be found useful in explaining certain Conventional Forms of Expression. Compiled by Professor Von Hombugh.)

JOURNALISTIC.

"THE Police have a clue." *Meaning*—"The Police know nothing about it, and are doing all they know."

"An exceptionally experienced Detective has charge of the case, and is actively engaged in investigating all matters concerning it;" i.e., "A promoted constable in plain clothes is loafing about the neighbouring public-houses, and standing drinks, generally without the exercise of much discrimination, to unlikely people."

"A young Woman of prepossessing appearance;" i.e., "A rather showy female."

"The Police are, however, very reticent about the whole affair;" i.e., "When ignorance is rife, 'tis folly to give tongue."

"It is believed that the most important discoveries will result from the investigations now in progress;" i.e., "Nothing is known as to whether anything is being done: but it finishes off the paragraph, and sounds well."

"I am assured on the best authority, that there is no truth in the rumour that H.S.H. the Prince of Katzenellenbogen has been laid up with chicken-pox;" i.e., "As there's no news, I may as well invent some, for the sake of contradicting it."

"As everybody knows;" i.e., "I have a certain space to fill, and nothing new to say, so I'll tell an ancient story, or bring in MACAULAY'S New Zealander."

"As all the world knows," except myself (the writer), who has met with the information for the first time in a most valuable book of reference."

"We regret to hear that, &c.;" i.e., Our sorrow is tempered by the fact that we are utter strangers to the individual in question, and that his or her affliction provides us with a certain amount of "copy."

"The hall was tastefully decorated;" i.e., two hired flags and an evergreen hoop.

SOCIAL.

"How are you? Haven't seen you for an age!" i.e., "Didn't expect to see you, and didn't want to."

"Not at Home;" i.e., "Doesn't she know that I've got a 'day?' Not that I want to see her even then!"

"Of course I should have known it anywhere. I think you've caught the likeness most wonderfully!" i.e., "Why the deuce doesn't he tell one whom it's meant for?"

"Small and early;" i.e., "No supper, and something which will count as 'a party,' at the least possible cost and trouble."

THEATRICAL.

"The Management regrets that, owing to previous arrangements, the piece must be withdrawn in the height of its popularity;" i.e., "Not drawing a shilling, company fearfully expensive, sooner we shut up the better."

"House full! Money turned away nightly;" i.e., Crammed with paper, two persons who wanted to pay for pit were refused admission by way of advertising.

"The new Play will probably be produced during the Summer at a West End Theatre;" i.e., "The author has had his comedy returned by every Manager in London, with the remark, that 'although excellent, it is scarcely suited to his present company.'"

PLATFORMERS.

"It would ill become me, after the able and eloquent speech of your Chairman;" i.e., "What on earth is the name of that retired cheesemonger who talked rubbish, and mispronounced my name?"

"When I look at this splendid meeting;" i.e., "I wonder why those back benches are empty. Some bungling on the part of the Secretary, as usual."

"I shall have to return to this subject later on;" i.e., "Can't remember anything more at present."

"If we all work shoulder to shoulder;" i.e., "Must say 'shoulder to shoulder,' or 'shoulders to the wheel,' or, 'leave no stone unturned,' in every speech."

WORKMEN'S.

"Well, I don't care if I do!" i.e., "Haven't had a drink for half an hour—waiting for you to stand treat this ten minutes past."

"Ah! he's a Gentleman, he is, every hinch of him!" i.e., He has "parted" freely, or "tipped" liberally.

"He's about as stingy as they make 'em;" i.e., He has declined to be abominably overcharged.

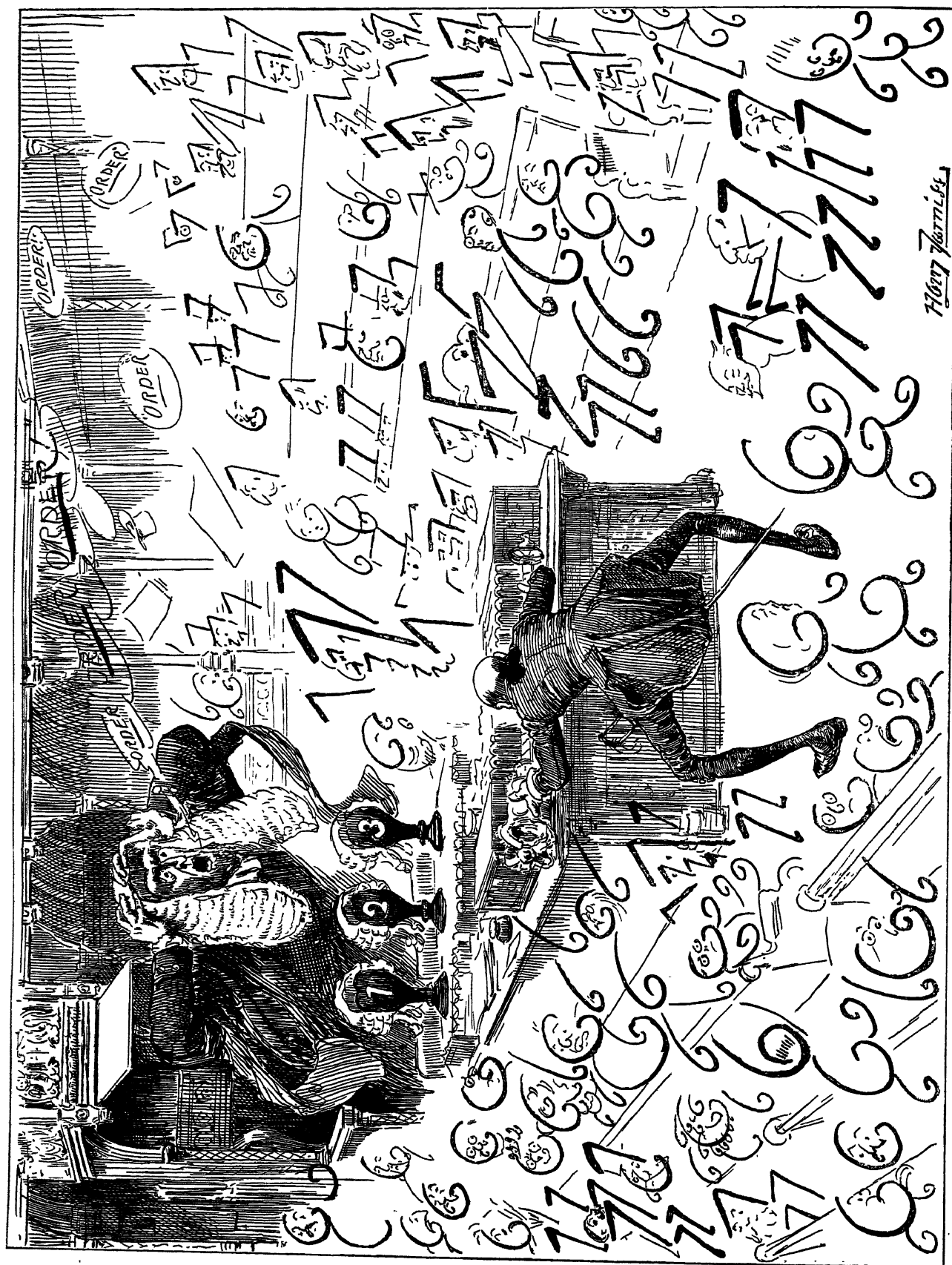
"Could you tell me wot's about the right time, Guv'nor?" i.e., "Isn't it about time to send me up some more beer?"

ADVERTISING.

"A Lady is desirous of recommending;" i.e., "Getting rid of."

"The Property of a Gentleman going abroad;" i.e., "Mr. BROOKS (of Sheffield)."

"Owner's sole Reason for parting with him is"—i.e., "The one he omits to mention." (To be continued.)

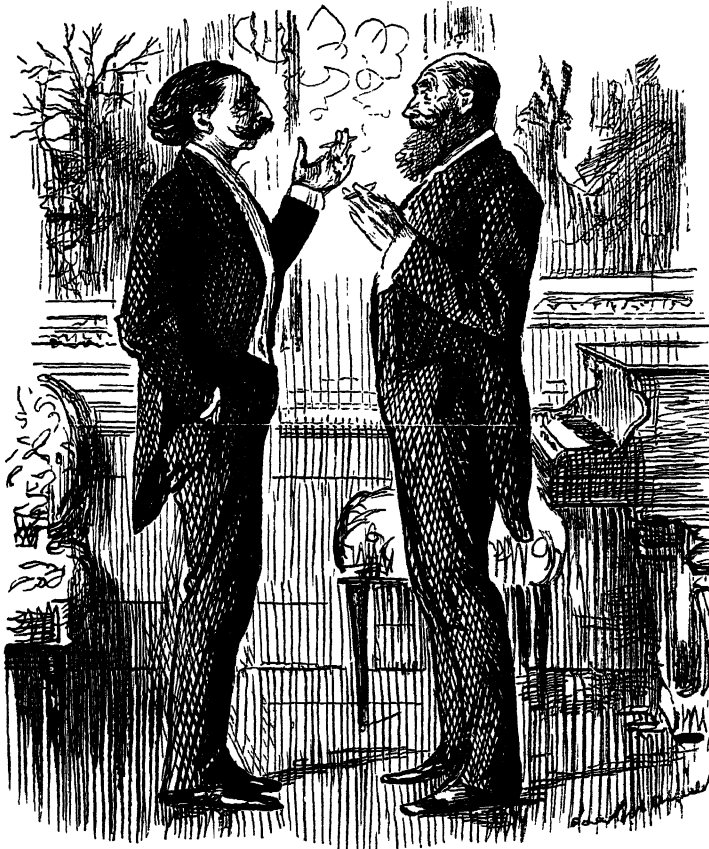


THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ALL SIXES AND SEVENS.

"O RARE 'BEN'!"

IN aid of The Actor's Benevolent Fund, the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club are going to give a performance of *Henry IV. (Part I.)*, at the Lyceum Theatre, Saturday afternoon, March 29, when in consequence of H.R.H. The Princess of WALES having accorded her gracious patronage, the Welsh song will be sung by Miss ELEANOR REES on the stage, as *Lady Mortimer*, which will be a melodious illustration of rhyme and REES-on. The Amateurs appearing for the Actors is as it should be. The President of the Club is HENRY, not the Fourth, but the First, yeleft HENRY IRVING, and the Vice, with numberless virtues, is Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., whom if it be JUSTIN Pater (not JUSTIN MARTYR), we should like to have seen in spectacles in the Tavern Scene, as *Francis the Drawer*,—a drawer would have been an immense attraction. If JUSTIN Junior could play the other Drawer, the attraction would be doubled. "Sure such a pair!" But we must not jest in too Shakspearian a manner. We hope the Actors' Benevolent will benefit largely by the acting of the Benevolent Amateurs. Let the Benevolent Public too go and see *Henry IV. (Part 1st)*, and let them "part first."

NOTE (by One who doesn't pretend to know French). The Tirard Cabinet couldn't go on, because it was too Tirard!



ARTISTIC POSTPRANDIALISM.

Painter. "I HOPE I SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF HEARING YOU PLAY TO-NIGHT!"

Musician. "ACH, NO! AFTER TINNER, MUSIC IS TISCOSTING! LET US GO ROUND AND LOOK AT ZE PUTIFUL BICTURES TOGEZZER—JA?"

Painter. "WHAT! PICTURES! AFTER DINNER! THE VERY IDEA MAKES ME SICK!"

THE NEW AMAZON.

RIDE-a-cock horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see a young Lady
A-straddle, o' course.
If the new notion
Very far goes,
What she'll do next
Nobody knows.

SPECTACULAR.—How is it that among the guests at the Livery Dinner—(ugh! horrid expression! Yet I dare say the dinner wasn't more livery than any other City banquet)—of the Spectacle Makers' Company, were not to be found AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, quite the best spectacle maker in London, and that from among the list of toasts as reported, Art, Literature, and the Drama were omitted? Through what spectacles do the Spectacle Makers see?

REFLECTION ON THE RECENT VALUABLE DISCOVERY AT CANTERBURY.—If cremation had been the practice in 1228 there would have been no remains of STEPHEN LANGTON to-day. Without the remains of the Archbishop, is it likely that the treasures, historically so valuable, would have been permitted to come down to us?

MR. C. M. WOODFORD has just brought out a book entitled *A Naturalist among the Head Hunters*. Ahem! It doesn't sound nice. Is it procurable at every hair-dresser's?

"BETTERMENT,"—Well-meant.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, May 9.—This has been great occasion for Windbag SEXTON. Excelled himself, and there is no other point of comparison useful or usable. SAUNDERSON, who always takes friendly views of his countrymen opposite, pleads that SEXTON's windbaggism, is partly due to his birth. In Ireland, he assures me, a mile is longer than in other parts of the Empire; and so, kind-hearted Colonel pleads, some allowance should be made for SEXTON when he gets on the oratorical tramp. That's all very well; but, for a man to talk two hours and three-quarters in a so-called Debate, is even more than the national tendency towards exaggeration illustrated by the Irish mile will excuse. Why couldn't SEXTON have windbagged on some day of last week? Suppose, for example, his self-sacrificing friends had made a House for him at a quarter to nine on Friday night, and he had then talked for three hours and a quarter P—or on Wednesday there was opportunity; whilst openings might have been made on Tuesday or Thursday.

"No, TOBY," said SEXTON, when I suggested this in interests of House and public time, "you're a well-meaning fellow, but you don't understand everything. You see in debate of this kind all principal men stand off till the last day. We might have twinkled on several days of last week, but we prefer to coruscate on last night. Sure of an audience; Whips out; crowds in; excitement everywhere. I and HARCOURT, and CHAMBERLAIN, and BALFOUR, all save ourselves for the last night. Can't all speak, perhaps, especially if I get on first; but they must take their chance. With the Universe waiting and listening for me, other things and other people must stand aside. Very serious thing to disappoint the Universe."

So SEXTON, rising at five o'clock, with the windbag conveniently disposed under arm, pumped and pumped away for two mortal hours, and an odd three-quarters that seemed more than mortal. GRAN-

DOLPH waiting to make a speech; ARTHUR BALFOUR longing to be at 'em. Members knowing what was in store, "expecting," as SHEERY said, that "every moment would be his next." But SEXTON flowed on for ever, with aggravating pauses, with a smile of sublime, unruffled satisfaction, that made the position ten times as aggravating as it otherwise would have been. To smile and smile, and play such a villanous trick as this on a suffering House was worse than most disordered fancy painted.

"If," said ARTHUR BALFOUR, in one of his agonised asides, "the fellow did not undisguisedly enjoy such supreme happiness, our lot would be more bearable."

"Never mind," said OLD MORALITY. "Bad enough, I admit. But do you know why persons are sometimes killed by having a charcoal fire in their bedrooms? Because the carbon of burning charcoal unites with the oxygen of air, and forms carbonic acid gas, which is a narcotic poison. So it is here. SEXTON has got hold of some good points; he is not inapt as a speaker; if his inordinate vanity had only permitted him to be satisfied with occupying time of House for half an hour, or say, three-quarters, he would have made damaging speech; as it is, he wearies House to death, swamps us all and himself in waste of verbiage, and the people he attacks escape in the general misery. In other words, his carbon of burning vanity, uniting with the oxygen of opportunity, forms a speech two hours and three-quarters long; which is a narcotic poison."

Mr. G., with the ardour of youth, and the training of an athlete, proposed to himself to hear what SEXTON had to say. Accordingly took up convenient seat below Gangway. Stayed there an hour. Then walked back an altered man; shattered; aged; almost in a state of coma.

"Well, you ought to have known better," I said, somewhat sharply, having no sympathies with these vagaries.

"And I was so well and strong when I entered the House," Mr. G. said, wearily. "Quite elate with my correspondence with TYNDALL. Didn't you think that a nice turn in the concluding sentence?—My only desire is to meet you on the terms on which,

HYPNOTISM—A MODERN PARISIAN ROMANCE. (In Four Chapters.)



American Billionairess. "M. LE DOCTEUR, I SEE THE DUC DE SEPT-CADRANS IS A PATIENT OF YOURS. I WANT HIM TO PROPOSE TO MY DAUGHTER. A—ANY FEE THAT—A—" Professor of Hypnotism. "MADAM, I WILL YPNOTISE M. LE DUC. VE SHALL SEE!"



"SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU AGAIN SO SOON, MONSIEUR? BUT MY DAUGHTER DECLARES SHE WON'T ACCEPT M. LE DUC, JUST BECAUSE HE'S A HUNCHBACK, AN IDIOT, AND A PAUPER!" "MADAM, LEAVE IT TO ME. I WILL YPNOTISE ALSO YOUR DAUGHTER!"



THE AMERICAN BILLIONAIRESS BECOMES MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE SEPT-CADRANS. SHE AND HER HUSBAND ARE HAPPY, ALTHOUGH SHE HAS NO MONEY, AND THERE IS NO SUCH DUKEDOM AS SEPT-CADRANS, FOR THEY HAVE NOT YET LOST THEIR ILLUSIONS ABOUT EACH OTHER.



AND HER LOVELY DAUGHTER IS NOW THE PROUD AND ADORING WIFE OF THE GREAT HYPNOTIC SCIENTIST, WHO THEREBY BECOMES AN AMERICAN BILLIONAIRE. THEY MOVE IN THE SMARTEST SOCIETY IN PARIS, AND MANAGE TO DO A GREAT DEAL OF GOOD.



long ago, we stood when, under my roof, you gallantly offered to take me up the Matterhorn, and guaranteed my safe return.' Wouldn't trust myself on the Matterhorn with TEYNHAM now," and Mr. G., warily shaking his head, walked forth in search of rest and refreshment.

Business done.—Mr. G.'s Amendment to OLD MORALITY's Resolution on Parnell Commission Report negatived by 339 votes against 268.

Tuesday.—This has been GRANDOLPH's night. Broke the silence of the still young Session with memorable speech; been in diligent attendance on Debate; sat through interminable speeches with patience only excelled by Mr. G.; sometimes looked as if were about to deliver his soul; but succeeded in bottling it up. To-night soul drove out the cork; burst the bottle, so to speak.

GRANDOLPH a man of many phases. To-night presented himself in his highest character; a statesman; a champion of constitutional principles at whatever expense to prospects and sensibilities of his most revered friends on Treasury Bench and elsewhere. Quite a new style of speech for GRANDOLPH, testifying to remarkable range of his genius. Nothing personal: free from acrimony; inspired with profound, unfeigned, reverence for constitutional principles. Here and there a touch of pathos as he recalled former times when, as DIZZY said of PEEL on a famous occasion, "they had been so proud to follow one who had been so proud to lead them."

Awful splutter in Ministerial circles. A gleam of delight flashed through the shadow when it was discovered that JENNINGS had rebelled against RANDOLPH's

The Reverberating Colomb.

new revolt. "Ha! ha!" said the REVERBERATING COLOMB, after JENNINGS had made his speech, "the army has dismissed its general."

This all very well; not here concerned with GRANDOLPH's relations with his Party or his faithful friend; merely note that the speech itself lifts GRANDOLPH once more into the very front rank of political personages. The Liberal Party cannot ignore nor the Conservatives dispense with the man who made that speech.

JOKIM not a particular friend of GRANDOLPH's. "Leg quite on other boot," as SHEEHY says. But he did the enemy a service to-night. To complete GRANDOLPH's triumph it only required that some Member of the Ministry whose ineptitude he had demonstrated should rise and, with loud voice, ungainly gestures, drag the Debate down from the heights to which it had been lifted, debasing it by personal attacks hoarsely shrieked across the table at former friends and colleagues. JOKIM did this amidst uproarious cheers from JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, who began to think that, after all, there is something in the Right Hon. Gentleman.

Business done.—OLD MORALITY's Motion carried.

Wednesday.—Attempt by some noisy outsiders who know nothing of House to make things unpleasant for AKERS-DOUGLAS, because House Counted Out last Friday. Said he has been wigged; assume he will retire. All arrant nonsense. Everybody in House, Conservative, Liberal, Dissident, Irish, whatever we be, all know AKERS-DOUGLAS as one of best Whips of present generation. Assiduous, persuasive, courteous, yet firm; always at his post, never fussy, never cross, apparently never tired, he is a model of a Whip. His Party could better spare an occasional Secretary of State.



Our Whip (at present without a Handle to his Name).

For purely business arrangements Ministers have a unique combination of three men. OLD MORALITY, as Leader of House; AKERS-DOUGLAS, as Whip; and JACKSON, as Financial Secretary, are strong

enough to balance effects of any reasonable amount of blundering in high politics. They take care of the pence of efficiency and popularity, and leave the MARKISS an occasional pound to spend.

Business Done.—New Irish Land Bill brought in, and cast out.

Thursday.—TEYNHAM on in the Lords, but what he's on about the Lords only know, and not all of them. Something to do with Camperdown; GRANVILLE not entirely out of it; and the MARKISS at least compromised. TEYNHAM, standing at Cross Benches, holding on to the rail of Bench before him, as if he were in pulpit, swings about his body, turns to right and left, sometimes presenting his back to LORD CHANCELLOR, whilst he contemplates emptiness of Strangers' Galleries. In plaintive voice, full of tears, he babbles o' Camperdown, green fields, *nemine contradicente*, and Standing Order No. XXI.

Pretty to watch HOBHOUSE whilst TEYNHAM on his legs. Sits intently listening; first crossed one knee, then the other; puts his two forefingers together as if connecting the matter of TEYNHAM's speech; gradually, as muddle grows thicker, two locks of hair on top of his head slowly rise and remained standing, as it were, till TEYNHAM reseated himself. Most remarkable testimony to mental struggle. Even HOBHOUSE, having thus given his mind to it, couldn't make out what TEYNHAM was at. As for DENMAN he, after first ten minutes of speech, flouted out of House.

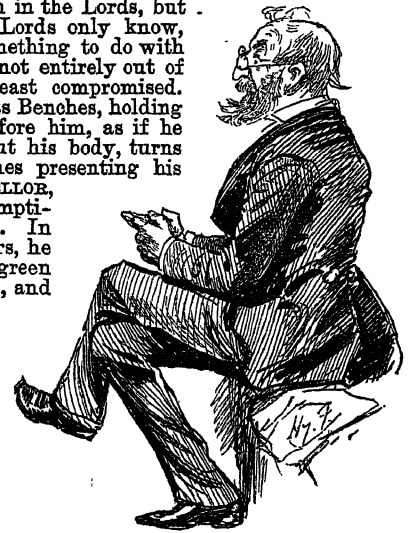
"TOBY," said he, passing me in the Lobby; "if this is what the House of Lords is coming to, I shall vote with ROSEBERY for its immediate reform. Don't like to say anything disrespectful of a Peer; but I must observe that TEYNHAM is a little lacking in coherency. His observations fail in point; in short, if he were not a Peer I should say his mind was wandering. Whatever we do, TOBY, let us be intelligent and intelligible. I trust I am not prejudiced, but I really can't stand TEYNHAM."

Business done.—In Commons, Government defeated, in resisting HAMLEY's proposal to stump up for Volunteers.

Friday Night.—TREVELYAN brought forward Motion proposing that Parliament shall rise at beginning of July, making up necessary time in winter months. Supported proposition in speech graceful and strong, a model of rare combination of literary art, with Parliamentary aptitude. After brisk debate, resolution negatived by 173 votes against 169. "A majority of four won't long stand in our way," said CHARLES FORSTER, who having, some Sessions ago, fortuitously found his hat, never now deserts it.

Business done.—Government vainly tried to get into Committee of Supply.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN wants the House of Commons to "rise at the beginning of July." Mr. Punch wishes it to rise at all times—above rowdiness.



A Mental Struggle.



Sir William Burnings.

(See the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Speech. March 11th.)

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. IX.—UNDER THE HARROW.

A Conventional Comedy-Melodrama, in two Acts.

CHARACTERS.

SIR POSHBURY PUDDOCK (*a haughty and high-minded Baronet*).
 VERBENA PUDDOCK (*his Daughter*).
 LORD BLESUGH (*her Lover*).
 SPIKER (*a needy and unscrupulous Adventurer*).
 BLETHERS (*an ancient and attached Domestic*).

ACT I.—SCENE—*The Morning Room at Natterjack Hall, Toadley-le-Hole; large window open at back, with heavy practicable sash.*

Enter BLETHERS.

Blethers. Sir POSHBURY's birthday to-day—his birthday!—and the gentry giving of him presents. Oh, Lor! if they only knew what I could tell 'em! . . . Ah, and must tell, too, before long—but not yet—not yet! *[Exit.*

Enter Lord BLESUGH and VERBENA.

Verb. Yes, Papa is forty to-day; (*innocently*) fancy living to that age! The tenants have presented him with a handsome jar of mixed pickles, with an appropriate inscription. Papa is loved and respected by every one. And I—well, I have made him a little housewife, containing needles and thread. . . See! *[Shows it.*

Lord Blesh. (*tenderly*). I say, I—I wish you would make me a little housewife!

[Comedy love-dialogue omitted owing to want of space.

Verb. Oh, do look!—there's Papa crossing the lawn with, oh, such a horrid man following him!

Lord B. Regular boulder. Shocking bad hat! *Verb.* Not so bad as his boots, and they are not so bad as his face! Why doesn't Papa order him to go away? Oh, he is actually inviting him in!

Enter Sir POSHBURY, gloomy and constrained, with SPIKER, who is jaunty, and somewhat over-familiar.

Spike (*sitting on the piano, and dusting his boots with handkerchief*). Cosy little shanty you've got here, PUDDOCK—very tasty!

Sir P. (*with a gulp*). I am—ha—delighted that you approve of it! Ah, VERBENA! *[Kisses her on forehead.*

Spike. Your daughter, eh? Pooty gal. Introduce me. *[Sir POSH. introduces him—with an effort.*

Verbena. (*coldly*). How do you do? Papa, did you know that the sashline of this window was broken? If it is not mended, it will fall on somebody's head, and perhaps kill him!

Sir P. (*absently*). Yes—yes, it shall be attended to; but leave us, my child, go. BLESUGH, this—er—gentleman and I have business of importance to discuss.

Spike. Don't let us drive you away, Miss; your Pa and me are only talking over old times, that's all—eh, POSH?

Sir P. (*in a tortured aside*). Have a care, Sir, don't drive me too far! (*To VERB.*) Leave us, I say. (*Lord B. and VERB. go out, raising their eyebrows.*) Now, Sir, what is this secret you profess to have discovered?

Spike. Oh, a mere nothing. (*Takes out a cigar.*) Got a light about you? Thanks. Perhaps you don't recollect twenty-seven years ago this very day, travelling from Edgware Road to Baker Street, by the Underground Railway?

Sir P. Perfectly; it was my thirteenth birthday, and I celebrated the event by a visit to Madame TUSSAUD'S.

Spike. Exactly; it was your thirteenth birthday, and you travelled second-class with a half-ticket—(*meaningly*)—on your thirteenth birthday.

Sir P. (*terribly agitated*). Fiend that you are, how came you to learn this?

Spike. Very simple. I was at that time in the temporary position of ticket-collector at Baker Street. In the exuberance of boyhood, you cheeked me. I swore to be even with you some day.

Sir P. Even if—your accusation were well-founded, how are you going to prove it?

Spike. Oh, that's easy! I preserved the half-ticket, on the chance that I should require it as evidence hereafter.

Sir P. (*aside*). And so the one error of an otherwise blameless boyhood has found me out—at last. (*To SPIKE.*) I fear you not; my crime—if crime indeed it was—is surely condoned by twenty-seven long years of unimpeachable integrity!

Sp. Bye-laws are bye-laws, old buck! there's no time limit in criminal offences that ever I heard of! Nothing can alter the fact that you, being turned thirteen, obtained a half-ticket by a false representation that you were under age. A line from me, even now, denouncing you to the Traffic Superintendent, and I'm very much afraid—

Sir P. (*writhing*). SPIKE, my—my dear friend, you won't do that—you won't expose me? Think of my age, my position, my daughter!

Sp. Ah, now you've touched the right chord! I was thinking of your daughter—a nice lady-like gal—I don't mind telling you she fetched me, Sir, at the first glance. Give me her hand, and I burn the compromising half-ticket before your eyes on our return from church after the wedding. Come, that's a fair offer!

Sir P. (*indignantly*). My child, the ripening apple of my failing eye, to be sacrificed to a blackmailing blackguard like you! Never while I live!

Sp. Just as you please; and, if you will kindly oblige me with writing materials, I will just drop a line to the Traffic Superintendent—

Sir P. (*hoarsely*). No, no; not that . . . Wait, listen; I—I will speak to my daughter. I promise nothing; but if her heart is still her own to give, she may (*mind*, I do not say she *will*) be induced to link her lot to yours, though I shall not attempt to influence her in any way—in any way.

Sp. Well, you know your own business best, old Cockalorum. Here comes the young lady, so I'll leave you to manage this delicate affair alone. Ta-ta. I shan't be far off.

[Swaggers insolently out as VERB. enters.

Sir P. My child, I have just received an offer for your hand. I know not if you will consent?

Verb. I can guess who has made that offer, and why. I consent with all my heart, dear Papa.

Sir P. Can I trust my ears! You consent? Noble girl! *[He embraces her.*

Verb. I was quite sure dear BLESUGH meant to speak, and I do love him very much.

Sir P. (*starting*). It is not Lord BLESUGH, my child, but Mr. SAMUEL SPIKE, the gentleman (*for he is at heart a gentleman*) whom I introduced to you just now.

Verb. I have seen so little of him, Papa, I cannot love him—you must really excuse me!

Sir P. Ah, but you will, my darling, you *will*—I know your unselfish nature—you will, to save your poor old dad from a terrible disgrace . . . yes, *disgrace*, listen! Twenty-seven years ago—(*he tells her all*). VERBENA, at this very moment, there is a subscription on foot in the county to present me with my photograph, done by an itinerant photographer of the highest eminence, and framed and glazed ready for hanging. Is that photograph never to know the nail which even now awaits it? Can you not surrender a passing girlish fancy, to spare your fond old father's fame? Mr. SPIKE is peculiar, perhaps, in many ways—not quite of our *monde*—but he loves you sincerely, my child, and that is, in itself, a recommendation. Ah, I see—my prayers are vain . . . be happy, then. As for me, let the police come—I am ready! *[Weeps.*

Verb. Not so, Papa; I will marry this Mr. SPIKE, since it is your wish. *[Sir POSH. dries his eyes.*

Sir P. Here, SPIKE, my dear fellow, it is all right. Come in. She accepts you.

Enter SPIKE.

Sp. Thought she would. Sensible little gal! Well, Miss, you shan't regret it. Bless you, we'll be as chummy together as a couple of little dicky-birds!

Verb. Mr. SPIKE, let us understand one another. I will do my best to be a good wife to you—but chumminess is not mine to give, nor can I promise ever to be your dicky-bird.

Enter Lord BLESUGH.

Lord B. Sir POSHBURY, may I have five minutes with you? VERBENA, you need not go. (*Looking at SPIKE.*) Perhaps this person will kindly relieve us of his presence.

Sp. Sorry to disoblige, old feller, but I'm on duty where Miss VERBENA is now, you see, as she's just promised to be my wife.

Lord B. Your wife!

Verb. (*faintly*). Yes, Lord BLESUGH, his wife!

Sir P. Yes, my poor boy, his wife!

[VERBENA totters, and falls heavily in a dead faint, R.C., upsetting a flower-stand; Lord BLESUGH staggers, and swoons on sofa, C., overturning a table of knickknacks; Sir POSHBURY sinks into chair, L.C., and covers his face with his hands.

Sp. (*looking down on them triumphantly*). Under the Harrow, by Gad! Under the Harrow! *[Curtain, and end of Act I.*

STRIKING HOME.



Punch loquatur :—

WELL, you have got your way, my lad,
And may it prove good all round.
Liberal pay is your right, I say,
For your grim work underground.

Rise of pay and a shorter day?
Excellent things, belike,
Yet would they were sought in another way
Than the cruel road of a Strike.

I see you've been having a smoke, my lad;
What did you see in the smoke?
Why, some things good, and many things bad,
And nought that is matter for joke.

At every puff there's a picture of gloom,
A moral in every puff.
Motionless wheels and idle loom,
What is their meaning in full?

Capital's greed and Labour's need
These be fair matters for fight. [bleed?
Must Trade, though, suffer and poor hearts
Must wrong be the road to right?

Glad there is talk of a better way,
Truly 'tis worth the search;
For little you'll profit by higher pay
If Commerce be left in the lurch.



PROSPECTS FOR THE COMING SEASON.

THE LIONS ARE DECIDEDLY SMALL THIS YEAR, BUT THE BEAUTIES ARE FINER, LARGER, AND MORE LIKE EACH OTHER THAN EVER.

A BOAT-RACE VISION.

(By an Oxbridge Enthusiast.)

WINDS from the East may provoke us,
Making us angry and ill,



Dust of the Equinox choke us,
Yet we will welcome thee still,
Spring, now the runnels of primrose and crocus
Trickle all over the hill;

Now, when the willow and osier
Flicker indiffident green;

Now, when the poplars are rosier,
When the first daisies are seen,
And the windows of draper and hosier
Are bright with their 'Varsity sheen.

"Not what it was, Sir, in my time,"
Grumbles a fogey, or two;
"Then we had really a high-time,
Lord, what mad things we would do!
Skylarking! Well, it was sky-time.
Blue! It was nothing but blue!"

Well, let the people and papers
Say what it please them to say,
Shops of the politic drapers
Follow them, sombre or gay,
"Men" be austere, or cut capers,
Still 'tis a glorious day!

Visions of Sandford or Ely,
Baitsbite, or Abingdon Lock,

Skies that are stormy or steely,
Seas that we ship with a shock,
"Coaches," whose mouths are not mealy,
"Faithfuls," who riverward flock,
Mornings, inclement and early,
Stinted tobacco and beer,
Tutors reluctant and surly,
"Finals" unpleasantly near—
All are forgot in the hurly—
Lo! the long looked-for is here!
Now, at the start, as I'm eyeing
The back, that I know like a friend,
I wonder which flag will be flying
In front at the winning-post bend—
Shall we triumph, or, fruitlessly trying,
Row it out, game to the end?
Point after point we are clearing,
Mile after mile we have sped;
Multiplied roaring and cheering
Sound as they sound to the dead.
Surely the end we are nearing!
Yes, but I know *they*'re ahead!
Then is the toiling and straining
Out of the tail of my eye
Somehow I see we are gaining—
Look at the wash running by!
Now, in the minutes remaining,
Somehow we'll do it, or die.
There are blades flashing beside us,
Dropping astern one by one.
Now they creep up—they have tied us—
No! The spurt dies—they are done!
Gods of the 'Varsity guide us!—
Bang! "Easy all!" We have won!

THE Coal Strike was easily settled, as all that had to be discussed were "Miner Considerations."

"FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS!"

"As a sign of this gratitude, I confer upon you the dignity of Duke of LAUVENBURG, and shall also send you my life-sized Portrait."—*The German Emperor to Prince Bismarck.*

God bless you, dear Prince! Since your purpose is fixed,

It is useless, I know, to dissuade you.
I permit you to go, though my feelings are mixed,

And unmake, as my grandfather made, you.
Yet deem not ungrateful your Emperor and King;

Let me pay you my thanks at the Courtrate.
So I make you a Duke, ere I let you take wing,

And, O Prince, I will send you my Portrait!
O Pilot undaunted, brave heart and strong hand

When our planks were all riven asunder,
You alone grasped the helm, and took boldly your stand,

Nor blanched at the blast and the thunder.
And now, safe in port, we award you a prize
Of a value that men of your sort rate.

So, Prince, I will have myself painted life-size
Every inch, and I'll send you the Portrait.

Fresh storms may be brewing. I'll face them myself.

I am young, and, O Prince, you grow older.
Stay ashore, if you wish it, retire to the shelf,
And let those steer the ship who are bolder.

Yet it shall not be said that, in parting from you,

Your King gave his thanks at a short rate;
So be henceforth a Duke, and accept as your due

What I gratefully grant you—my Portrait!

A RATEPAYER'S REPLY.

To Mr. Stanhope's Latest Serio-comic, Patriotic Song.



YOUR story's good, STANHOPE, as far as it runs,
For JOHN BULL, at last, looks like getting his guns.
But though you talk big on the strength of the four
With which you've just managed to arm Singapore,
We would like you to state precisely how long
'Twill take you to get the next batch to Hong Kong!
For you talk in a not very confident way
Of those that are destined to guard Table Bay.

Your speech, too, with doubt seems decidedly laden,
When noting the present defences of Aden.
Though you finish the list with the news, meant to cheer
That Ceylon "should be" safe by the end of the year.
You think, to sum up, that a gratified nation
Should greet your glad statement with wild jubilation!
Well, the country does not get too often a chance
Of an honest excuse for a genuine dance,
And would step it quite gladly, if only assured
It could once from old dodges feel safely secured,
Being certain its guns, before setting to caper,
Do not exist merely on War-Office paper!

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"You are one of the few people with whom I can really enjoy a quiet talk, all to our two selves;" i.e., "I should be very sorry to introduce you to any of my set."

"What, YOU here?" i.e., "Wonder how the deuce this confounded cad got an invitation."

"Ah, by the way, just let me introduce you to Farrodust. You two fellows ought to know each other;" i.e., "Call that killing two bores with one stone."

"Thanks for a most delightful evening. So sorry to have to run away;" i.e., "Bored to extinction, and fairly famished. Must run down to the Club for a snack and a smoke."

"I'll look at my list when I get home;" i.e., "You don't catch me."

"Drop in any day;" i.e., "When the chances are I shan't be in."

"No party;" i.e., "Must ask him, and do it as cheaply as possible."

"Come as you are;" i.e., "Be careful to wear evening dress."

"Don't trouble to answer;" i.e., "Think it very rude if you don't."

"What! going already!" i.e., "Thank goodness! Thought she'd never move."

"What a fine child!" i.e., "Don't know whether the brat is a boy or girl, but must say something."

(To be continued.)



MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

NO. VI.—THE POLITICAL WOMAN.

THE Political Woman is one upon whom, if she may be believed, the world has never smiled. She avenges herself by recounting her wrongs and those of her sex to all who can be induced to listen to her. In early youth she will have taught herself by a superficial study of political history that all great movements have depended for their success upon Women, and that men, though they may ride on the whirlwind have had but little hand in directing the storm. The base ingratitude which has hitherto attended feminine effort in general, has aroused in her breast a quite particular and personal resentment against all men who have the misfortune to disagree with her. Hence it comes that the males who bask in the sunshine of her approval are but few. It is noticeable, that although she openly despises men, she makes herself, and wishes to make her fellow women as masculine as is compatible with the wearing of petticoats, and the cultivation of habitual inaccuracy of mind. Moreover, although she has a fine contempt, of which she makes no concealment, for most women, she selects as the associates of her political enterprises and her daily life, only those men whose cast of mind would suit better with the wearing of gowns than of trousers.

The Political Woman is far removed from the ordinary members of Primrose Leagues and Women's Federations, with whom the country abounds. Her over-mastering political appetite would find no satisfaction in the mere wearing of badges, the distribution of blankets, the passing of common-place resolutions, or the fearful joy of knowing a secret password and countersign. Such trifles are, in her opinion, mere whets for the political banquet. For herself she requires far stronger meat. From the fact, that the race of women is in physical energy inferior to that of men, she has apparently deduced as an axiom, that nature intended them to be equal in every respect. Few women agree with her, fewer still show any desire for the supposed boons to the attainment of which she is constantly urging them. Yet, the knowledge of these facts only seems to render the Political Woman more determined in the prosecution of her quest, and more bitter in her attacks upon men.

At school the Political Woman will have been highly thought of as a writer of vigorous essays, in which unconventional opinions were expressed, in ungrammatical language. She will have formed a Debating Society amongst her fellow-pupils, and, having caused herself to be elected perpetual President, she will leave the Presidential arm-chair at the beginning of every debate, in order to demolish by anticipation all who may venture to speak after her.

She will play various kinds of music upon the piano with a uniform vigour that would serve well for the beating of carpets, and will express much scorn for the feeble beings who use the soft pedal, or indulge in the luxury of a "touch."

Having left school with an ill-assorted mass of miscellaneous knowledge, she will show her contempt for ordinary feminine accomplishments by refusing to attend dances, and by crushing mild young men whom misfortune may have thrown in her way. Having discovered from one of these that he imagines the Rebecca Riots to be an incident of Old Testament History, and has no

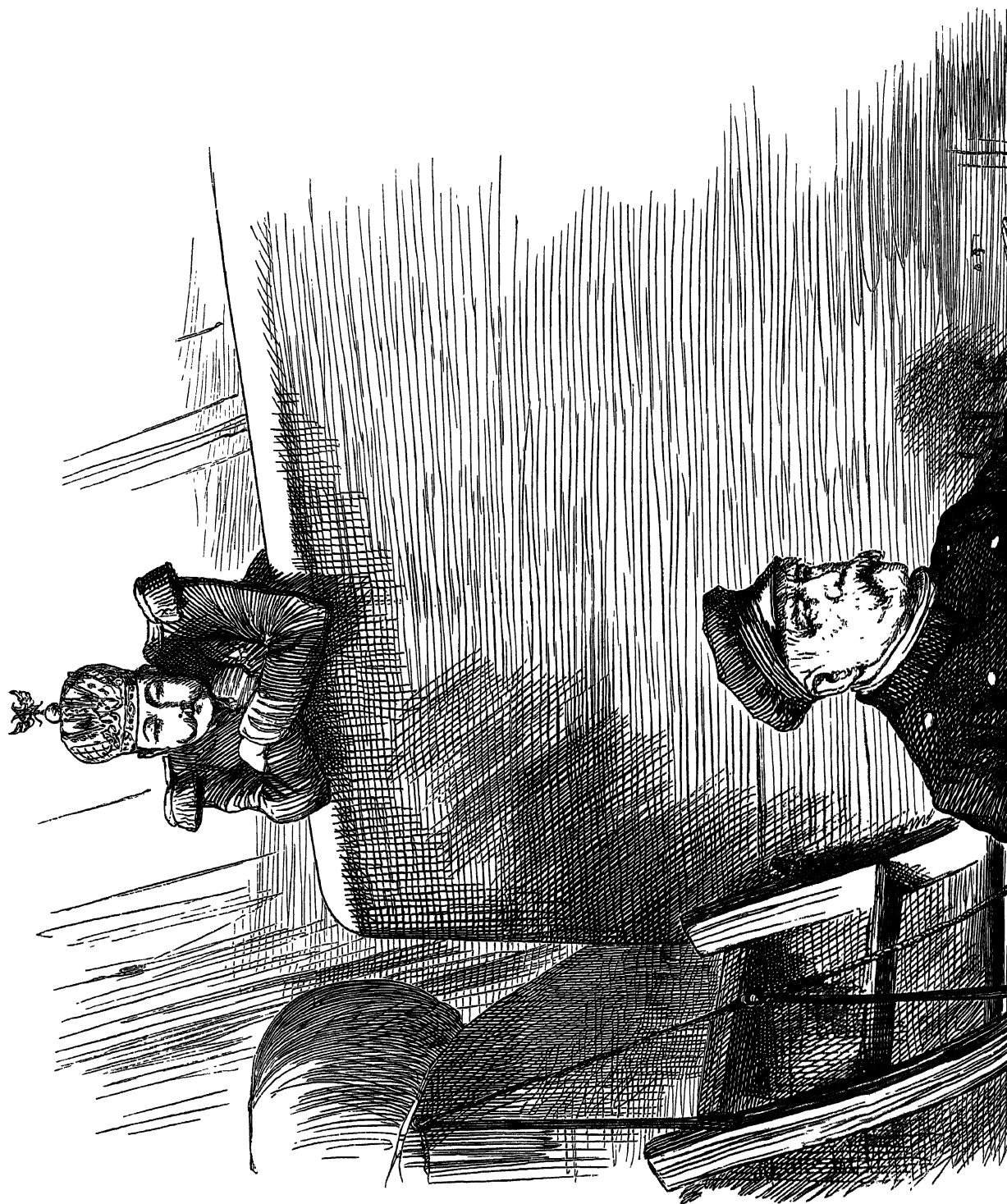
definite views upon the currency question, she will observe, in a tone of some bitterness, that "These are our Governors!" and, having left him in a state of collapse, will scale the ramparts of political discussion, in company with a Professor, who happens to be unmarried and a Member of Parliament. After making love for some months, by means of an interchange of political tracts, these two will be married in a registrar's office, and will spend their honeymoon in investigating the social requirements of Italian organ-grinders.

From this moment she exists chiefly as a Member or President of innumerable Committees. No sooner does the shadow of a political idea flit through her brain, than she forms a Committee to promote its development. When not engaged in forming or in sitting upon Committees, she occupies herself in delivering lectures "to Women only," or in discussing the Woman's Suffrage question with the Member of Parliament for her district (whom she despises) by means of letters, which she subsequently publishes in the journal of which she is, by this time, the proprietor, editor, and staff combined.

In a regrettable moment of absent-mindedness she bore to the Professor a son, whom she brings up on Spartan principles, and little else. Her home is a centre of slatternly discomfort. She rises early, but, having locked herself into her study, for the better composition of a discourse on "The Sacred Right of Revolt for Women," she forgets that both the tea and the coffee are looked in with her, and learns subsequently with surprise, but without regret, that her husband drank water to his breakfast. She then proceeds to regenerate the working-man, by proving to him, that his wife is a miserable creature for submitting to his sway, and rouses an audience of spectacled enthusiasts to frenzy by proclaiming, that she is ready to lead them to the tented field for the assertion of rights which the malignity of men has filched from them. Later on, she presides over her various Committees, and she returns home to find that her child has burnt himself by falling on to the dining-room fire, and that her cook has given warning.

She will eventually fail to be elected a member of the School Board, and having written a strong book on a delicate social question, will die of the shock of seeing it adversely reviewed in *The Spectator*.







DROPPING THE PILOT.

PLAYING DARK.

(New Style.)

THE great success which, in their own estimation, has attended the endeavour to establish a series of Night Field Sports in the neighbourhood of Melton Mowbray, so dashing led off recently



with a regular across country Steeple Chase, "by lamplight," has, it is said, induced the spirited organisers to extend their field of experiment; and it is alleged that tennis, golf, hockey, and football are all to be tried in turn, under the new conditions. That some excitement may be reasonably looked for from the projected contests may be gathered from a reference to the subjoined score, put on paper by the newly constituted "Melton Mowbray Midnight Eleven," who, in a recent trial of strength with a distinguished local Club, it will be seen, showed some capital, if original play, in meeting their opponents in the national game, conducted under what must have been necessarily somewhat novel and unfamiliar conditions.

The boundaries of the field in which the wickets were pitched were marked out with night-lights, the only other illumination being supplied by a couple of moderator lamps, held respectively by the Umpire and Square-leg. The costume, of course, comprised a night-shirt and a pair of bed-room slippers, with which was also worn a pink dressing-gown,—pink being the colour adopted by the Club. Owing to the absence of any moon, and also to the fact that the night was a rather boisterous one, on account of the persistency both of wind and rain, the play suffered from some disadvantages. However, the Eleven went pluckily to the wicket with the following result:—

Mr. GEORGE P-G-T, mistaking, in the obscurity, the Umpire for his wicket, gets out of his ground, and is instantly stumped out	0
Mr. SYDNEY P-G-T treads on his wicket	0
Mr. OTTO P-G-T takes the Wicket-keeper's head for the ball, and trying to "play it to leg," gives it in consequence such a severe blow, that he is obliged to accompany the Wicket-keeper in a cab to a hospital without finishing his innings	0
Mr. W. CH-PL-N treads on his wicket	0
Count Z-BR-SKI makes 497 in one hit. The ball being, however, only three yards off, but escaping notice, owing to the darkness, he is kept on the move for twenty-nine min. and a half	497
Mr. A. B-RN-BY stumbles over his wicket	0
Mr. G. W-LS-N sits on his wicket	0
Captain R-B-NS-N run out through losing his way in trying to find the wicket	0
Mr. E. H-N-AGE trying a forward drive, but not able to see, plays the whole of his wicket into the face of cover-point, whom he severely bruises, and is, consequently, given out	0
Captain W-RN-R takes the Long-stop for the Bowler; and, so getting the wrong side of his wicket, is bowled out in his first over	0
Mr. MCN-L misled by the lights on the adjacent hedges, making a hit, loses his way in trying a run; and finally, wandering into a neighbouring field, unable to make his way in the dark, rests in a ditch, in which he ultimately goes to sleep, —Not Out	0
Wides (bowled chiefly at the Umpire)	1322
Byes, &c.	704
	2523

At the conclusion of the innings, as daylight was beginning to break, it was determined to draw the stumps, it being settled that play should be resumed on the following midnight, when the opposing team were to take their turn at the wicket.

"POUR LES BEAUX YEUX."—Last week Dr. OGLE lectured excellently well and very wisely on the statistics of marriage in England. Altogether, it appears that this is not a marrying age. Those young men and maidens who are in search of partners for life, must keep their eyes open, and—Ogle. Very leery advice would be expected from anyone of the name of OGLE.

ROBERT ON THE BOAT-RACE.

At the moment as I rites on the most importantest ewent of the hopenig Spring, the warst majority of the four millions on us is a passing their days and nites in wondering which blew side will win. Why they is both blew, puzzles me. If so be as they was both saeling boats, in course I coud unnerstand it, but, as they ain't, I gives up the puzzle, and gos a-head.

By the by, BROWN has given me a strate tip, which I ginerosly gives to all my numerus readers. If it's a nice *light* day, Cambrige will suttenly win; but if it's a dull, *dark* day, Hoxford will suttenly not lose. So if any of my frends drops their money, it suttenly won't be my fault.

I remember as one year we had 'em all to dinner at the Man-shun House after the Race, and werry remarkabel fine appytites they all seemed to have, winners and loosers alike. I spose as Hoxford lost that time, and most likely from the same cause. For I remembers as the Company werry kindly drank the elth of the man who pulled the ropes on that occasion, and he was just sech another little feller as the won as lost last year, and wen he returned thanks he sed werry wisely, I thort, as he shoood never pull the ropes again in a great match, for if your boat won nobody didn't give you no praise for it, but if it lost, everybody said as it was your fault.

I seed a good many of my respected Paytrons on that ocaasion a injoying of theirselves in their sersveral ways. The *Maria Wood* state Barge was there in all her glory, and plenty of gay company aboard, including several members of the honoured Copperashun. In fack you gineraly sees a fair number on 'em when there's anythink a going forred, whether of a usefool or a hornymental character. One or two other wessels carried their onered flag. But I looked in wane for any, the werry slightest, simpton of the County Counsel of London having put in a appearance. Poor Fellers, what with plenty of dull, dry hard work, and not a partikle of rashnal injoyment, no not ewen such a trifle as a bit of free wittles or a drop of free drink, what will they be looking like at the end of their second year of hoffs? Why it's my beleef as their werry best frends won' kno 'em. No wonder as they all wants to get free admissions to all the Theaters and Music Alls. Rayther shabby idear for a full blown County Counsellor, when a shilling will take him amost anywheres.

I thinks upon the hole as I prefers a Boat Race to an Horse Race. In the fust place the grand excitement lasts much longer, in the nex place of course their ain't no crewel whipping and spurring of the two gallant Crews to make 'em go faster than possible, in the nex place their ain't not no dust, and what a blessed loss that is I spose most on us knows by his own blinded xperience, in the nex place there ain't but werry little showing and borling and skreaming, and far beyond all, one is abel direkly after the race is over, insted of rushing off to a scrowged tent and paying 3s. 6d. for a bit of cold beef, werry Carelessly served, to set down carmly and comfortably in one's littel cabbinn, and partake in peas and quiet of all the good things as kind friends has purvided, while gliding smoothly along our own butifool River a returnn to that peacefool home to witch one's thorts allers naterally turns wen the pleasure or the bizziness of the day is all over, and our strengths is replenisht with plenty of good wittles and drink.

ROBERT.

"GO TO BATH!"—Yes, to make sketches and flattering comments, but not to ridicule the dulness and dinginess of the place, or the local papers will "slate" you. They don't like "the New Bath Guy'd!"

"LENTEN ENTERTAINMENT."—Going to see SUCCI the fasting man. By the way, very wrong of SUCCI not to avail himself of the Papal dispensation.





THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FROM TOBY'S PRIVATE BOX



"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE."

The Rector's Wife (at School-Feast, to one of the Boys, who had been doing very "good business"). "WHAT'S THE MATTER, NOGGINS? DON'T YOU FEEL WELL?" *Noggins.* "No, M'M,—BUT—I'LL HEV—TO BE WUSS, M'M—AFORE I GIVE IN!"

DROPPING THE PILOT.

(See Cartoon.)

GREAT Pilot, whom so many storms have tried,
To see thee quit the helm at last, at last,
And slow descend that vessel's stately side,
Whilst yet waves surge and skies are over-
cast,

Wakes wondering memories of that mighty
past,
Shaped by a guiding hand,
Strong to direct as strenuous to command.
When yet did a great ship on the great sea
Drop Pilot like to thee?

The "wakeful Palinurus" of old song
Drowns at the last, and floods his corpse
did whelm;
But thou hast ever been alert as strong,
Pilot who never slumbered at the helm.
Impetuous youth aspires to rear a realm,
And the State-bark to steer
In other fashion. Is it faith or fear
Fills the old Pilot's spirit as he moves
Slow from the post he loves?

No "branch in Lethe dipped by Morpheus"
slacks

This Pilot's sight, or vanquishes his force.
The ship he leaves may steer on other tacks;
Will the new Palinurus hold her course
With hand as firm and skill of such re-
source?

He who, Æneas-like,
Now takes the helm himself, perchance may
strike
On sunken shoals, or wish, on the wild main,
The old Pilot back again.

These things are on the knees of the great gods;
But, hap what hap, that slow-descending
form,
Which oft hath stood with winds and waves
at odds,
And almost single-handed braved the storm,
Shows an heroic shape; and high hearts
warm
To that stout grim-faced bulk
Of manhood looming large against the bulk
Of the great Ship, whose course, at fate's
commands,
He leaves to lesser hands!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 17.—
St. Patrick's Day in the evening. Every
Irish Member carries in buttonhole bit of
withered grass; at least looks like withered
grass. DICK POWER says it's shamrock.
Anyhow it leads to dining-out, and business
to fore being nothing more important than
voting a few millions sterling for the Navy,
House almost empty.

"So much the better for me," says GEORGIE
HAMILTON, in charge of Navy Estimates;
"the fewer Members the more Votes."

So it proved. Whilst GEORGIE descant-
ing on excellence of Naval Administration,
House so empty that Count moved. A little
hard this on a Minister in charge of most
important department of State; but, after
all, Votes were the thing, and Votes were
taken hand-over-hand. GEORGIE's oration

being cut short by attempt to Count he sat
down, and as quick as Chairman could put
question £3,312,500 of our hard-earned money
was voted. Hadn't been in the House five
minutes when bang went another million.
Only half-a-dozen of us present, including
WILSON of Hull, who sat on edge of Bench,
with hat in hand, staring at COURTNEY, as
he ticked off million after million. For
myself, as representing a Constituency of
the Gentlemen of England, grew rather to
like it. Something exhilarating in the con-
sciousness that you, being one of eight Mem-
bers representing the House of Commons, can
say "Aye" or "No" to proposal to vote a
million sterling more or less. "The question
is," says COURTNEY, "that a sum not ex-
ceeding £1,103,200 be voted to HER MAJESTY
on account of sums falling due for victualling,
clothing and Naval establishments. Those
that are of that opinion, say 'Aye;' con-
trary 'No.'"

Well, what shall you do? Pretty stiff
sum; get a pretty lot of victuals for the
million; several suits of clothes for the
£103,000. Should you, just to show your
independence, knock off the odd £200? No.
Barks likes the thing done generously. Why
throw in a note of discord? Besides, it
doesn't all come out of your pocket. So
you say "Aye;" GEORGIE HAMILTON nods
in grateful appreciation; COURTNEY seems
relieved; the thing's done, and you walk
out with a glowing consciousness of having
behaved handsomely.

Slight coolness sprung up between OLD
MORALITY and GRANDOLPH. Of late been
on rather friendly terms, despite occasional
kicking over of the traces by GRANDOLPH.

"Boys will be boys," OLD MORALITY says, smiling genially on his young friend. To-day little hitch arisen; GRANDOLPH has sent to papers text of his Memorandum addressed to FIRST LORD OF TREASURY in 1888, warning them against appointing Special Commission. GRANDOLPH, having set forth with masterly force his objections to scheme, winds up with remark:—"These reflections have been sketched out concisely. If submitted to a Statesman, many more, and much graver reflections, would probably be suggested." OLD MORALITY hadn't noticed it before; but now words in print stare him in face, doesn't like it. "Submitted to a Statesman," he murmured—"what does the fellow mean? Weren't they submitted to Me?"

Business done.—Voted money by hands-full.

Tuesday.—As a means of suffusing Treasury Bench with hearty, unaffected hilarity, nothing so effective as a defeat in Division Lobby. Noticed this twice of late. The other night, when HAMLEY's Motion on behalf of Volunteers was, *malgré lui*, carried against the Government, you'd have thought, to look on Treasury Bench, that some good news had suddenly flashed upon them. OLD MORALITY beaming with smiles; STANHOPE smirking; and even the countenance of JOKIM convulsively working with what was understood to be signs of merriment. Same thing happened to-night. BUCHANAN brought forward Motion proposing to intrust to County Councils duty of maintaining and protecting rights of way in Scotland. Scotch Members united in support of popular demand, only MARK STEWART having his doubts. Even FINLAY made bold to hint Government would do well to listen to demand. CHAMBERLAIN openly and effectively declared on behalf of Resolution; Government seemed to be in tight place; OLD MORALITY moved uneasily in seat; still it would never do to interfere with Dukes and others furtively or openly engaged in the task of closing up paths over mountains, or shutting off walks by the lakes. Very awkward and inconsiderate of CHAMBERLAIN going off on this tack.

"Can't eat your cake and have it, you know," OLD MORALITY said, unconsciously forming the words on his copy of the Orders in large copy-book hand, "Mustn't play fast and loose with custodians of the Union. Oughtn't to look back when you put your hand to the plough. Should go the whole hog or none." These and other comforting phrases he wrote out in best copper-plate, filling up time whilst House cleared for Division. But when Tellers came back, and it was known that Resolution was carried against Government, clouds passed away.

OLD MORALITY tore up his copy-book headings, thrust hands in pockets; assumed truculently jovial air; nearly died of laughing when SPEAKER announced figures showing Government had been defeated by 13. His hilarity contagious. Mr. BIDDULPH standing for a moment in the doorway below the shadow of the Gallery, looked on, his face slowly broadening into responsive smile.

"Well," said he, "of all the rollicking dogs I ever came across, there never was a pack to equal Her Majesty's Ministers in the hour of defeat."

Business done.—BUCHANAN's Right of Way Motion carried against Government by 110 against 97.

Wednesday.—"I like this quite quiet hour, TOBY," said the SPEAKER, as I sat on the Treasury Bench, he at Table, waiting for a quorum. "It gives me opportunity of reading in *Freeman's Journal* *verbatim* reports of speeches by TANNER, SHEEHY, and WILLIAM REDMOND. Heard them delivered, of course; but there are some pleasures one likes to renew."

Should have begun business at twelve; now getting on for one. ALBERT ROLLIT in charge of Bankruptcy Bill with back to wall waiting for a quorum. "Must see," he says, "if I can't frame Clause dealing specially with Parliamentary proceedings. We shall shortly be bankrupt here if this sort of thing goes on. Composition of four and a-half hours' sitting on Wednesday afternoon scarcely enough to justify honourable discharge."

Everything comes to man who waits. Quorum came for ROLLIT. Numbers increased as he proceeded with singularly lucid address, investing even Bankruptcy with subtle charms. Gave the tone to thoroughly business Debate; and, even in less than the maimed period of time allotted, had carried his Bill through Second Reading.

Business done.—Bankruptcy Bill read Second Time.

Thursday.—JOHN O'CONNOR pervading House with profoundest mystery. When Orders of Day called on, JOHN rose to his full height (6 foot 4 of human kindness and geniality), and said, "Mr. SPEAKER!" Motion was, that House should go into Committee of Supply. According to New Rules, SPEAKER leaves Chair without putting Question; Question not put, obvious no one could discuss it. But here was JOHN insisting on catching the SPEAKER's eye.

"Mr. SPEAKER!" he repeated, "I want to discuss some of the irregularities of the Government."

But SPEAKER had executed strategic retreat; Chair empty; JOHN standing on tiptoe, followed retreating figure with despairing cry, "Mr. SPEAKER!" House half hoped SPEAKER would return; dying with curiosity to know what fresh irregularity on part of Government JOHN had discovered; but no help for it. Chair empty; technically "No House;" and JOHN, slowly subsiding, shutting up like a reluctant telescope, resumed seat.

Prince ARTHUR, back from Golf at Eastbourne, looking better for his holiday, lounged on Treasury Bench watching scene. "Alas!" he cried, eyeing JOHN with dreamy glance, what time the fingers of his hand—a strayed reveller—fitfully played with the rolled copy of his Orders, as if it were his cherished Mandoline—

"Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them."

Business done.—Vote on Account passed.

Friday.—Lords had nice little "plant" on to-night. The SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE got first place in other House for Motion decreeing their abolition. "Such larks!" says the MARKISS; "let's get up big debate here on House of Commons subject; draw away their men; leave SAGE in lurch."

So arranged Debate on Report of Parnell Commission for to-night. Full dress affair; all the big guns to go off; Curiosity as to how they'd treat too familiar subject. Plan answered admirably. Both shows running together, Lords, as most novel entertainment, fuller spectacular entertainment, drew the cake. Instead of crowded House that

usually waits when SAGE lunges at the Lords, beggarly array of empty Benches. Rather depressing even for imperturbable SAGE. Little later, Members finding things dull in Lords, came back in time to hear GEORGE CURZON. Capital speech; sparkle on the top; but some quiet depths of closely reasoned argument below.

Business done.—SAGE's Motion for abolition of Lords negatived by 201 Votes against 139. Thus relieved, Lords ordered Report of Parnell Commission to be duly recorded.

THE OLD BOND-STREET GALLERIES.

WHY they are called the Old Bond-Street Galleries, when there is so much that is new to be seen there, it is impossible to say. Why not call it the New Gallery? Perhaps those trusty Tudors—who are rather more than two doors off—Messrs. COMYNS CARR and HALLÉ, might object, and, even then, only half the truth would be told. Let us ag-gravate them, and call it the Ag-New Gallery at once! Unless it would be considered an ag-rarian outrage, it would be impossible to give it a better ag-nomen. Ha! ha! No matter what you call it, so long as you call and see the collection of Water-colours. There is a vastly good "*Pygmalion and Galatea*," by our own JOHN TENNIEL; there are some tender Idyls, by FREDERICK WALKER, a delicious "*Reverie*," by LESLIE, a delightful "*Pet*," by E. K. JOHNSON, wondrous Landscapes, by BIRKET FOSTER, a riverain poem, by C. J. LEWIS, and Dutch Symphonies, by WILFRID BALL. Sir JOHN GILBERT, T. S. COOPER, and F. DICKSEE, are well represented; and among the earlier Water-colour Masters we may find such distinguished names as J. M. W. TURNER, P. de WINT, COPLEY FIELDING, and DAVID COX. There are lots of others, and, if you are left to browse amid nearly three hundred excellent pictures, you ought to enjoy yourself very much indeed, and find your mind so much improved when you come out, that you will think it belongs to somebody else. In spite then of the carping of CARR, and the hallucinations of HALLÉ, we declare this to be the Ag-New Gallery.

"*La Nona.*"—Is the new malady fact or fiction? Don't know, but anyhow it's your "Grandmother."

MAXIMS FOR THE BAR. No. III.



"Never allow the Judge to bully you. On the contrary, be firm with him."

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY
OF PHRASES.

JOURNALISTIC.

"The Prisoner, who was fashionably attired, and of genteel appearance;" i.e., An ill-got-up swell-mobsmán.

"A powerful-looking fellow;" i.e., An awful ruffian.

"A rumour has reached us"—(in the well-nigh impenetrable recesses wherein, as journalists, we habitually conceal ourselves).

"Nothing fresh has transpired;" i.e., The local Reporter's invention is at last exhausted.

"The Prisoner seemed fully alive to the very serious position in which he was placed;" i.e., He occasionally wiped his mouth on his knuckles.

"The proceedings were kept up until an advanced hour;" i.e., The Reporter left early.

SOCIAL.

"I'm so sorry I've forgotten to bring my Music;" i.e., I'm not going to throw away my singing on these people.

"Dear me, this is a surprise to meet you here! I didn't, you see, know you were in Town;" i.e., By which I wish her to understand that I hadn't seen that prominent account of her Mid-Lent dance (for which I had received no invitation) that appeared in last Thursday's Morning Post.

"Never heard it recited better. Wonder you don't go on the Stage;" i.e., Then one needn't come and hear you; now one can't keep out of your way.

FOR SHOW SUNDAY.

"Shall you have many Pictures in this year?" i.e., He'll jump for joy if he gets one in.

"Is your big Picture going to Burlington House or the Grosvenor?" i.e., They wouldn't have it at an East-End Free Art Show.

"By Jove, dear boy, Burne-Jones will have to look to his laurels?" i.e., Green mist and gawky girls, as usual!

"What I love about your pictures, dear Mr. Stodge, is their Subtle Ideal treatment, so different, &c., &c.?" i.e., 'Tisn't like anything on earth.

"Best thing you've done for years, my boy; and, mark my words, it'll create a sensation!" i.e., Everybody says it'll be a great go, and I may as well be in it.

"Entre nous, I don't think Millais' landscape is to be compared with it?" i.e., I should hope not—for MILLAIS' sake.

"Fancy hanging him on the line, and skying you! It's too bad?" i.e., His picture is.

"Glad you haven't gone in for mere 'pretty, pretty,' this time, old man;" i.e., It's ugly enough for a scarecrow.

"My dear Sir, it's as mournfully impressive as a Millet;" i.e., Dull skies and dowdy peasants!

"Well, it's something in these days to see a picture one can get a laugh out of;" i.e., Or at!

AUCTIONEERING.

"Every Modern Convenience;" i.e., Electric-bells and disconnected drain-pipes.

"Cheap and Commodious Flat;" i.e., Seven small square rooms, with no outlook, at about the rent of a Hyde Park mansion.

"A Desirable Residence;" i.e., To get out of.

PLATFORMULARS.

"And thus bring to a triumphant issue the fight in which we are engaged;" i.e., Thank Heaven, I managed to get off my peroration all right.

"Our great Leader;" i.e., That's sure to make them cheer, and will give me time to think."



SOCIAL ECONOMY.

Mrs. Scrooge. "I'M WRITING TO ASK THE BROWNS TO MEET THE JONESSES HERE AT DINNER, AND TO THE JONESSES TO MEET THE BROWNS. WE OWE THEM BOTH, YOU KNOW."

Mr. Scrooge. "BUT I'VE HEARD THEY'VE JUST QUARRELLED, AND DON'T SPEAK!"

Mrs. Scrooge. "I KNOW. THEY'LL REFUSE, AND WE NEEDN'T GIVE A DINNER PARTY AT ALL!"

"MY CURATE."

[The *Law Times* mentions that a photograph of a well-dressed and good-looking gentleman has been sent to it, with the words "My Advocate" beneath. On the back are the name and address of a Solicitor.]

SCENE—Drowsiham Vicarage. Vicar and Family discovered seated at breakfast-table. Time—Present.

The Vicar. I only advertised for a Curate in last Saturday's *Church Papers*, and already I have received more than sixty applications by the post, all of them, apparently, from persons of the highest respectability, whose views, too, happen to coincide entirely with my own! Dear me! I suppose these may be called the "Clerical Unemployed."

Elder Daughter (giddily). Pa! Have any of them sent photos?

Vicar. Yes, all of them. It seems to be the new method to inclose *cartes-de-visite* with testimonials.

Younger Daughter. Now I shall be able to fill up my Album!

Elder Daughter (who has been running her eye over the pictures). This is the pick of the lot, Pa. Take him! Such a dear! He's got an eyeglass, and whiskers, and curly hair, and seems quite young!

Younger Daughter (thoughtfully). It's a pity we can't lay in two Curates while we are about it.

Vicar. Hem! A rather nice-looking young man, certainly. Let's see what he says about himself.

The new system saves a lot of trouble, as candidates for posts write down their qualifications on the back of their photographs.

Elder Daughter (reading). "Views strictly orthodox." Oh, bother views! Here's something better—"Very Musical Voice"—the darling! He looks as if he had a musical voice. "Warranted not to go beyond fifteen minutes in preaching." Delicious!

Vicar's Wife. I don't know if the parishioners will like that.

Both Daughters (together). But we shall!

Elder Daughter (continues reading). "Quite content to preach only in the afternoons. No attempts to rival Vicar's eloquence." What does he mean?

Vicar (cordially). I know! I think he'll do very well. Just the sort of man I want!

Elder Daughter. Ha! Listen to this! "Can play the banjo, and twenty-six games of lawn-tennis without fatigue." The pet!

Younger Daughter. Perfectly engaging! Oh, Pa, wire to him at once!

Elder Daughter (turning pale). Stop! What is this? "Very steady and respectable. Has been engaged to be married for past three years!" Call him engaging, indeed! No chance of it. The wretch!

Younger Daughter. A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing! Can't you prosecute him, Pa?

Vicar (meditatively). I might—in the Archbishop's Court. Really this new self-recommendation plan, though useful in some ways, seems likely to disturb quiet households. And I've fifty-nine more photos to look at!

[Retires to Study, succumbs to slumber.]

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER has been announced as in preparation at the Criterion and the Vaudeville. Miss MARY MOORE v. Miss WINIFRED EMERY as Miss Hardcastle. Which is to "stoop," and which to "conquer?" Why not run it at both Houses?—and, to decide, call in a jury of "the Goldsmith's Company."

THE MAYFAIR ROW.—GOODE, BAIRD, and very indifferent.

THE IMPERIAL SOCIALIST.

A Song of the Situation. AIR—"The King and I," Socialist Workman sings:—



Emperor. "I'M ONE OF YOU!"

THE Kaiser swears that he can work;
So can I! So can I!
Strain and long hours he will not shirk.
Nor do I, nor do I.
But he may work at his sweet will;
So they say, so they say.
Whilst I must toil my pouch to fill;
A long day, a long day!

Socialist. "ALL RIGHT, MATE. THEN—TAKE OFF YOUR CROWN!"

So there's some difference I see
Betwixt the Emperor and me.
He hath his army and his ships;
Great are they! Great are they!
Their price, which my lean pocket nips,
I must pay, I must pay.
Yet here he comes to grip my hand;
That's his plan, that's his plan;

And at my side to take his stand,
Working-man, working-man!
Strange that such likeness there should be
Betwixt the Emperor and me!
BISMARCK, it seems, he does not trust;
Nor do I, nor do I.
He thinks the toiler's claims are just;
So do I, so do I.

He's called a Conference of Kings,
 Novel scheme, novel scheme!
 To talk of Socialistic things—
 Pleasant dream, pleasant dream!
 What difference, now, would KARL MARX see
 Betwixt my Emperor and me?
 The "International" they banned.
That was vile, that was vile.
 But now a similar thing *they* 've planned,
 Makes me smile, makes me smile.
 Labour world-over they'll discuss,
 Far and near, far and near.
 Will it all end in futile fuss?
That's my fear, that's my fear.
 A difference of view I see
 Betwixt the Emperor and me.
 But here he comes to grip my fist,
 Fair and free, fair and free.
 Thinks he the chance I can't resist?
We shall see, we shall see.
 I wear the Cap and he the Crown—
 Awkward gear, awkward gear!
 Is he content to put it down?
No, I fear; no, I fear.
 If Workman I as Workman he,
 Perhaps he'll just change hats with me!

THE FRENCH GALLERY.—Oddly enough the French Gallery contains but a small proportion of French pictures. Possibly Mr. WALLIS thinks it is not high-bred to appear too long in a French *role*—perhaps he fancies the public would get crusty or the critics might have him "on toast." Anyhow, he has taken French leave to do as he pleases, and the result is very satisfactory. He does not lose our Frenchship by the change. There are three remarkable pictures by Prof. FRITZ VON UNDE, and two by Prof. MAX LIEBERMANN, which ought to make a sensation, and there is an excellent MUNKACSY, besides a varied collection of foreign pictures.

MR. HENRY BLACKBURN, author of that annually useful work, *Academy Notes*, is announced to give lectures at Kensington Town Hall, April 13. One of his subjects, "Sketching in Sunshine," will be very interesting to a Londoner. First catch your sunshine: then sketch. Mr. BLACKBURN will be illuminated by oxy-hydrogen; he will thus appear as Mr. White-burn; so altogether a light entertainment.



AT THE "ZOO."

Arabella. "Oh, AUG—MR. BROWN, LET'S GO TO THE APEIARY. I THINK THE MONKEYS ARE SUCH FUN!"
 [He did not Propose that afternoon!]

THE WAY TO THE TEMPLE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *Willesden Junction.*

HAVING been assured by a Phrenologist that my bump of locality is very highly developed, I attempted the other day—although a perfect stranger to London—to walk from Charing Cross to the Temple without inquiring the route. I had absolutely no assistance but a small map of Surbiton and the neighbourhood, from which I had calculated the general lie of the country, and a plain, ordinary compass, which I had bought cheap because it had lost its pointer. I am not sure that the route I took was the most direct. But when, after several hours' walk, I found myself at Willesden Junction, I was assured by a boy in the district, whom I asked, that I could not possibly have gone straighter. He advised me to take a ticket at once for Chalk Farm, as I still had some way to go, and said that he thought I might have to change at Battersea. He was a nice, bright little boy, and laughed quite merrily.

I have now been at Willesden Junction for eighteen hours, and I have not yet secured a train for Chalk Farm. There have been several, but they have always gone from the platform which I had just left. So I have camped out on the 101th platform, and I intend to stop there till a train for Chalk Farm comes in. Of course the porters have remonstrated, and tried to explain where and when the train really does start. But I would sooner trust my natural instincts than any porter. That bright little boy has been twice to see how I am getting on. He brought two other boys last time. They all told me to stick to it, and seemed much amused—probably at the stupidity of those porters. But really, *Mr. Punch*, Willesden Junction ought to be simplified. It may be all very well for me, with a phrenological aptitude for this sort of thing; but these different levels, platforms, and stairs must be very puzzling to less gifted people, such as the green young man from the country.

But the last suggestion which I have to make is the most important. There ought to be a great many more doors into the refresh-

ment-room, and only one door out of it. I lost the thirteenth train for Chalk Farm by going out of the wrong door. One door out would be ample, and it should certainly be made—by an easy arrangement of pivots and pneumatic pressure—to open straight into the train for anywhere where you wanted to go. If this simple alteration cannot be made, Willesden Junction must be destroyed at once, route and branch; or removed to Hampton Court, to take the place of the present absurdly easy Maze. I am, *Mr. Punch*,

Your humble and obedient Servant, PHRENETIC.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

(New "Physical Examination" Style.)

OXFORD, April 1, 1890.

THE Regius Professor of High Jumping will commence his Course of Lectures, accompanied, in the way of illustration, by a practical exhibition of several physical *tours de force* on the spare ground at the back of the Parks, at some hour before 12 o'clock this morning. Candidates for honours in Hurdle Racing, Dancing, and Throwing the Hammer, are requested to leave their names at the Professor of Anthropometry's, at his residence, in the new Athletic Schools, on or before the 3rd inst. The subject selected for the next Term's Prize Physical Essay Composition, which will have on the reading to be practically and personally illustrated by several feats of the successful candidate himself, will be "Leap Year."

LIGHT AND ATRY.

REJECTED! in bad grammar I declare
 I can't forget this year, nor yet that Ayr!

THE RECORDING ANGEL IN THE HOUSE, OR THE GAL IN THE GALLERY.—"Que diable allait-elle faire dans cette 'galerie.'"

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

No. VII.—THE PATRON OF SPORT.

IN order to qualify properly for the patronage of sport, a man must finally abandon any vestiges of refinement which may remain to him after a youth spent mainly in the use of strong language, and the abuse of strong drink. The future patron, who has enjoyed for some years the advantages of a neglected training in the privacy of the domestic circle, will have been sent to a public school. Like a vicious book, he will soon have been "called in," though not until he has been cut by those who may have been brought in contact with him. Having thus left his school for his school's good, he will find no difficulty in persuading his parents that the high spirits of an ingenuous youth, however distasteful they may have been to the ridiculous prejudices of a pedantic Head Master, are certain to be properly appreciated by the officers of a crack Regiment. He will, therefore, decide to enter the Army, and after pursuing his arduous studies for some time at the various Music Halls and drinking saloons of the Metropolis, he will administer a public reproof to the Civil Service Commissioners, by declining on two separate occasions to pass the examination for admission into Sandhurst.

He will then inform his father that he is heavily in debt, and, having borrowed money from his tailor, he will disappear from the parental ken, to turn up again, after a week, without his watch, his scarf-pin, or his studs. This freak will be accepted by his relatives as a convincing proof of his fitness for a financial career, and he will shortly be transferred to the City as Clerk to a firm of Stockbrokers. Here his versatile talents will have full scope. He will manage to reconcile a somewhat lax attention to the details of business with a strict regularity in his attendance at suburban race-meetings. Nothing will be allowed to stand in his way when he pursues the shadow of pleasure through the most devious windings into the lowest haunts. For him the resources of dissipation are never exhausted. Pot-houses provide him with cocktails, restaurants furnish him with elaborate dinners, tailors array him in fine clothes, hosiers collar him up to the chin, and cover his breast with immaculate fronts. The master-pieces of West-End jewellers, hatters, and boot-makers, sparkle on various portions of his person; he finds in a lady step-dancer a goddess, and in *Ruff's Guide* a Bible; he sups, he swears, he drinks, and he gambles, and, finally, he attains to the summit of earthly felicity by finding himself mentioned under a nickname in the paragraphs of a sporting organ.

Having about the same time engaged in a midnight brawl with an undersized and middle-aged cabman, he appears the next morning in a Police Court, and, after being fined forty shillings, is hailed as a hero by his companions, and recognised as a genuine Patron of Sport by the world at large. Henceforward his position is assured. He becomes the boon companion of Music-hall Chairmen, and lives on terms of intimate familiarity with Money-lenders, who find that it pays to take a low interest in the pleasures, in order the more easily to obtain a high interest on the borrowings, of reckless young men.

In company with these associates, and with others of more or less repute, the Patron of Sport sets the seal to his patronage by becoming a member of a so-called Sporting Club, at which professional pugilists batter one another in order to provide excitement for a mixed assemblage of coarse and brainless rowdies and the feeble toadies who dance attendance upon them. Here the Patron is at his best and noblest. Though he has never worn a glove in anger, nor indeed taken the smallest part in any genuine athletic exercise, he is as free with his opinions as he is unsparing of the adjectives wherewith he adorns them. He talks learnedly of "upper-cuts" and "cross-counters," and grows humorous over "mouse-traps," "pile-drivers on the mark," and "the flow of the ruby." Having absorbed four whiskeys-and-soda, he will observe that "if a fellow refuses to train properly, he must expect to be receiver-general," and, after lighting his tenth cigar as a tribute, presumably, to the lung power of the combatants, will indulge in some moody reflections on the decay of British valour and the general degeneracy of Englishmen. He will then drink liqueur brandy out of a claret glass, and, having slapped a sporting solicitor on the back and dug in the ribs a gentleman jockey who has been warned off the course, he will tread on the toes of an inoffensive stranger who has allowed

himself to be elected a member of the Club under the mistaken impression that it was the home of sportsmen and the sanctuary of honest boxers. After duly characterising the stranger's eyes and his awkwardness, the Patron will resume his seat near the ropes, and will stare vacuously at the brilliant gathering of touts, loafers, parasites, usurers, book-makers, broken-down racing men, seedy soldiers, and over-fed City men who are assembled round the room. Inspired by their society with the conviction that he is assisting in an important capacity in the revival of a manly sport, he will adjust his hat on the back of his head, rap with his gold-headed cane upon the floor, and call "Time!"—a humorous sally which is always much appreciated, especially when the ring is empty. After witnessing the first three rounds of the next competition, he will rise to depart, and observing a looking-glass, will excite the laughter of his friends and the admiration of the waiters by sparring one round with his own reflection, finally falling into the arms of a companion, whom he adjoins not to mind him, but to sponge up the other fellow.

After this exploit a supper-club receives him, and he is made much of by those of both sexes who are content to thrive temporarily on the money of a friend. He will then drive a hansom through the streets, and, having knocked over a hot potato-stall, he will compensate the proprietor with a round of oaths and a five-pound note.

In appearance the Patron of Sport is unwholesome. The bloom of youth vanished from his face before he ceased to be a boy; he



assumes the worn and sallow mask of age before he has fairly begun to be a man. His hair is thin, and is carefully flattened by the aid of unguents, his dress is flashy, his moustache thick. In order the more closely to imitate a true sportsman, he wears a baggy overcoat, with large buttons. Yet he abhors all kinds of honest exercise, and, in the days of his prosperity, keeps a small brougham with yellow wheels. Soon after he reaches the age of thirty, he begins to feel the effects of his variegated life. He fails in landing a big *coup* on the Stock Exchange, and loses much money over a Newmarket meeting, in which he plunges on a succession of rank outsiders, whom a set of rascals, more cunning than himself, have represented to him as certainties. His position on the Stock Exchange becomes shaky, and he attempts to restore it by embarking with a gang of needy rogues on a first-class "roping" transaction, in connection with a prize-fight in Spain. Having, however, been exposed, he is shunned by most of those who only heard of the swindle when it was too late to join in it.

This is the beginning of the end. He becomes careless of his appearance; with the decrease of his means his coats become shiny, and his cuffs more and more frayed. Eventually he falls into a state of sodden imbecility, relieved by occasional flashes of delirium tremens, and dies at the age of thirty-six, regretted by nobody except the faithful bull-dog, whose silver collar was the last thing he pawned.

A New Opera (in Preparation).

Librettist. Now here's a grand effect. They all say, "We swear!" Then there's a magnificent "Oath Chorus!" How do you propose to treat that?

Composer. Oath Chorus? In D Major.

A PAGE FROM AN IMPERIAL NOTE-BOOK.—So far so good. Got rid of the Grand Old Chancellor and the rest of *that* crew—without much of a row! Been civil to my English Uncle, the Pope and the Democrats. Can't be idle, so what shall I do next? Why not take a trip to America where I might stand for President? If I propose extending trip to Salt Lake, would have to go *en garçon*. Or I might see if I could not get a little further than STANLEY in Africa. When I returned might write a book to be called, *The Extra Deep-Edged Black Continent*. Or why not turn painter? With a little practice would soon cut out all the Old Masters, native and foreign. And if I gave my mind to poetry, why GOETHE and HEINE would be simply nowhere! How about horse-racing? A Berlin Derby Day would make my English cousins "sit up." And sermons, there's something to be done in sermons! I believe I could compose as good a discourse as any of my Court chaplains. And then, possibly, I might be qualified to do that which would satisfy the sharpest craving of my loftiest ambition—I might write for *Punch*!

[So he shall. He shall "write for *Punch*," enclosing stamps, and the Number shall be sent to him.]

PLAY-TIME.

SINCE the first night, if hearsay evidence can be accepted, as I didn't see the *première*, Mr. SUGDEN must have immensely improved his *Touchstone*. He plays it now with much dry, quaint humour, and when I saw him in the part last week, every line told with a decidedly discriminating but appreciative audience. His scenes with that capital *Audrey*, Miss MARION LEA, and with *William*, were uncommonly good. I confess I was surprised. Mr. BOURCHIER—but now an amateur, now thus—gives *Jaques'* immortal speech of "All the world's a stage," in a thoroughly natural and unconventional manner, chiefly remarkable for the absence of every gesture or tone that could make it a mere theatrical recitation by a modern professional reciter at a pic-nic. Mrs. LANGTRY's *Rosalind* is charming, her scenes with *Orlando* being as pretty a piece of acting as any honest playgoer could wish to see. And what a pretty *Lamb* is she they call BEATRICE who plays *Phoebe*! What a sweet, gentle, restful play it is! How unlike these bustling times! To witness this idyllic romance as it is put on at the St. James's, is as if one had stepped aside out of "the movement," had bid adieu for a while to the madding crowd, and had plunged into the depths of the forest of Arden, to find a tranquil "society of friends," among whom, under the greenwood tree, one can rest and be thankful.

I was curious to see how ALEXANDER "the (Getting) Great" would comport himself as the hero of light farce, associated as he has always hitherto been with heroes of romance and high comedy. The theatre-going public and his admirers—the terms are synonymous—may breathe again. ALEXANDER is surprisingly good as *Dr. Bill*, and the serious earnestness with which he invests the part intensifies the drollery of the complications. And to think that the adapter of this gay and festive piece should be none other than the sentimental troubadour, song-writer and composer, author of a *Lyceum Tragedy* and other similar trifles, Mr. HAMILTON AIDÉ!! "Sir," in future will HAMILTON AIDÉ say, when being interviewed by a Manager, "I will now read you my Five Act Tragedy entitled—" "Hang your tragedies!" will the Manager exclaim, "Give me a farce like '*Dr. Bill*,' my boy!" And once more will the poet put his pride and his tragedy in one pocket, and all the money which the Comic Muse will give him in the other. I back the *argumentum ad pocketum* against the Tragic Muse.

How capably it is played! Miss BROUGH excellent; and so also is Mr. CHEVALIER, who entirely loses his own identity in his make-up, and is not to be recognised at all, save for a few mannerisms. Charming housemaid is pretty Miss MARIE LINDEN; and the idiotic youth, *George Webster*, played by Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER,—two Websters rolled into one,—is very funny. But they're all as good as they can be. I congratulate ALEXANDER the (Getting) Great, who, for pecuniary reasons, I should like to be, were I not

DIAGNOSES OUT OF THE TUB.

The Bitter Cry of the Dramatic Critic.

'Tis the voice of the Critic
I hear him complain,
"One more afternoon!
Fools! they're at it again!"

These dull *Matinées*!
Wretched plays I must see!
But, alas, 'tis no play,
And there's no peace for me!"

"Le Sport" in Bouverie Street.

THE excellent columns of "This Morning's News" in the *Daily News* the other day were endowed with fresh interest by an announcement made with respect to the Emperor of AUSTRIA. It runs thus:—"When informed that on the Imperial preserves in the neighbourhood of Vienna the first snipe had been seen, the *passionate huntsman* said, 'I am exceedingly sorry, but I've no time for them this week.'"

Every one has heard of "The Hunting of the Snark;" but this is the first time reference has been publicly made to the hunting of the Snipe.

AT THE FIRST BOTANIC GARDEN SHOW. MARCH 26.

HIMANTOPHYLLUMS and Cyclamens were there to be seen,
And some pretty baskets full of strawb'ries from Englefield Green.



The Kan-Kan (-garoo) Dance.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

HIGH LIFE, COMMERCIAL, TRADING, AND OTHER.

THE BEST SCREENED DUCAL KNOBBLES.—As supplied direct from the ancestral estates of His Grace the Duke of WAGOVER.

THE BEST SCREENED DUCAL KNOBBLES.—This fashionable coal, throwing down a pleasing and prettily-coloured but plentiful light blue ash, is now confidently recommended to the general public, by His Grace the Duke of WAGOVER, who begs to inform his numerous patrons and clients that he has now completed his final arrangements to enable him entirely to relinquish his duties in the Upper House of the Legislature, for the purpose of being free to devote the whole of his time to the personal supervision of the working of the lucrative seams recently discovered on his family estate. Orders, that should be accompanied by postal orders or cheque, may be sent direct to His Grace, addressed either to Wagover Castle, or to his town residence in Belgrave Square, S.W.

THE BEST SCREENED DUCAL KNOBBLES.—N.B. Customers are respectfully invited to note that the Ducal Arms, Coronet and Family Tree, are properly blazoned on every sack on delivery, as a guarantee that the coal supplied is that now offered at the extremely low figure of 28s. a ton as "Ducal Knobbles," screened under the immediate supervision of His Grace's own eye.

THE EARL'S PICKLED PIES.—These delicious breakfast-table delicacies (now the rage everywhere) can be obtained by special arrangement, at any pastrycook's, cheesemonger's, or grocer's in the Three Kingdoms. A Noble Earl having by an agreement with his head-keeper and chief tenants, secured the right of shooting his own ground game, has commenced on his own estate the manufacture, for which he has taken out patent rights, of the above celebrated "rabbit" pies, the demand for which has so increased that for the last six months his house has never contained a shooting-party of less than ten guns at a time, that have all been busily engaged at making a bag for their manufacture, continually, from morning till night. An analyst, writing to the *Stethoscope*, says, "I have examined a sample of the pie sent me. It appears to be all rabbit. I cannot discover a particle of cat in it anywhere."

THE EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY INTRODUCTION SYNDICATE. With the above appellation, a Company has been organised, under the Direction of an Impecunious Duchess, assisted by a Committee of Upper Class Ladies, whose want of ready money has become urgent, for the purpose of selling, at a fixed sale of prices, to any low-bred *parvenue* who can afford to pay for it, the *entrée* to those exclusive and hitherto unapproachable circles to which they, by the accident of their birth and family connections, possess the privilege of offering and securing an introduction.

HIGH CLASS SOCIAL PRIVILEGES.—THE EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY INTRODUCTION SYNDICATE beg to direct the attention of enterprising and ambitious aspirants to the advantages of an introduction to various social privileges of a High Class and Exclusive character, to the fact that the following "items," that have been carefully thought out, and priced according to scale, conformably with the present condition of the social market, are now offered for their consideration:—

Invitation and admission to a "crush" in the neighbourhood of Belgrave Square (without introduction to Host or Hostess)	£ s. d.
Ditto, ditto, (with introduction)	21 0 0
Ditto, ditto, at Bayswater, or West Kensington	31 10 0
Five o'clock tea, including introduction to Leading Actor, Royal Academician, Distinguished Literary Man, or other celebrity	1 11 6
Same privilege enjoyed at select little dinner-party of eight	10 10 0
Other "Social Privileges" provided according to the special requirements of the case. Underbred people, with no position, but possessing means, may be launched under the protection of carefully selected Chaperons, into the very best Society, on applying personally to the Manageress.	26 5 0

Other "Social Privileges" provided according to the special requirements of the case. Underbred people, with no position, but possessing means, may be launched under the protection of carefully selected Chaperons, into the very best Society, on applying personally to the Manageress.

DINING WITH A DUCHESS.—THE EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY INTRODUCTION SYNDICATE beg to inform their patrons and clients that their charge for satisfactorily securing them this eminent and obvious social advantage is, at the present moment, through the rare opportunity due to financial losses incurred recently by several distinguished Noble Families, only one hundred and fifty guineas. This sum does not include any personal introduction, but the latter may be arranged for with or without three minutes' conversation over a cup of tea later in the course of the evening by the payment of the comparatively small additional fee of fifty guineas extra.



IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

"THE GIFT HORSE."

NIVER look a gift horse in the mouth? Mighty foine,
But how if the crayture is not worth its kape?
Faix, it isn't the nag for a stable o' moine.

Oive doubts of its blood and oi don't loike its shape.
What! we ought to accept it and think it an honour?
We moight do that same did we not know the donor!

Oh, I grant ye it's big, and I grant ye it's bould,
A blood-looking Bucephalus ivery inch;
But its oi if ye look, Sorr, is cruel and could,

And that big aff-hind leg has a fidgety flinch.
Oi'd git out av the way av its heels moighty quick,
For I fancey the baste has a botherin' kick!

It looks all very well in the front, to be shure,
Though I don't loike the way that it lays back its ears,
But your sate in the saddle had need be secure
If it lash out behoidn, as it *could*, oive me fears.
By the sowl of St. PAT, oi'd as soon risk a spill
From those blayguard buck-jumpers of BUFFALO BILL!

Gift horse? Oh, by jabers *that's* not what we're after,
We'd breed for ourselves if they'd give us a chance.

BALFOUR, ye stand there wid an oi full o' laughter.
Ye devil, we know that cool optical dance.

Come the comether on us then, would ye, ye wag,
Wid this "ginerous" gift of a dangerous nag?

All shenanigin', that's what it is, sheer purtence;
But ye don't catch us ould Oirish birds wid such chaff!

Ye'd loike us to take it,—and take no offence,
And thin it's yourself as 'ud just have the laugh.

It may do for the North, but won't suit us down South;
So, FARNELL, my boy, take a squint at its mouth!

DUNRAVEN.

(Verses from the Very Latest Version.)

ONCE on a Commission dreary sat DUNRAVEN, worn and weary.

Hearing many a snuffling Hebrew, many a Sweater's victim poor,
Oft he nodded, nearly dozing, but, on the Commission's closing,
Schemed out a Report, supposing that by such Report he'd score.
"Tone it down," his colleagues muttered; "like a sucking-dove let's
Gently purr, and nothing more." [roar,

"Be those words our sign of parting!" cried DUNRAVEN, swift upstart—
"Sweating's an accursed system, but if now our toil is o'er, [ing;
We leave twaddle as sole token of the swelling words we've spoken,
Public faith in us is broken! Bah! I quit, I "bust," boil o'er!
Take my seat, sign your Report, about such bosh my spirit bore?"
Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Nevermore!"

ROBERT TRIHUMFUNT!

I ONLY hopes as most of my thowsands of readers took my strait
tip last Wensday morning, and got their 9 to 4 against the winner,
if not it most suttently wasn't my fault. My directions was as clear
as daylight. "Dark morning, dark blew carnt lose." And wosent
it a dark morning? and wosent it luvly arterwuds? Any of my
winners may send my 5 per sent commishun to the hoffice as ushal,
and they will all receive a copy of my emortle Book by post.

It was a puffeckly lovely race! fust Cambridge got fust, then
Hoxford got fust and Cambridge second, and so on all through,
but in course Hoxford wun as I proffysized.

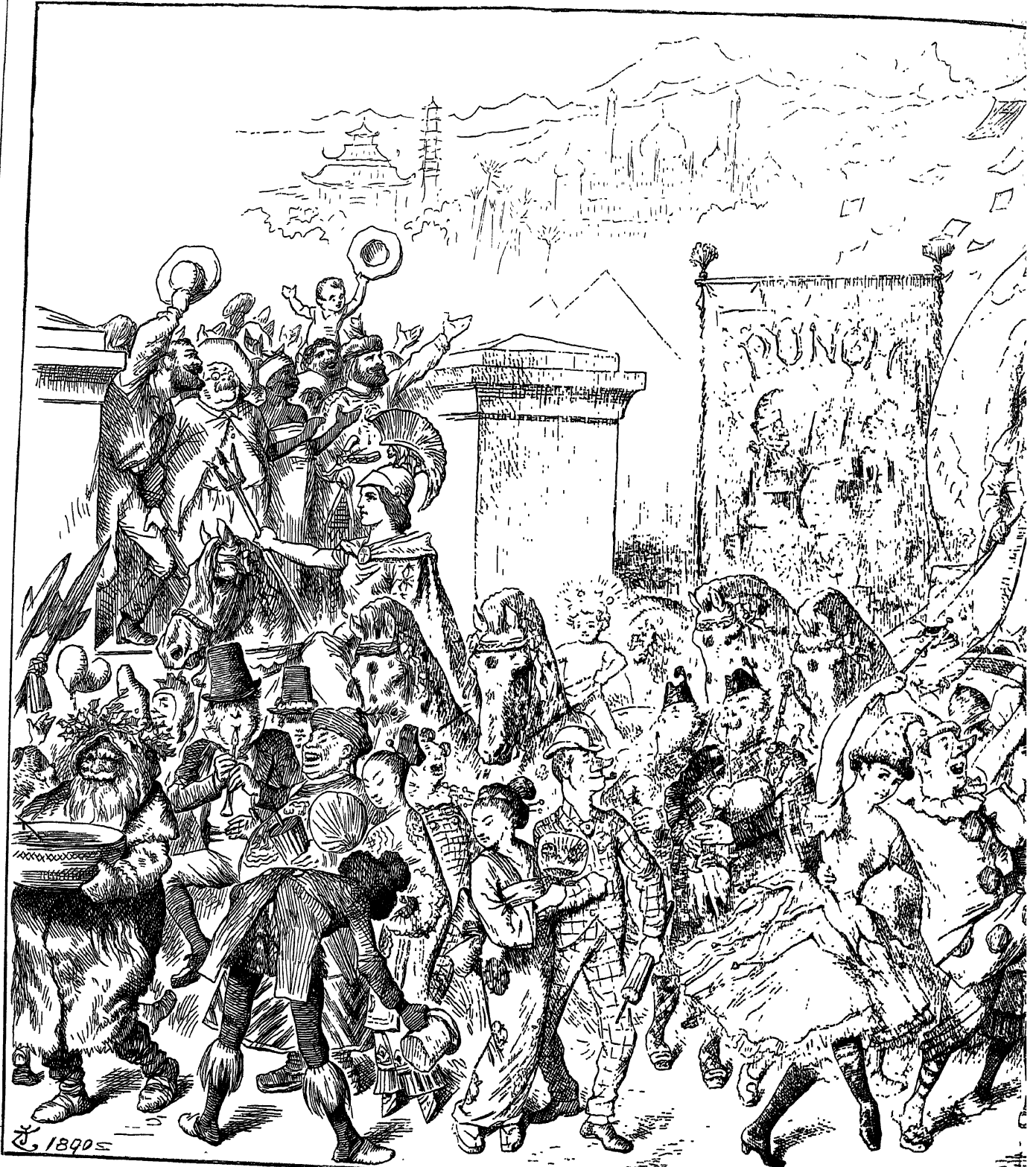
I seed all the River Tems Conserwatives, with the Right Honnerabel
the LORD MARE at the hed of 'em all, a laying carmly at rest in their
bootifool Steam Bote, a trying for to look as if they wasn't responsibel
for all the hundreds of thousands of peeples as lined all the banks of
the River a gitting ome safely. Many on 'em I remarked kept on a
disappearing down below ewery now and then, probberly to seek
that strengthening of the system so werry nessessery under such
trying suckemstances. Upon the hole, I ventures werry humbly to
pronounce it to be one of the werry sucksessfullest races of moddun
times, which I bleeves means about 6 years.

ROBERT.

FASTER AND FASTER.—In France there is now a Fasting Girl. If
she beats the record, and if the winners, who back her staying
powers against those of SUCCE, give her a handsome dot, she will be
known as *La Jeunesse Dorée*.



"THE GIFT HORSE."



MR. PUNCH APPEARS AT THE

"Much have I seen and k
And manners, climates, c
Myself not least, but hon



THE CARNIVAL OF NATIONS!

known; cities of men
councils, governments,
would of them all."—TENNYSON'S "*Ulysses*."





TIT FOR TAT.

Captain Pullem (having just effected a "Swoop" with his Friend). "Now, I'LL BE STRAIGHT WITH YOU, OLD MAN. THAT HORSE YOU'VE GOT FROM ME IS A BIT OF A CRIB-BITER!"
 Friend. "OH, DON'T MENTION IT, OLD CHAP. YOU'LL FIND MINE TO BE A CONFIRMED RUNAWAY!"

SONG SENTIMENTIANA.

(A Delightful "All-the-Year-Round" Resort for the Fashionable Composer.)

EXAMPLE II.—SHOWING HOW CURIOUSLY RETENTIVE IS THE LOVER'S MEMORY.

'Tis ninety years ago, love!
 It seems but yesternorn
 We sat upon the snow, love,
 And watch'd the golden corn!
 I mind the bitter wind, love—
 I mind it well, although
 The wind I say I mind, love,
 Blew ninety years ago!
 The plough stood on the hill, love—
 The horse stood in the plough!
 And both were standing still, love—
 I seem to see them now!
 The lamb frisk'd in the glen, love—
 A stranger he to whoa!
 And so was I—but then, love,
 'Twas ninety years ago!
 The roses by the way, love,
 Were large and, oh, so fair!
 And so they are to-day, love,
 For all I know—or care!
 And softly unto thou, love,
 While yet among the snow,
 I breathed that fatal vow, love,
 Of ninety years ago!

A "FISHING INTERROGATORY."—"What's this new French book on angling?" asked Mrs. R., who is not very well up in the French language and literature. "I believe," she went on, "it is called *The Bait Humane*. I do hope it is against the cruel practice of putting live worms on a hook, which is so cruel."—[It is supposed that our dear Mrs. R. has heard some mention of *La Bête Humaine*.—ED.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ADVICE to those who are about to give Easter presents—send to MACMILLAN's for "The Nursery 'Alice,'" who re-appears "as fresh as paint," that is, with twenty-four of "Our Mr. TENNIEL's" illustrations, coloured by Miss GERTRUDE THOMSON, under his direction.

The *Universal Review* is specially noteworthy for a short play by Mr. W. L. COURTNEY, entitled, *Kit Marlowe's Death*. Mr. BOURCHIER of the St. James's, so it is stated, is going to add this "Kit" to his theatrical wardrobe. Some of the stage-directions,—such, for instance, as "They pour out wine in his cup, which he swallows," and "The others laugh at NASH's expense,"—are well worth all the money that the spirited purchaser may have paid for this almost priceless work. In the same Magazine, the coloured frontispiece of "Count Tolstoy at Home," showing the Count, not labouring in the fields of literature, but simply guiding the plough, is as good as the article on the *Kreutzer Sonata* is interesting; and interesting also is the paper entitled, "Musings in an English Cathedral," by the Dean of GLOUCESTER,—henceforth to be known as "A Musing Dean."

Mr. ANDREW LANG in *Longman's*—or rather *Lang-man's*—*Magazine*, is still stopping at "The Sign of The Ship"—[The Baron moves "that the words 'and Turtle' be inserted after 'Ship'"]—and as he has recently been delighting us with wanderers in the land of Ham, it will gratify his readers to learn, that he is now ceasing to be "All for 'Hur,'" in order to join the author of *She* in a plot for a new romance. They are undeterred by the eye of Detective KUNGIMAN. I wish success to Merry Andrew Languid in this collaboration. In this same *Lang-man's Mag.*,

Mr. VAL PRINSEP, A.R.A., having temporarily dissociated himself from the paint-brush and canvas, by which he has made his name and fame, continues his novel *Virginia*. In the present chapter he incidentally gives a description of the service of Mass in the good Abbé Leroux's parish church, which is a triumph of imagination and subtle humour. No wonder "the Abbé Leroux was scandalised," when the service had been turned topsy-turvy, the *credo* put before the *gloria*, and a young person among his congregation, topping all other voices, was singing a solo! Where was the Beadle? or a Churchwarden? or an Aggrieved Parishioner? Three cheers for FACILE PRINSEP's novel!

In *Plain Tales from the Hills*, by Mr. RUDYARD KIPPLING, the jaded palate of the "General Reader" will recognise a new and piquant flavour. In places the manner suggests an Anglo-Indian BRET HARTE, and there is perhaps too great an abundance of phrases and local allusions which will be dark sayings to the uninitiated. But the stories show a quite surprising knowledge of life, a familiarity with military, civil, and native society, and a command of pathos and humour, which have already won a reputation for the author. Few can read *Beyond the Pale*, *The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly*, *The Story of Muhammed Din*, *The Germ Destroyer*, and *The Madness of Private Ortheris*, for example, without admiration for the versatility which can cover so wide a range, and impress, amuse, or touch with the same ease and epigrammatic conciseness.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

(The Sporting M.P.'s Straight Tip to Trevelyan.)

In the intervals of Sport

M.P.'s vamp the country's work,
 Therefore cut the Sessions short,
 Supplementary Sessions shirk.

Must have time to pot the grouse,

Must have time to hook the salmon,

Spoil our Sport to help the House?

Gammon!!!

LOST, somewhere between Land's End and John O'Groats, a highly-treasured heir-loom, known as the "British Sense of Fair Play." It disappeared immediately after the issuing of the Report of the Parnell Commission, and has never been seen or heard of since. Many applicants have claimed to have re-discovered it; but, from Sir R-CH-RD W-BST-B and Sir W-LI-M H-RC-RT, to L-ED D-NR-V-N, and (last and least) Sir W. M-RR-TT, all have absolutely failed to substantiate their claims. Any Public Man, of whatever party, who can prove his possession of the lost treasure, by making a speech embodying a judicial survey of the Judges' Report, without party-feeling, special pleading, or paltry spite, will, on applying personally to Mr. Punch, be HANDSOMELY REWARDED!!!

PUT THIS IN YOUR PIPE.

[Pipe-Major McKELLAR has thrown doubts upon the pretty and pathetic story of "JESSIE BROWN of Lucknow."]

Our faith to the winds you would chuck now,
 Concerning that Legend of Lucknow.

That sweet Scottish girl

Never heard the pipes "skirl?"

Come! This is mere sceptical muck now!

The Ross-shire Buffs' slogan I'll wager
 Will survive many stories much sager.

Our faith in the tale

Is confirmed, and won't fail

At the word of a single Pipe-Major.



TIME WORKS WONDERS.

(Mr. Punch's Suggestions, à propos of the recent Discussions about Mr. Gladstone's Head.)

MUSICAL NOTES.

I HAVE just received FLORIAN PASCAL'S Music composed for *Tra la la Tosca*, published by JOSEPH WILLIAMS of Berners Street. Justice was not done to it on the stage at the Royalty, but there are two *morceaux* in it which ought to become popular; one being a song entitled "*Her Eye*," which, were it wedded to serious words, would be highly popular as a contralto song, just as SULLIVAN'S charming "*Hush a bye Bacon*," in *Cox and Box*, became "*Birds of the Night*." Then the Gavotte in this book is as graceful and catching as the *Gavotte de Louis Treize*, and would be in great request with orchestras and bands everywhere.

KLEIN'S *Musical Notes of the Year*, a useful and trustworthy historical record, was sent to me, and not "de KLEIN'd with thanks." I have just heard that there is a new pick-me-up called "Zingit." What it is I don't know, and I haven't as yet come across the inevitable big advertisement; but what I have ascertained is, that Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON, who is now wearing the diamond scarf-pin presented to him by the Guards whom he led on to victory in their recent burlesque engagement, has composed a polka or waltz which bears the name of "*Zingit*," and which might bear on the wrapper, "If you can't play it, or dance it, Zing it."

(Signed) OTTO PICCOLO (DU CONSERVATOIRE).

Mr. HUBERT VOS requests the honour of our company at his studio near Vauxhall Bridge. Very sorry: couldn't get there. "*Sic Vos non vobis*."

A "SCRATCH COMPANY."—A Cat Show."



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH—AND HOW HE RETALIATES.

She. "OH, HE MAY BE A GENIUS. BUT I CONFESS I DON'T CARE FOR THE SOCIETY OF GENIUSES!"

He. "HOW VERY PERSONAL OF YOU! IT'S AS IF I WERE TO CONFESS I DIDN'T CARE FOR THE SOCIETY OF HANDSOME WOMEN!"

WHERE MARRIAGES ARE MADE.

THE application for a licence to marry at St. George's, Albemarle Street, made by the JEUNE PREMIER, Q.C., on behalf of the Rev. Dr. KER GRAY, was opposed by Canon CAPEL CURE, of St. George's, Hanover Square, the Hymeneal Temple *par excellence* of the Metropolis. Dr. TRISTRAM, with traditional Shandyan caution, said he would "take time to consider his decision." Should Dr. Time be adverse to the opponents, then will the Minister with the sad-dog name of "KER GRAY" become the Canon's *bête noire*. If the decision be t'other way, then KER GRAY may twit the Canon with being "a regular Cure," and might compose a chant on the old lines of

"A Cure, a Cure, a Cure, a Cure,
Oh isn't he a Cure!"

While the Canon could retaliate with a parody on "*Old Dog Tray*."

"The chapel's far too near,
But p'raps another year
May put a stop to old KER GRAY."

In the meantime, the affair being *sub* (Punch-and-) *judice*, we refrain from further comment, and wish luck to both Reverend Gentlemen.

SENTENCE RE-VERSED.

'Gin a body meet a body
On the Queen's highway,
And a body kiss a body,
Won't a body pay?
Mony a lassie has a temper.
Mony a beak is stern; [bob,
At six weeks' quod, and fourteen
The lesson's hard to learn.

Too MUCH A MATTER OF COURSE.—Cruelty to Hares.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 24.—Prince ARTHUR explained in speech nearly two hours long the bearings of Irish Land Purchase Bill. In course of his exposition the happy accident by which civilised man is furnished with two coat-tails was strikingly illustrated. On the Treasury Bench, behind Prince ARTHUR, sat, on either hand, OLD MORALITY and JOKIM. Supposing the Prince had had only one coat-tail, differences might have arisen between his two right hon. friends; sure at some period of the prolonged speech to come into personal contact if both pulling at same rope. But the liberal sartorial arrangements which ARTHUR shared in common with less distinguished Members provided a coat-tail apiece; so when idea or suggestion occurred to him, OLD MORALITY tugged at the right-hand one, and when JOKIM had a happy thought he hauled away on the left.

As both their minds were seething with ideas, ARTHUR had a lively time of it, and complications of Bill grew in entanglement. Just as he was assuming, for the sake of argument, that an advance of 30 millions had been made under the Act for the Purchase of Land in Ireland, and that seventeen years was about the average value under Lord ASHBORNE'S Act, there was a sudden tug of the right coat-tail; Prince leaned over in that direction; OLD MORALITY whispered in his ear.

"Exactly!" said the Prince; "I was just going to show that the instalment of 4 per cent. on the advance of 30 millions is £1,200,000 a year. Very well; suppose that in one year, though the hypothesis is utterly impossible, that not one single sixpence of annuity is paid. How would that be?" (Here the left coat-tail was observed to be

violently agitated, and ARTHUR leaning over, JOKIM half-rising, eagerly explained something.)

"Precisely. My right hon. friend reminds me, what indeed I was just about to show, that there would be first the £200,000 reserve fund; secondly, there would be the £200,000 annual probate grant; thirdly, £40,000 of the new Exchequer contribution, and £75,000 of the quarter per cent. local per-centage, and there would be besides that £1,118,000 of tenants' reserve. So that without touching the £5,000,000, which was the landlords' fifth, and without touching a sixpence of the contingent portion of the guarantee fund, you would have £1,633,000 to meet the call of £1,200,000."

This prospect of boundless wealth, more especially the familiar way of putting it, making it quite a personal matter for each Member that he would have £1,633,000 to meet a call of £1,200,000, was designed to have soothing effect on audience; would, indeed, have succeeded in that direction but for the coat-tail accompaniment. "JOKIM," said HARCOURT, "is too susceptible in his paternal feelings. We know now who is the father of the progeny. Arranged that BALFOUR shall bring it in for christening ceremony; shall dandle it in his arms, and dilate on its excellences; but everyone can tell from the excited manner, the eager interruption, the restless hovering round the cradle, that JOKIM is the father."

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill brought in.

Tuesday.—WILFRID LAWSON sprang a mine to-night. House, as everyone knows, engaged for nearly fortnight in discussing question whether it should thank Judges for their services in connection with Parnell Commission. A desperate struggle finally resulted in decision to pass Vote of Thanks. LAWSON wants to know whether OLD MORALITY has conveyed the thanks to the Judges; and if so, what had they said in reply? Question put without notice. Rather

startles OLD MORALITY. Fact is, never occurred to him that anything had to be done in supplement of passing Vote of Thanks. There it was; Judges might, in passing, call in and take it home with them; or it might be forwarded, at owner's risk, by Parcel-Post or Pickford's. Very awkward thing thus springing these questions on a Minister. Couldn't even, right off, say where the Vote of Thanks was. Gazed hopelessly at mass of papers on Clerk's table. Might probably be there. Perhaps not. Vote passed some days ago; desk cleared every morning. OLD MORALITY moved restlessly on bench; looked picture of despair. Best thing to do, not to take notice of question; pretend not to hear it; but House laughing and cheering; all eyes bent on him; no escape. So, rising, holding on to table, putting on most diplomatic manner, and speaking in solemn tones, OLD MORALITY said, "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, it is no part of my duty to the QUEEN and country to convey to anybody a Resolution of this House."

LAWSON up again. More cheering and laughter. Asked SPEAKER whether he had conveyed Vote of Thanks to Judges? No; SPEAKER had had no instructions on the matter.

Where is the Vote of Thanks? Who has it in his possession? Certainly not the Judges; one of those things nobody had thought about; various people's business to see to it; accordingly no one done it; no wonder Brother DAX, sitting on Bench, has looked forth with stony stare, his heart consumed with secret sorrow. Whilst everyone congratulating Judges on rare honour done to them by both Houses of Parliament, the distinction has proved illusory. World pictured each learned Judge with copy of Vote of Thanks, framed and glazed, hung in best parlour; and behold! they have never had it at all!

House laughed when truth dawned upon it. But it was a hollow laugh, ill-concealing prevalent feeling of vexation and shamefacedness. Turned with affectation of keen interest to question raised by MUNDELLA of iniquities of Education Department in connection with School Supply of York and Salisbury. But could not keep the thing up. Even rousing eloquence of HART DYKE, on his defence, fell flat. Ever rose before Members the vision of the three Judges, daily expecting receipt of thanks which they read had been voted to them; too proud to complain of neglect; HANNEN taking on a sterner aspect; SMITH affecting a perky indifference; and over the solemn features of Brother DAX ever stealing the deepening twilight of deferred hope. House gladly broke away from scene and subject, getting itself Counted Out at a Quarter-past Nine.

Thursday.—"Talk about DIZZY," said HARCOURT, perhaps not without some tinge of envy, "if OLD MORALITY goes on in this style, DIZZY won't be in it for persiflage."

House laughing so heartily, could hardly hear HARCOURT's whisper. JOHN MORLEY began it; Lunacy Laws Consolidation Bill with 342 Clauses and 5 Schedules gone through Committee like flash of lightning. Nothing been seen like it since, the other night, I and seven other Members voted Four Millions sterling in Committee on Navy Estimates. COURTNEY put Clauses in batches of fifty. No one said him nay. Natural supposition was, that House in agreeing to this critical stage of important Bill knew all about it. Every line of its 342 Clauses must be familiar to every man present; otherwise how could he lay his hand on his heart, and say, "Aye," when COURTNEY asked him should he knock off another fifty Clauses?

When it was over, JOHN MORLEY rose, and gravely expressed hope that OLD MORALITY would inform his friends, accustomed to say that Opposition persist in obstruction, how this piece of legislation had advanced by leaps and bounds. This meant to be a nasty one for OLD MORALITY, prone to go into the country in Autumn and protest how he is hampered in performing duty to QUEEN and country by obstruction of Members opposite.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled the Liberals, "JOHN's got him there. A hit, a palpable hit!"

But no one yet fathomed the tranquil depths of OLD MORALITY. Rose from other side of table and, with equal gravity, promised that he would tell all his friends "how the Opposition had given greatest possible facility for passing the Lunacy Bill." This joke one of kind whose exquisite flavour evaporates on paper. But House enjoyed it immensely, none more than OLD MORALITY. For an hour after, as he sat on Treasury Bench, his face from time to time



"Where's the Vote of Thanks?"

suddenly suffused with genial smile, and his portly body gently shook with laughter.

"Ah!" said J. G. TALBOT, mournfully regarding him through his spectacles; "he's thinking of the Old 'un," meaning the late joke.

Tithes Bill on for Second Reading. PICTON rallied scattered forces of Opposition, and led them to attack. Slashing speech; soaring eloquence; tremendous energy. "Reminds me," said Admiral FIELD, "of his grandfather, General PICTON, who fell at Waterloo. Remember him very well; was in charge of Brigade of Marines there, you know; attached to PICTON's Division. Never look on Member for Leicester without thinking of my old comrade in arms;" and the sturdy salt brushed away the reluctant tear.

PICTON reminded HICKS-BEACH of someone else—"his great predecessor in spoliation, HENRY THE EIGHTH."

"Yes, but better looking," said PLUNKET, always ready to put in a kind word.

Business done.—Tithes Bill Debate.

Friday Night.—Tithes Debate, which has had general effect of depressing the human mind, acted upon CRANBORNE like electric shock. Astonished and interested House to-night by vigorous speech delivered in favour of Bill. With clenched hands and set teeth declared that he "meant to fight for Established Church till death." He put it to the piratical PICTON and other marauders, whether, seeing that in such case the conflict must necessarily be prolonged, they would not do well to seize this opportunity of settling Tithe question?

Business done.—Second Reading Tithes Bill agreed to by 289 Votes against 164.

"A (NOT) AT HOME."—Last week a paragraph appeared in an illustrated paper contradicting the report (published in an earlier issue) that a certain titled Lady had been present at somebody's party. This novel departure should be useful as a precedent to the *crème de la crème* of suburban society. In future, such announcements as the following may be expected to be frequently found in the "Fashionable Intelligence" columns of the more aspiring of our Penny Socials:—"On Thursday last Mr. and Mrs. MADEIRA TOP-FLOOR SMITHIES entertained a small and select party at their new residence, The Hollies, 24A, Zanzibar Terrace, Peckham Rye, East. Amongst those present we did not notice H.S.H. the Prince of TECK, the Duke of WESTMINSTER, Lady BURDETT-COURTIS, and the LORD CHANCELLOR. In the general circle, Lord CROSS, the Countess of CLARENDON, and the Bishop of LONDON, were also conspicuous by their absence. It was rumoured that neither the Duke of CAMBRIDGE nor Mr. GLADSTONE were expected to join the company before the close of the entertainment."

DINNER SCARCELY À LA ROOSE.—Dear Mr. Punch,—I am a poor man, but I like a nice dinner. Now I have discovered how to enjoy a good meal, and yet keep the cost of living within reasonable limits. Here is my method. I order and eat, a lobster, two pounds of pork chops, a large-sized pot of *pâté de foies gras*, a dressed crab, and three plates of toasted cheese. Having finished this dainty little dinner, I find, that I can eat nothing more for at least a week! That the pleasing fare does not make me ill, is proved by my friends declaring that I look like a picture of health. They do not say whether the picture is a good or bad one—but that is a matter of detail.

Yours sincerely,
THE FOUNDER OF THE MORE-THAN-ENOUGH SOCIETY.

UTOPIAN.—Neither noise, vibration, nor dust! That's what the BRAMWELLS, the WATKINS, and the GATTONS claim for that partly-developed but promising—much promising—invention of M. GIRARD's, the *Chemin de Fer Glissant*, or Sliding Railway. What a happy ideal! By all means, "Let it slide!"

A CHANCE FOR A NEW MEMBER.—"Rookeries," said Mr. HENRY LAZARUS in his evidence at Marylebone, "abound in St. Pancras, and it is a scandal to civilisation that they should continue to exist." Now, Mr. BOLTON, M.P., can't you have your legal and parliamentary finger in this Rook pie?

A SUGGESTION FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As the representative of Justice in this country, I appeal to you. And when I write this, you must not imagine that I claim, in my own person, to represent Justice—no, Sir, I only to some extent suggest the Law—a very different matter. But, Sir, as suggesting the Law, I apply to you for redress on behalf of hundreds, nay, thousands, of members of a very noble and learned profession. Sir, you will have noticed that the Law Courts are congested. Look through the daily list (this you can do when term recommences), and you will find, that although Chancery is doing fairly well, there is scarcely a movement in Common Law. The reason for this is obvious. Nearly all the Common Law Judges are away, and business is simply at a standstill. Now, Sir, I am very reluctant to give their Lordships more trouble than necessary, but I do think, for all our sakes, that increased facility should be afforded for trying cases single-handed. It should be managed in this wise. But here, perhaps, in the cause of intelligibility, you will permit me to describe my method in common (dramatic) form.

SCENE—A Court in the Queen's Bench Division. Judge seated at a table covered with telephones. Bar benches empty, two Litigants (laymen) discovered in the well.

His Lordship. Now, Gentlemen, as you are appearing in person, you can say and do what you please. It does not matter to me in the least, to use a colloquial expression, what you are up to. All I would ask is, that I shall not be disturbed until the time comes for me to deliver my ruling.

Litigants (together). Certainly, my Lord. (They both commence quarrelling.)

His Lordship (with C. C. C. telephone to ear, and mouth to corresponding tube). Quite right. I agree with the verdict of the Jury, and sentence the Prisoner at the Bar to seven years' penal servitude. (With Q. B. D. No. 4 laid on.) After carefully considering all the evidence that has been submitted to the Jury, and giving due weight to the fact that the Defendant's vehicle was admittedly on the wrong side of the road, I have no hesitation in declaring £100 damages a just award. (Dropping tube, and taking up apparatus of Q. B. D. No. 5, sitting as Divisional Court.) I entirely concur in the judgment my learned Brother has just delivered. (Dropping tube, and addressing Litigants before him.) Well, and now you two gentlemen—how are you getting on?

Litigants (together). Oh, please, my Lord, we have made it up.

His Lordship. Ah! I see; you have had no lawyers to advise you. Well, now that that matter is settled, the Court must stand adjourned until to-morrow, as I have business requiring my attention in Chambers. (To Usher.) See that the telephones are switched on accordingly. [Exeunt omnes.]

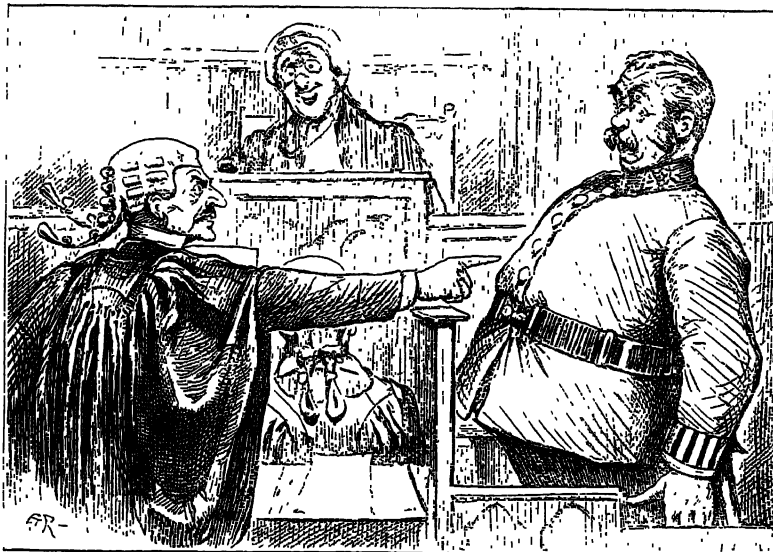
There, my dear Mr. Punch, could not some such arrangement as that I have shadowed forth above be reached during the present Vacation? The situation is really serious. *Entre nous*, PORTINGTON (my excellent and admirable clerk) has not made an entry in my fee-book for more than a fortnight—on my word of honour, Sir, more than a fortnight!

Yours truly,
(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court, Temple, 5th of April, 1890.

ROUTLEDGE'S *Atlas of the World* is not a short biography of Mr. EDMUND YATES, but a pocketable (if you've got the opportunity) volume, with sixteen coloured maps. It is pleasant to see that, though the Atlas bears the *imprimatur* of ROUTLEDGE, the name of AYR is not effaced from the Map of Scotland. True that Ayrshire is coloured green, but Ayr is quite outside this, in fact it has got outside the coast-line, and is represented as being quite out at sea. More in this than meets the eye.

MAXIMS FOR THE BAR. No. IV.



"Show no mercy to the Police; they have few Friends."

BASTA, FASTER!

Tuesday.—The fifty-sixth day of Signor DONRUCCI's sixty days fast was completed to-day. The Italian who, on the first day, weighed 140 lbs., has lost 100 lbs. up to the present, but he seems as confident and cheerful as ever.

A somewhat disagreeable incident marred the harmony of yesterday's proceedings. A boy, who was looking on, happened to drop half a penny bun in the vicinity of the Signor, who reached towards it, and having managed, after some struggles, which created much amusement amongst the onlookers, to pick it up, was about to convey it to his mouth. He would no doubt have eaten it if the senior member of the Medical Committee, appointed to watch the proceedings, had not interfered. The frag-

ment was removed, and it was pointed out to DONRUCCI that such an act on his part was unfair not only to himself, but to the large number of sportsmen who had made bets on the event.

Wednesday.—The fifty-seventh day of this marvellous feat was signalled by the appearance of four of the Italian's rib-bones, both his collar-bones, and one shin-bone. The Medical Committee treat this as a comparatively unimportant development of the fast, but to the outside public, who swarm to the exhibition, the Signor presents a decidedly dilapidated and ludicrous appearance. He has lost eight pounds more since yesterday. It was somewhat comical to watch him eyeing a stout young nurserymaid, who had brought a plump baby with her. Such cannibalistic desires show that our boasted civilisation is, after all, only skin deep.

Saturday.—An immense crowd had assembled to watch the completion of the great fast. As the hour approached bets were freely hazarded on the result, odds of five to four on the Signor's survival finding a ready market. Much amusement was created by a feeble murmur from DONRUCCI, in which he was understood to declare that he was starving, one well-known patron of sport asking him, jocularly, if the smell of a beefsteak would do him any good. On the first stroke of two o'clock an enthusiastic shout rent the air, and a body of sympathisers insisted on carrying the Italian shoulder-high through the building and the adjacent streets in procession. We regret to say that, under their well-intentioned, but not very gentle handling, DONRUCCI suffered severely. Should he succumb to this comparatively rough treatment it will be a matter of regret, as his contribution to scientific knowledge is considerable. From his condition at the end of the fast, it may be now accepted as a fact, that a man who never eats must ultimately die of starvation.

We understand that the proceeds of this wonderful exhibition of pluck and endurance are sufficient to make a handsome dividend for the shareholders an absolute certainty.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAVALRY EXPEDIENTS.—The startling announcement that appeared a few days since in the papers, to the effect, that from the Official Returns at the War Office it seems that for 18,000 men there are only 11,000 horses available, certainly justifies you in your suggestion that the Cavalry Regiments in Her Majesty's Service should at once be supplied with Four-Wheeled Cabs. In this way, a seat could be provided for every cavalry soldier in the Army; and as there would, instead of a deficiency (for four Dragoons, Lancers or Hussars, could ride in one cab), positively be a surplus of cattle, an extra horse could be strapped on to the top of each vehicle. This animal, in the case of the one in the shafts being disabled in action, could be hauled down and put in its place. The Cabs might be iron-plated and so offer the advantages of increased protection to the gallant soldiers inside. A charge of "four-wheelers" would, as you suggest, be certainly a striking if not imposing sight, and as they drew up on the field of battle, and discharged each their freight of four, they would certainly surprise a foreign foe. Anyhow this seems the only method, with the present limited supply of horses, of bringing the English Cavalry Soldier, mounted, into action.

AT SEA IN AN EASTER EGG-SHELL.



ALL at sea in an (Easter) egg,
Like a Witch of the good old days!
What is it moves you, my *Puck*, I beg?
Say, is it purpose, or simple craze?
There is *nous* and pluck
In our modern *Puck*,
And many admire him, and some wish him
luck;
But the Men of Gotham reached no good goal

By going to sea in an open bowl.
The business of brewing storms may do
For a Witch, my GRANDOLPH, but scarce
for you,
And the Petrel-part, played early and
late,
Must spoil a man for a Pilot of State.
The knowing Nautilus sets her sails
In a way to weather the roughest gales;

But an egg for bark, with an imp for crew,
To navigate Politics' boundless blue,
Looks crank and queer;
Drifting comes dear—
It may pay for a day, but scarce for a year.
A Puck-like sprite it may please to see
"All things befall preposterously."
But pure perversity soon out-peg,
GRANDOLPH, "as sure as eggs is eggs!"

ALL THROUGH LONDON FOR A SHILLING.—The Fine Art Society in Bond Street, has a marvellous exhibition in the London-pictures by HERBERT MARSHALL—he ought to be called for ever afterwards the City Marshall—so well does he understand all moods of our great city, so admirably can he translate every phase of its atmosphere,

and each subtlety of its colour. Just a hundred pictures this clever artist shows, and everyone is a portrait of an old friend. This Gallery is the very place to take country cousins to. Just turn them loose here for a couple of hours, and they will get a better idea of what London is really like, than if they stopped in the Metropolis for a month.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

(Not without a Precedent.)

YESTERDAY Her Majesty's First Class Battle-ship *Blunderer*, her extensive repairs having been nearly completed, received her full complement of men and stores, and proceeded up Channel, to try her two strengthened but bent old muzzle-loading 79-ton guns, ringed and bound on a new principle. Some apprehension was expressed that the discharge might, owing to her high free-board, possibly do some serious damage to her hull—a fear which happened to be only too well founded; for though fired at an elevation of 97, the first shot carried away the davits, fore-castle, bridge, life-boats, gunwale companion and larboard marling-spike, the water pouring in, literally in volumes, through the shrouds, and rapidly extinguishing the fires. Further progress being difficult under the circumstances, the Captain, acting under the advice of the Civil Experimental Director of the Admiralty, thought it unwise to continue the test without a further thorough overhauling of the ship, and she was in the course of the afternoon towed back once again to the repairing-yard. No astonishment was expressed at the result of the experiment. It is satisfactory to know that it is estimated roughly that the cost of the damage effected by the one tentative shot will not exceed £14,900.

The *Sluggard*, Coast Defence Seventh Class Armoured Cruiser, having had the boilers from the



A TRUE VOCATION.

She (after many vain attempts at conversation). "AND IS THERE NO SUBJECT IN WHICH YOU TAKE AN INTEREST?"
He. "YES. CRIMINAL LAW!"

old *Phlegethon* fitted to her new triplerevolving expansion engines, made her experimental trip over the measured mile yesterday afternoon, under forced draught. Somehow, the speed realised under the circumstances, appeared to disappoint the experts who had come to take note of the proceedings, for though the captain gave the order "to pipe all hands to sit on the safety valve," and himself by putting his own cabin furniture into the furnaces, managed to set both the smoke-stacks on fire, only 5.08 knots could be got out of the ship. This, under the existing conditions, was considered "bad going," and it is probable that if the *Sluggard* has to be attached, as it is stated she is to be, in time of war, to a flying squadron in the Pacific, she will have to be supplied with another set of boilers, a more powerful engine, and possibly a new hull. The authorities at the Dockyard, it is stated, are taking the matter under consideration, with a view to the application of one or more of these remedial alternatives.

Her Majesty's First Class Battle-ship, *Hamilton*, has received the second of the four 75-ton guns that are to complete her armament. It is confidently hoped that if the same satisfactory rate of production can be maintained, she will be nearly ready for active service at the end of the year after next.

THE FIRST SWALLOW!—Look out for it! It will be a rare sight! Quite enough to "make" a summer at the Aquarium, when SUCOR takes his first mouthful at a square meal.

A (PITCHED) OUTING.

Monday.—Start off in the coach we've hired, for a week's jolly Easter coaching trip in Southern counties. Just read "leader" in *D. T.* on subject, and letter from "MACLISE" saying that he did it with twelve friends, and total cost only one pound a head per day!

Lucky to have secured such a good amateur whip as Bob to drive our four-in-hand. Don't mind a pound a day—for one week. Original, and rather swell way of taking a holiday. Lovely warm day when we start. Should say, when we're off, only word "off" suggests unpleasant possibilities.

Tuesday.—Only did ten miles yesterday. Ought to have covered twenty-five. Provoking! Bob didn't seem accustomed to the reins. Said they were "a rum lot, and he'd never seen any like them before." Got them entangled in legs of off hind horse (think this is what he's called), and it took an hour, and the help of five wayfarers (down near Putney), to disentangle them. Each of the five demanded (and got—to save a row), half-a-crown for the job. Bob rather sulky. We had to put up for the night at a country inn, somewhere beyond Raynes Park. Gentlemen of party slept on kitchen floor, among suburban black-beetles. Pic-nicky, but would have preferred beds.

To-day start very early, without breakfast, as resources of the country inn exhausted. Do thirty miles without accident. Rather nervous work, because one of "leaders" (unlike "leader" in newspaper) shies at everything it meets. Bob half flicked the eye out of a man in passing through Guildford—awful row! Row only ended by a five-pound note as compensation. Bob says we shall all have to subscribe. Expenses mounting up.

Wednesday.—Frightfully cold East wind. Is this enjoyment? Wish I were in a snug railway carriage. Ladies of party retire into inside of coach. Very selfish!

Thursday.—Bad cold from yesterday. And to-day it's snowing!

Thank Heaven—only a week of it! Bob wants me to drive! Says he feels he's in for influenza. Real fact is that we've got into nasty hilly country, and Bob's rather afraid of horses bolting. Find now that he's never driven anything but a donkey in a low pony-carriage before! Isn't he driving donkeys now? Time will show.

Friday.—Much too cold and wet to go on. Hurrah! Nice country hotel, but charges awful. Proprietor doesn't often have a coaching party billeted on him, and is determined to make most of it. Evidently believes we're millionaires. Stupid of Bob to do this sort of thing.

Saturday.—Off—I mean, on—again! Cost so far, has already risen to two guineas a day per head, and as four of party have deserted us and gone back (by train) to Town, expenses for return journey likely to be still heavier.

Bob at breakfast, gives us the "straight tip"—says he's going to "tool us back to Town in one day—only forty miles." Delighted at prospect. To carry out his programme, Bob has to get extra speed out of horses. Result—he gives us all the "straight tip"—down near Horsham—into a neighbouring field!

A wheel off! Horse disabled! Telegraph to owner to come and fetch his coach; we go back (dejectedly) by rail. Bruised all over. Expenses enormous. Give me a jolly week in Paris next Easter!

AN "INDIGNANT ONE" writes:—"Sir—our house is infested with mice. Seeing a gentleman's name in the *Times* with the words 'Mus. Doc.' after it, I sent to him. If I had wanted to have a horse cured, and had seen '*equus doc.*' after somebody's name, I should have acted in the same manner. I have sent three times and obtained no answer. If I do not hear from him by to-night's post, informing me why he does not come and give me a prescription for curing this plague of mice, I shall publish his name and address as an impostor, and the sooner he drops the 'Mus. Doc.' the better." [We publish the grievance. Our Correspondent is too learned. Let him call at the Royal Academy of Music.—Ed.]

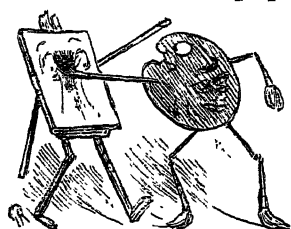


THE TRIVIAL ROUND.

Being the Utterances of Mrs. Jabberly Jones on Show Sunday.

[NOT INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION.]

WELL, there, my dear child, it's no use making a fuss about it—one must *do* it, and there's an end of it! People in our position ought to be ready to make some sacrifice for Art. I ordered luncheon half-an-hour earlier on purpose. Last year I only did thirty studios, and I want to do *much* more than that this afternoon, if I can. Of course, I know I shall be a perfect wreck tomorrow, but one expects that. I do wish Artists wouldn't live in such out-of-the-way places. I'm sure CHANDLER is out of temper already—I can tell by the way he is driving. Yes, this will do nicely, CHANDLER; we will walk the rest. Quite a string of carriages, you see. It would *never* have done to have left Mr. MELBURY



out! No, he didn't exactly send me a card, but I've met him somewhere, and that does quite as well. Oh, my dear, it will be all right; keep close to me, and you needn't even open your lips. Very tastefully decorated, isn't it? *Eccentric*, of course, but they're all like that. Such a mass of azaleas. I daresay they're only hired for the Sunday, you know, but a very charming effect. Straight on to the studio? Thank you, I know the way perfectly. How are you, dear Mr. MELBURY? I couldn't dream of leaving you out, you know. My daughter. Thanks; but I can see beautifully where I am. Oh, of course I recollect the subject. How clever of you to choose it, and *how* originally you've treated it, too! *Not* for the Academy? Why, surely they'd never reject that! Oh, because of the glass? I see. Well, I think all pictures ought to be glazed, myself—such an improvement. Good-bye, such a pleasure to have seen it; so many thanks. EUGENIA, dear, you must really tear yourself away. So many places to go to; good-bye, good-bye! . . . Well, to tell you the truth, my dear, the glass got in the way, and I've no more idea what the picture was about than you have. Still, I'm very glad we went in, all the same. Now where shall we go next? Most of the people seem going into that studio across the road, so there's sure to be something worth seeing there. No, I don't know whose it is, but what *does* that matter? they're always glad to see you on Show Sunday. . . .

EUGENIA, my dear, I don't like to see you putting yourself forward so much at your age. Of course I knew as well as you did that it wasn't JAMES THE FIRST that MONMOUTH rebelled against, though I'm not in the school-room. It's not at all pretty of you to correct your mother in that ostentatious manner, and don't let it occur again. There, you needn't say another word. We'll just pop in here for a minute, and then we must drive on somewhere else. I wish I could see you taking more interest in Art, EUGENIA. I thought you would enjoy being taken out like this! . . . Well, yes, I think we will have just a cup. . . . Good-bye—thank you so much—quite the pictures of the year. Such a treat—oh, not at all—I *never* flatter. . . . By the way, EUGENIA, did we go up and see his pictures? I thought not. I was dying for a cup of tea, and so, and then, meeting Mr. HOLLAND PARK in the hall like that, I naturally congratulated him. Oh, nonsense—we can't go back now—we shall see them some time, I daresay. I wish I could get CURLENDER to send me up some of that pretty pinky-coloured cake for my afternoons—it was really *quite* nice. If I had only thought of it, I would have asked Mr. PARK how it was made. And *what* becoming caps those maids had on! Models, no doubt. Drive as fast as you can, CHANDLER, it's getting so late. Quite the other side of London—the poor horses, and on Sunday, too!—but it's a little education for you, my dear. . . .

Look at the carriages—such grand ones, too, most of them; but I've always heard he's a man of extraordinary talent. . . . Mrs. and Miss JABBERLY JONES. . . . How do you do? . . .

Quite a distinguished gathering, wasn't it, EUGENIA? So pleasant coming across dear Lady HIGHENIFF like that. Your father and I met her in the Riviera, you know. She knew me directly I introduced myself. That's one thing about Art, it *does* bring you into the very *best* society. No, I can't say I cared much about his pictures this year—portraits are so very uninteresting, you know—they tell you nothing, unless you happen to know the people, and *then* you never recognise them. I thought all his were dreadful. Oh, I know I said I should expect to see them all hung on the line—but what of that? One can't be perfectly candid in the world, my dear, much as one would wish to be. *What* is that you're saying? "On the Hanging Committee this year?" How can you possibly know? "You heard him say so?" Then you ought to have stopped me, instead of standing there like a shy school-girl. Not that he would think I meant anything by a remark like that—why *should* he? I'm sure I *tried* to say everything that was pleasant!

I hope I am the *last* person to practise insincerity, my dear,—it's a thing I have the greatest *horror* of. Only one doesn't like to hurt people's *feelings*, don't you see? One can only just *hint* that a picture isn't quite—especially when one doesn't pretend to know much about it. Not that I am incapable of speaking out when I feel it my duty. If one sees where a little improvement would make all the difference, one *ought* to mention it. And Artists are so grateful for suggestions of that kind—they like to know how it strikes a perfectly fresh eye. I remember telling the President last year that one of his figures was just a *little* bit out of drawing, and that the folds of his drapery didn't hang right, and he bowed most beautifully and thanked me—but when I came to see the picture exhibited, I found he hadn't altered it a bit! So it really is hardly worth while speaking plainly—painters are so very opinionated.

What a long way it is to Mr. FITZJOHN's to be sure, and the afternoon turning quite chilly—don't take *all* the rug, my dear, *please*!

Oh, don't apologise, Mr. FITZJOHN—quite light enough for me, I assure you. Thank you, I will sit down, we've been seeing pictures—good, bad, and indifferent—all the afternoon, so *fatiguing*, you know, so many ideas to grasp. I don't mean that that's the case with *your* pictures. . . . Yes, very nice, charming. Let me see, didn't you exhibit the large one *last* year? No? Ah! then it's my mistake, I seem to have seen it so often before—a favourite subject with Artists, I suppose. So difficult to hit on anything really original nowadays. But I daresay you despise all that sort of thing. Well, goodbye, I mustn't keep my coachman waiting any longer.

Perhaps, I *was* a little annoyed, my dear, never offering us a cup of tea or anything, after coming all that way, but I don't think I showed it, *did* I? Yes, I *am* rather tired, and I really think that if it wasn't that I can't bear disappointing people, I should turn back now. But we must just drop in on that poor little Mr. HAVERSTOCK, now we *are* so near. The poor man was so anxious that I should see his pictures—we needn't stay long.

There, Mr. HAVERSTOCK, you see I *haven't* forgotten! though we're rather late, and we shall have to drive back directly to dress—we're dining out this evening, you know. What a nice studio! small, of course, but then you don't want a large room, do you? What a quantity of pictures! How you must have worked! If you send in so many, one of them's *sure* to get in, *isn't* it? Still, I should have thought that if you had painted only one or two, and taken great pains with *them*, it might—oh, most of them are your friend's? and only *these* two yours? Well, no doubt you are quite right not to be too ambitious. Why, this is quite charming—really *quite* charming, isn't it, EUGENIA? Oh, I quite understand it isn't *yours*, Mr. HAVERSTOCK. I suppose your friend has been painting much longer than you have? No? *really*? Younger, is he? but some people have a natural turn for it, haven't they? Have you had many visitors this afternoon? Ah, well, they will come some day, I daresay. Now I'm going to be very rude, and make a suggestion. Perhaps if you burnt one or two pastilles, or those Japanese joss-sticks, you know,—they're quite cheap—you'd get rid of some of the smell of the paint and the cigarettes—or is it *pipes*? Oh, I don't mind it, you know, but some do. . . .

Poor dear fellow, I'm afraid he'll never get on. And *what* a pig-stye to paint in! Well, I'm glad I've done my duty, EUGENIA. Mind you remember all the places we've been to. Home, please, CHANDLER.

ROBERT'S COMMISHUNS.

I AIN'T bin quite so owerwhelmed with my various Comishuns from my lucky winners on the Boat Race as I hexpected to be, but the werry smallest on 'em is allus welcome.

I rayer think as "S. B." who enclosed me a Post Order for 1s. 6d., must have bin mistaken as to the price of my Book, which it is 2s. 6d., so with that and the thruppence for Postage, I didn't git much out of "S. B.," but I thanks him for his kind intentions.

The Gent who wrote from Tattersall's, and sined hisself "THE RIVER PLUNGER," and enclosed me two bad harf-crowns, I must leave to his hone cowardly consence, and the arrowing reflexun that he werry nearly got me into trubbel when I tried to pass one on 'em at our nayburing Pub. Luckily, my rayer frequent wisits to that most useful mannerfactory has made me werry well known there, so I was aloud to correct my littel mistake.

The last letter which I has jest received is as follers:—

"GOOD OLD BOB!

"COLNEY HATCH, April 1st.

"I WON 2 tenners on the Boat Race, thanks to your straight tip, one on Cambridge, and one on Oxford, so I enclose you your Commission of 20s.

Yours truly,

UNCLE DICK."

Wood it be beleaved, the check was drawn upon Thames Bank! But there, I must dress for my purfeshnal dooties.

ROBERT.



MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

AUCTIONEERING.

"*Elegant Queen Anne Cottage*;" i.e., Delightful—if you could only live entirely in the porch.

"*A Bijou Residence*;" i.e., Last occupant was a lady, with tastes as dubious as her character.

"*A First-class Family Mansion*;" i.e., Two large reception-rooms, and the rest kennels.

"*An Eligible Suburban Residence*;" i.e., A stucco box, with two bay-windows, a slate roof, and a romantic or aristocratic name—"Killiecrankie," "Glaramara," or "Penshurst," for choice.

SOCIAL.

"*Let me congratulate you on that last Article of yours in the 'Flail'.*" Awfully smart, and will make some of them 'sit up' a bit!" i.e., Most malicious thing I ever read, and will make him hosts of enemies.

MUSIC.

"*I can't play without my Notes—if I'd only known*;" i.e., She should have asked me to dinner, not merely to come in in the evening. Bah!

"*Thanks very much; I'll look at my list, and see what night I've got free*;" i.e., Catch me accepting. Awfully slow party.

PLATFORMULARS.

"*I was told that the people of Furseborough were devoted to the good cause, but I never expected such enthusiasm as they have displayed to-night*;" i.e., Why the deuce don't they cheer all together, instead of clapping here and clapping there? Must try to stir them up.

"*Now you are an audience of intelligent men*;" i.e., I wish that bald-headed old fool, with a wart on his nose, would sit in a back row where I couldn't see him.

"*You have all heard the details of what took place in a certain district, not so very long ago*;" i.e., I wish devoutly I could remember the details, the name of the district, and the date. However, they don't know, so it's all right.

"*By that remark I am suddenly reminded of an incident, &c.*;" i.e., Here's an opportunity for bringing in that carefully prepared story!

"*A moral victory*;" i.e., Any electoral defeat which "sheer fudge" can extenuate, or party sophistry explain away.

EDITORIAL.

"*Regret that it's not suitable to this Magazine*;" i.e., Rot.

"*Mr. So-and-So's MS. is under consideration*;" i.e., Beneath it.

AFTER A SONG.

"*Who's that by?*" i.e., Not that I care. But I'm nearest.

IN A STUDIO.

"*Ah! THAT's a picture!*" i.e., And a thoroughly bad picture too.

IN COURT.

"*It will be within your Ludship's recollection*;" i.e., Your Ludship has been asleep and forgotten all about it.

"*As your Ludship pleases*;" i.e., Stupid old Foozle!

MILITARY.

"*Must do it for the sake of the Regiment*;" i.e., An excuse for any folly or extravagance, from keeping a pack of hounds to entertaining Royalty.

"*All our Privates (off parade) wear gloves and carry canes*;" i.e., Colonel of Militia regiment, safe in the knowledge that the Battalion he commands is three hundred miles away, thinks it wise to indulge in a little fancy portraiture.

JOURNALISTIC.

"*It is reported, on reliable authority, that at the Cabinet Council which took place yesterday afternoon, &c.*" i.e., The "authority" in question being the cook's assistant's boy, who had taken in the Under-Secretary's lunch, and had half-a-minute's confidential conversation with the office messenger on the back staircase.

"*On the fall of the Curtain, there seemed to be some division of opinion among the audience*;" i.e., A boy in the gallery hissed.

"*The Prisoner, who did not appear to appreciate the very serious, &c.*" i.e., Formula to be used in all cases of crime of more than ordinary brutality.

"*Much curiosity prevails in literary circles respecting the authorship of that very remarkable Novel, 'Flat as a Pancake.'*" (Adv't.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A Daughter's Sacrifice. By Messrs. F. C. PHILIPS, and PERCY FENDALL. For the sake of appearances, one of these authors might have sacrificed the first letter of his name, so that they could have been brought out, at a premium of course, as PHILIPS and PHENDALL, or FILIPS and FENDALL. However, this is nothing against the novel, which is a goodish sort of bad one, or a baddish sort of good one. *Virginibus puerisque?* No, the Baron thinks not; likewise the Baroness, who enjoyed it immensely and read it at a single sitting, entertains the same opinion. There is more genuine humour in some of the sketches of scenes and character, not absolutely essential to the plot, in this book, than in any of Mr. PHILIPS's previous works,—as far, that is, as I can remember. The fault of the story is the sanctification, as it were, of suicide. What is the rule with Mr. PHILIPS's heroines, as far as I am acquainted with them? "*When in doubt, take poison.*" With this reservation, the novel is thoroughly interesting, well written, too spun out, but there is plenty of exercise in it for our friend "The Skipper," who will, however, lose much of the humour of the book by the process. It is published by WHITE & Co.

In the *New Review*, Sir MORELL MACKENZIE warns smoking vocalists. This is timely in this smoking-concert time. The Merry ANDREW-RIDER-LANG-HAGGARD story starts well: may it so finish, and win by two heads. Read "MARY DAVIES at Home" in *The Woman's World*: interesting. E. A. ABBEY's illustrations to ANDREW LANG's—*encore LANG!*—comments on *The Merchant of Venice* are in his Abbeyest manner.

My faithful "Co." is employing his Easter holidays in reading "shockers." He has already been dreadfully upset by *A Society Scandal*, which, he declares, reminds him of "OUIDA" toned down with milk and water. It is by "RITA," who, as author of *Mystery of a Turkish Bath*, *Sheba, &c.*, &c. (see cover), can no longer be called a new writer. *Fair Phyllis of Lavender Wharf*, by Mr. JAMES GREENWOOD (the "Amateur Casual"), forms Vol. 39 of "The Bristol Library." It is scarcely up to the standard of *Called Back*, and others of Mr. ARROWSMITH's popular shilling publications, but is not uninteresting. Mr. JAMES SKIPP BORLASE, in *The Police Minister*, tells "A Tale of St. Petersburg." As an Irishman might say, no one could "Bore lase," so there is really no necessity to Skipp him. It would scarcely be fair to tell the plot of this thrilling narrative, but it may be hinted that *The Police Minister* is not a chaplain attached to the Court at Bow Street. The illustrated cover to *The Mynn's Mystery*, by Mr. G. MANVILLE FENN, shows a gentleman in the act of thrusting a knife into the shaggy body of Bruin, from which it may be gathered that the point of the story is a little hard to bear. But perhaps the best title that has appeared for many years is *Stung by a Saint*, which should be the sequel to a book called *Kissed by a Sinner*. My faithful "Co." has not yet had time to read this last contribution to the shilling novelties, but expects to find that the hero or heroine must be either a right-minded wasp, or a more than usually conscientious mosquito.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

The Penalties of Greatness.

BE great, my son, and in the public eye

All your life long you'll have to walk in fetters.

Gossip your daily scourge; and when you die

They'll make a market of your private letters,

And try to mix you in some mess of scandal;

'Tis question if the game is worth the candle!

LEARNING BY ART.—The Painters in Water-Colours have done good service to their Royal Institute by the exhibition of their works this season. On the whole, or rather walls, a very worthy show. "*Royal Windsor*," by Mr. KEELEY HALSWELLE, although suggestive of mist, is not likely to be overlooked. Then Miss ROSE BARTON's "*South Kensington Station*" seems to give great satisfaction to those who can identify the coloured bottles in the shop-window of a local chemist. Miss KATE GREENAWAY is well to the front with "*The Portrait of a Little Boy*" and "*An Angel visiting the Green Earth*," both of which are described by members of the "so-called" fair sex "sweetly pretty." Mr. E. H. CORBOULD's companion paintings of "*At Home*" and "*Not at Home*," are suggestive of incidents in the life of a Military Doctor, seemingly partial to wearing his uniform habitually in a house that has been presumably decorated under the direction of a heraldic stationer. The Military Doctor in the second picture is winking. Altogether the subject is unconventional.





"THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERT." ALL INFANT PRODIGES.

Picture of a Rehearsal, by One who wasn't there.

AFTER THE REVIEW.

Col. Punch loquitur:—

THE usual Compliments! Of course, of course!
If we could only thrive on casual flattery!
But praise won't raise a troop of foot or horse,
Equip a squadron, Sir, or mount a battery.
Soft words won't butter parsnips—that's
plain speech.

Circumlocution is so hard to teach!

Of course the boys behaved themselves right
well,

"As usual," so you say with great propriety.
We've heard from many a military swell
And bland civilian, even to satiety,
Similar words; but if you think that praises
Will satisfy us, you *must* think us "daisies."

Vulgar vernacular you'll please excuse,
Camp-language is not that of a Committee.
If folks conceive we muster to amuse

Cheap-trippers, or ourselves, it is a pity.
'Tis not for Easter sport we toil—and *pay*,
"Stone-broke to make a British holiday."

Pay! Yes, we're out of pocket, some of us,
More than we can, or than we will, afford.

Patriot spirit does not want to fuss,
But carpet-knight and ornamental Lord
Who for their "work" are well remunerated,
Don't know our case; 'tis time that it were
stated.

When good men are retiring, driven out
From service by extravagant expenses,
The virtues of the System you must doubt,
Or any Englishman who's in his senses.
If we are worth our salt, as you assure us,
Surely from pocket-loss you might secure
us!

Verb. sap., Ask HAMLEY; he is "in the
know,"

And he has tried—with some success—to
I know the usual fine official flow;

'Tis time the voice of rough sound sense
should reach you.

A long, harsh dieting of stint and snubbing
For patriot youth is *not* nutritious "grab-
bing."

Reviewing the Review, you say nice things;
Well, if we've done our duty, do yours
also.

Alternate verbal pats and scornful flings,
Are scarce good policy, or what I call so.
To do our duty is, of course, our pleasure,
But to be fined for doing it's hard measure.

To get ourselves equipped seems hard enough,
But lots of us are always out of pocket
By giving unpaid service! That's sheer
stuff!

If this shocks Government, I *wish* to shock
it, [on];
Because improvement hinges truth's success
And this, I think, is a sound Easter Lesson.

AN UNCHRISTIAN CAVEAT.

[AGNES LAMBERT was charged at Marylebone Police Court with stealing a purse at a Confirmation service at Christ Church, Regent's Park. Mr. E. BEARD, barrister, submitted that there was not sufficient evidence for the case to go to a jury, Mr. BEARD remarking, that the place was a church. Mr. MARSHAM retorted, "Yes; and what right had a woman like her to be there?"]

WHAT right? A largish question, learned
Sir, [mind],
Larger, perchance, than strict: your legal

Smitten with sudden anger against her
Whose face in such a scene 'twas strange to
find;

Close the Church-doors to creatures of her
kind?

Stay, Rhadamanthus! Pharisaic taste
Is no safe guide to Charity's true rule.
Beware, lest like King DAVID, in his haste,
You trust the zeal experience should school
To thought more kindly and to care more
cool.

What right? Suppose her sinner, even then
The sacred precinct hath far wider scope
Than any dwelling set apart of men.

This temple is the LORD's, from base to
cope. [Hope]

Here faltering Faith and half-extinguished
Find entrance unrebuked of Charity.

What right? E'en so SIMON the Pharisee
Might have demanded of the MAGDALEN,
And with a fairer reason. But restrain
The weariest waif from entrance to the fane
Where pure young girls come for a special
grace,

Whither the smug-faced citizen may pace,
The modish lady trail her silken skirt?

Nay, Sir, it is too arbitrary-rash,
This caveat, and with Charity must clash,
Here sinful souls and spirits sorely hurt
Find their last refuge and sole hope.

Wherefore
Against no soul that suffers close *that* door!
Let MAGDALEN look on, if so she please,
At these pure maidens. Can it injure these?
Whilst the scene's influence on her spirit dark
Not Rhadamanthus in his seat may mark.

ANOTHER "COUNT OUT."—HERBERT BIS-
MARCK.



AFTER THE REVIEW.

RIGHT HON. E. ST-NE-PE. "WELL, COLONEL,—YOU VOLUNTEERS HAVE DISTINGUISHED YOURSELVES,—AS USUAL!"

COLONEL PUNCH. "AND I SUPPOSE, SIR, WE SHALL HAVE TO PAY FOR IT OUT OF OUR OWN POCKETS,—AS USUAL!!"

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

NO. VIII.—THE INVALID LADY.

THE Invalid Lady is, as often as not, the only daughter of parents whose social position is higher than the figure of their yearly income. Nevertheless, they contrive, by means of gallant struggles, to keep on the high level of the sacred appearances. They are seen wherever smart people ought to be seen, they do everything that smart people ought to do; their Victoria is well appointed, their little house in Mayfair is prettily furnished, and both they and their servants are always well dressed. Upon the birth of the frail and solitary pledge of affection, with which fate, after passing them by for many years, at length afflicted them, their situation became almost desperate; but, by a judicious curtailment here, and a discreet omission there, they managed once more to strike a balance slightly in their own favour. Having passed their child safely through the nursery into the school-room, they combined with other parents to secure the services of governesses and teachers, under whose instruction the square pegs of knowledge might be fitted to the round holes of girlish brains. The future Invalid resented this process by frequent head-aches, which were allowed to withdraw her from her studies to the comfortable ignorance of the drawing-room sofa. Eventually, however, she was considered to be finished, and, having been carefully packed and labelled by her mother, was delivered, after a journey through two seasons, to a rich and rising Member of Parliament, who paid the carriage, and married the parcel.

And now the comforts of life, and its laziness, begin for her. For whereas her parents were forced to pinch themselves in many places, in order to assume the flush of wealth, and were unable to relax for a moment the busy society vigilance in which their daughter had to bear her part, there is, in the paradise of her new existence, a moneyed repose, which permits her, on the pretence of weariness, to cease from troubling herself about anything. This does not, however, prevent her from becoming a cause of infinite trouble to others. Her maid is worn to a shadow by the perpetual search for handkerchiefs and eau de Cologne, with which to bathe the aching forehead of her mistress. Her friends are distracted by the recital of her tales of shattered nerves, and merciless migraines; her husband finds his existence embittered by a constant change of butlers, and a perpetual succession of cooks, over whom his feeble wife exercises about as much control as the President of the French Republic over his short-lived Ministries. But, as yet, she has not attained to the full and perfect glory of the Invalid's life.

During the next five years she is still to be seen occasionally at evening parties and afternoon teas in the houses of her friends. She also becomes the mother of two children, a boy and a girl. After her second confinement she is prostrated by a slight illness, and during her convalescence she makes up her mind that life is made tolerable only by illness and the delicate attentions that accompany it. She is confirmed in this opinion by the discovery that her figure is no longer adapted to the prevailing fashion of everyday dress, and that her complexion looks better in her own room and beneath her own arrangement of curtains than in the vulgar glare of unmitigated daylight. She therefore enters with a light heart and a practically unimpaired constitution, upon a prolonged period of tea-gowns, *chaises longues*, and half-lights, and is recognised everywhere as an Invalid.

Henceforward she takes no concern in the pleasant labours or the social amenities of life. The busy hum of the great world beats outside her chamber, men and women are born, and marry and die, society may be convulsed with scandals, kingdoms may totter to their fall in a crash of wars and tumults, but the Invalid lies through the tedious days propped on pillows, and recks only of her own comfort. Her husband is raised to high office in the Government of the day, her boy plays cricket at Lord's or rows in his University Eight, her daughter grows in years and beauty, but she herself reposes, strong in the blessed luxury of feeble health, and in the impenetrable selfishness with which she exacts a minute and unswerving devotion from those who surround her.

But her life is not altogether so even chiefly passed in England. Every year with the approach of autumn she flits to the Riviera. Three slaves, her husband, her daughter, and her maid, follow humbly the triumphal procession of her invalid carriage, and thus she arrives at the charming villa where for the next few months she will hold her court. For the confirmed invalid is a more highly exalted being in Nice than in London. Whereas beneath our own dull skies there is still some merit in being robust and healthy,

in the South of France, precedence both in rank and social influence, often varies directly according to the nature and length of an illness. The Invalid Lady, therefore, is in an unassailable position, and may permit to herself slight indulgences, which in London, might wreck her career as an invalid. She establishes an afternoon for tea and ices and gossip, she attaches to herself a foreign prince, she even organises pic-nics, and enters upon a mild flirtation with a middle-aged Baronet, she reads French novels of the newest school and discusses their tendency with a long-haired lyricist who has lately published a volume of poems entitled, *Love and Langour*.



Once every winter the Invalid Lady gets up a bazaar for the benefit of the *Petites Sœurs des Pauvres*. Her husband lends his garden, her daughter writes all the letters, makes all the purchases, and, with her young friends, completes all the arrangements, whilst the Invalid Lady herself looks on in occasional disapproval of the work that others are doing. When the great day arrives, and all the company of intending purchasers is gathered together in the garden, the Invalid is drawn gently into their midst in a long, wheeled chair. She is robed in a tea-gown of exquisite taste and design, the prevailing colour of which may be the new "*Eau de Carmes*," mixed with ivory-coloured chiffons. As it is thoroughly understood that she cannot walk, her feet, which peep from under her laces, are arrayed in delicately open and striped silk stockings, and in tiny shoes, which are decorated each with a single diamond sparkling in the centre of a black bow. Thus appraised, she is wheeled slowly about, to receive the congratulations of her intimates on her charitable spirit, and on the organising power which would do a strong man credit.

In course of time her daughter marries, and leaves her. She then establishes by her side a poor but devoted friend, with whom she eventually quarrels for not speaking with sufficient respect of one of the five mortal ailments with which she believes herself to be afflicted. Death, whom she apparently courts with a weary longing, will have none of her. The hale and hearty drop off, but the invalid, querulous, weak, and hysterical, survives into a remote future, and having become a great grandmother, fades out of existence in the possession of all her faculties.

NOVEL ADVICE FROM LINCOLNSHIRE.

"Real people with splendid mothers would seldom become novelists, because their mother's love would prepare them for a safer career, or they themselves, I think, would seldom have that intense observant nature which a novelist must have. I suppose most of our greatest writers, who have not created good mothers, have been left much to themselves when they were young, either because their mothers had no sympathy with them, or because they were motherless."—"A LINCOLNSHIRE GIRL," in the *Daily News*.

THERE'S a girl away in Lincolnshire, where green is mostly worn,

Who knows all about a novelist, and all about his trade.

And, oh, ye English Novelists, repay her not with scorn,

When she says that by his mother every novelist is made.

If you fail she knows the reason, she can tell it at a glance—

You have had a splendid mother, so you never had a chance.

If your nature is observant, if your nature is intense,

If you track elusive motives through the mazes of the mind;

If you fly o'er plot and passion as a hunter flies a fence,

And leave panting mediocrity a hundred miles behind;

Why then you may be certain, though the thought may give you pain,

That your mother wasn't splendid, or your toil would be in vain.

An unsympathetic mother who neglects her baby boy,

Oh, she knows not what advantages she showers on his head.

Let her frown upon her infant and deprive him of his toy,

That's the training for a novelist who wishes to be read.

He had better have a sea-cook for his mother, or a gun,

Than one who, being splendid, blasts the future of her son.

So, ye publishers of novels, if your mills are short of grist,

Find a child whose mother loathes him, and adopt him as your own,

Give him pens and ink and paper, saying, "Write, Sir Novelist,

You are quite the biggest certainty that ever yet was known,

You may not write good grammar, or be careful how you spell,

But your mother wasn't splendid, so your books are sure to sell!"

SOME amiable Statistician has recently been computing the amount of pills taken in England annually. He has omitted "Club-Pilling." The severe committee men are, *pace* IBSEN, the real *Pillars of Society*.



*Mr. Punch's Suggestions for the
Betterment of Parliament.*

*Why walk to House of Lords
Committee Rooms, &c.
When the Electric Tramway
can be introduced? —
This can be applied all over
the Building.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT. EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF GORY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 31. — PLUNKET had his annual innings, defending Royal Palaces from attack of mob led by SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. Vote under discussion on account of Royal Palaces. SAGE been looking into matter; has come to conclusion that Kensington Palace might be turned into popular restaurant. At one time knew something about management and arrangement of Aquarium. Why not have sort of West-End Aquarium at Kensington Palace? Grounds admirably suited for merry-go-rounds and other popular devices for whiling a happy hour away. Then Kew Palace. Who lived there? GEORGE THE THIRD was, he believed, the last tenant, and during his term of occupancy His Majesty was unfortunately cracked. There were other palaces and annexes, each lent to some lady or gentleman. As they lived rent-free, SAGE thought the least they could do would be to pay the cost of repairs.

CHAPLIN, sitting on Treasury Bench, listened to this conversation with lowering brow. HER MAJESTY had but lately testified afresh to her wisdom and discernment by calling him to her councils; and yet there were men so lost to all sense of decency as to wrangle over



AMENITIES OF WAR!—AT OUR EASTER MANŒUVRES.

Captain of Volunteers and Sub. (both conscious of a Pocket Pistol, and both together). "HAVE A DROP O' SOMETHING SHORT?"
[They refresh horizontally, and feel better.]

the wages of a rat-catcher at Buckingham Palace or the turncock at Kensington. PLUNKET a little too mild with these gentry. Only let the Minister of Agriculture loose on them, and they would learn a salutary lesson. But Minister for Agriculture nothing to do in this galley. All he could do was to stand at the Bar, with hands on hips, regarding the little band of malcontents. Peradventure the sight of him might serve to bring them to a better way of thinking.

Standing there when Bell rang for Division. Beaten off at Kensington, the mob now marched down on Hampton; raiding on Hampton Court Park; clamouring for admittance for the public who paid the piper. Committee divided; Minister of Agriculture, with his breast aflame with righteous indignation strode into Lobby; doors shut and locked; CHAPLIN looking round, discovered he had been followed by remarkable contingent; There was the SAGE, and PICKERSGILL, and CAUSTON, and CREMER, and PICTON looking more than ever like "his great predecessor in spoliation, HENRY THE EIGHTH." Was it possible that he had coerced them by the glance of his falcon eye? Had they been unable to resist the moral persuasion of his presence? They had surely meant to vote against money for Hampton Court. Yet, here they were in the Lobby with him. CHAPLIN's bosom began to swell with more inflation than usual. Such a triumph rare in Parliamentary history. PLUNKET been arguing, protesting, cajoling by the hour, and had done nothing. CHAPLIN had only looked, and had drawn them into the same Lobby as himself.

Pleased meditation broken in upon by a murmur growing into hilarious shout. Unruly mob pressed around him laughing and jeering; wild with delight. Truth suddenly dawned on CHAPLIN. Had in perturbation of moment, walked into wrong Lobby. Got in with Radical mob. No way out; no help for it; Vote must be recorded against estimates, against his colleagues in the Government, against keeping up Hampton Court, and in despite of the Gracious Sovereign of whom, a short hour ago, he had been

the favoured Minister. *Business done.*—Supply. CHAPLIN votes against the Government, refusing them Supply.

Tuesday.—OLD MORALITY did great stroke of business to-day; completed it in his usual innocent-looking fashion. When House met for morning sitting large batch of votes to be dealt with; passed only two last night; same proportion of advance would leave Departments in state of pickle; money urgently needed; how to get it?

"You leave it to me," said OLD MORALITY, nodding mysteriously to JACKSON.

JACKSON left it accordingly. When House met to-day secret out. Members thought they were coming down for a morning sitting; might talk away about Votes till Seven o'Clock, let one or two pass, then go off for Easter Holidays. Found OLD MORALITY had put spoke in their wheel. In first place on Orders appeared Notice of Motion giving precedence to Government business at evening sitting, and again to-morrow.

"What's this?" says SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, starting as if viper had bit him.

"What's which?" says OLD MORALITY, blandly.

"Why," says SAGE, "this Notice of Motion. Thought all arranged that House at its rising at Seven o'Clock adjourn for Easter Recess."

"Ah, yes," says OLD MORALITY, his eyes fixed dreamily on the broadening parting of SAGE's hair. "The feathered race, as we all know, with pinions skims the air; not so the mackerel, and still less the bear. Ah, who has seen the mailed lobster rise, clap her broad wings, and claim the equal skies? As the Hon. Member says, it was arranged that we should rise at seven, and adjourn for Easter Holidays; only we must get Votes first. I am most anxious, as far as is compatible with duty to QUEEN and Country, to meet views of Hon. Members in all parts of House. That view converges, as I may say, on the holidays. Well, the holidays need not be impinged upon. We can all be off at Seven o'Clock, or even before, if we pass the Votes; otherwise must sit to-night and to-morrow. Do not expect it will be necessary; merely put down Motion



A Cabinet Minister.

as matter of precaution." Precaution served. Members not liking prospect of coming back after dinner, still less of spending Wednesday at Westminster, voted money with both hands, and by Six o'Clock Class I. in Civil Estimates agreed to.

"A wonderful man, OLD MORALITY," said R. N. FOWLER, walking off. "Only you and me, TOBY, thoroughly appreciate him. Yah, yah!" *Business done.*—Adjourned till Monday, April 14.

POLICE FUN.

(An entirely Imaginary Sketch of an Utter Impossibility.)

6 P.M.—Return to town, to find that that very afternoon my house in Bayswater has been robbed by my servants, who have all decamped. They have taken my wife's jewel-case, containing diamonds to the value of £7,000, cash-box full of securities, fifteen



gold repeaters, all the silver plate in the house, together with the dining-room sideboard, set of skittles, twelve-light gas chandelier, drawing-room grand piano, two original landscapes by TURNER, a set of family portraits, dinner service, all my clothes, roasting-jack, and the umbrella-stand. Instantly summon Policeman from over the way. Shakes his head unconcernedly, and says it is "no business" of his, and he can't go off his beat to attend to it. Hurry off to Local Office, and make my complaint. They only smile. They regard me with the languid interest that, say, a horse might exhibit were a lady to present herself in leathers minus a riding-habit. Don't know why I think of a horse—later on their presence calls to mind an animal traditionally far less sagacious, and I don't mean a mule! Feel slightly irritable, and ask them to send a Constable round at once, to see the condition of the house. They decline. Ask them "Why?" They refuse to tell me. I express astonishment, and again state my case categorically. They ask me if I think they've nothing better to do than attend to "every cock-and-bull story" that is brought to them. I get angry, and threaten them that I'll complain to Scotland Yard. They tell me if I don't shut up they'll soon finish the matter for me by "running me in" myself. I am about to point out the disgraceful character of their conduct to them, when, noticing the Inspector whispering some orders to two of his subordinates, I think it best to take to my heels, which I do, pursued by a couple of Constables, whom I manage to escape, and, jumping into a Hansom, drive to Head Quarters.

8 P.M.—Have stated my case and written it all out, as requested, "fully," twice on paper. Official says, "that will do." Ask him whether he won't telegraph to Dover, Folkestone, Newhaven and Portsmouth, to enable the Police to stop suspicious people leaving by to-night's Mails. He says, "Certainly not." I ask him "Why?" He asks me what business is that of mine? I answer that it is "every business of mine." He retorts, "Oh! is it? Well, you had best be off. You won't get nothing more out of us." Grow very angry at this, but express myself with moderation; am about to remonstrate with him, when I notice that he is also whispering some secret orders to two subordinates, and I think it best once more to take to my heels, which I do, again hotly pursued by a couple of Constables. Turning a corner, however, I fortunately manage to escape them, and finding myself opposite the door of the Detective Department, step in.

10 P.M.—Have again stated the whole of my case "fully." They think if I am prepared to pay up pretty freely, they can help me, and recommend, as a preliminary step, the despatch of ten Detectives, two each respectively to Clapham Junction, Herne Bay, Margate, Gravesend and Tooting Common. Pull out my cheque-book and arrange for this at a handsome figure. Pass the night myself in company with an eleventh Detective, in going over second-hand furniture establishments in the Mile End Road, with a search-warrant, in the hopes of coming across my dining-room sideboard and umbrella-stand, but to no purpose.

10 A.M. (Next Morning).—None of my missing property recovered, and nothing more heard of any of it. The ten Detectives, however, return from Clapham Junction, Herne Bay, Margate, Gravesend and Tooting Common, each having arrested respectively, three people, answering vaguely the description given by me of some of my servants. The whole thirty are brought to my house at Bayswater, for "identification," but as they contain among their number a Rural Dean, two M.P.'s, a Dowager Duchess, a Major-General in the Army, a celebrated Medical Man, and a popular Author, and as all are furious at what they call "a gross infringement of their liberty," I am not likely, I fear, to hear the last of it. However, let me hope, they'll do, as I have done, and call in the Police to help them. As for me, my only chance of redress seems to be to write to the papers. So—here goes!

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

(By a West-End Shopkeeper.)

THE voice of the horse-dealer's heard in the land,
The Season, it says, will be full, gay, and grand;
He is happy, and gives the most hopeful accounts.
Well, the horse-dealer rises by virtue of "mounts,"
The thing in mid-March to keep hope well alive
Was the prospect, in June, of a jolly full Drive,
The wiseacres Long-Acre stir with delight.
And oh! don't we hope the wiseacres are right!

TWO HEADS NOT BETTER THAN ONE!

THERE is not the slightest truth in the report that the following short story, said to have been written by M.M. ERCKMANN and CHATRIAN since their quarrel, will be more fully developed before republication.

MOSCOW!

Note.—This title is believed to have been furnished by M. ERCKMANN, but will probably be changed to *The Baby's Niece*, by M. CHATRIAN.

CHAPTER I. (By M. E.)

NAPOLEON regarded the burning town with a feeling of dismay. He had counted upon the ancient Russian capital as a basis of support when the time should come to retire. As he looked at the fire, luridly reflected in the snow, MARIE approached him and fell upon her knees.

"Sire!" she cried, "A boon! I ask you to save Kosmor! I beg of you my lover's life!"

The Man of Destiny gazed upon her with a cold smile, full of cruel meaning, and replied, "Life for life—you know my conditions!" MARIE gave a piercing shriek and sank into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER II. (By M. C.)

To wake again and find the sun shining brightly on her own Alsatian home! Yes, all the nonsense about NAPOLEON and Moscow had been a dream, more—a nightmare! The good *Curé* was playing with the niece of her baby brother. JULES was hard at work cutting down apples in the orchard, which were soon to become cider in the press of the farmstead.

"My Father," said MARIE, with a coquettish toss of her pretty head, "and so you think JULES too good for me?"

"Scarcely that, my daughter," replied the amiable old Priest, with a sweet, calm smile; "but I feel that you must do a great deal to be worthy of so brave a man."

"Brave?" echoed MARIE.

"Why, what do we want with bravery in these piping times of peace? Nowadays we have no NAPOLEON—all is tranquil."

"You are indeed right, my daughter," returned the old Priest, as he walked towards the chapel. "We do live in peaceful days—there is, indeed, no NAPOLEON!"

CHAPTER III. (By M. E.)

"LIAR!" shouted BUONAPARTE, coming up at the moment, at the head of the remnant of his Army. "I will soon show you whether we live in tranquil times or no!"

And, ordering up a cannon, MARIE, JULES, and the Priest were tied to the wheels.

"Mercy!" they implored.

There was a flash, an explosion, and MARIE, JULES, and the Priest were blown to atoms.

No one remained save NAPOLEON!

CHAPTER IV. (By M. C.)

YES, NAPOLEON, and one other—the Niece of the Baby! She was a fine strapping wench of twenty. Shocked by the cruel outrage committed in her quiet Alsatian home, this brave maiden seized the family blunderbuss, and fired. It burst with such violence that both NAPOLEON and herself were killed on the spot. Nay, more—thousands within miles! Besides, at this moment there was an epidemic raging, that, in one single instant, killed the Army, and all the Russians, and, in fact, everybody! There!

Note by M. E.—My honoured confrère is a spiteful pig!

Note by M. C.—My esteemed colleague is a demented donkey!

P.S. by M. E.—Pooh!

P.S. by M. C.—Yah!



At Sea with his Story.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

IN THE LANE.

Monday.—*Carmen* exceptionally excellent. Miss ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN, gifted with a light, pleasant have "*Trop de Zélie*." Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN, as *Don Jim-along-José*, did all that can be done with this weak-minded soldier. No holes to be picked in Mr. MCG.'s performance, though there was a portion of his costume that would have been the better for the attention of Signor SOANSO, the Spanish tailor. Perhaps he is one of the "Renters" of Drury Lane. The strongest and most novel situation was the entrance of a horse, which, like the old woman who "lived on nothing but victuals and drink," "wouldn't be quiet," and nearly gave poor *Carmen* fits. If it had given Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN fits—a pair of them—my previous allusion to the tailor would have lacked a tangible basis of fact. Fancy *Carmen* frightened by an ordinary horse, not even a dray-horse, of which no *Carmen* would have been afraid!

Tuesday and Friday.—*Faust*. Signor RUNCIO, as *Faust*, up to



The Garden Scene from the Lane.

the mark. Military band of soldiers returned from the wars had apparently conquered the drum of a British regiment. Signor ABRA-MOFF (good as *Mephistopheles*) showed his generous disposition by sharing his red light with *Martha* when he was talking to her.

Wednesday.—*Romeo and Juliet*, repetition of last week when the season commenced with GONOU'S masterpiece. Scenery tested the resources of some of the greatest Drury Lane successes. The pantomime in the ball-room was particularly excellent and noticeable.

Thursday.—*Mignon*, represented by charming Miss MOODY. Supported by the dullest of *Lotharios*, Mr. F. H. CELL. *Wilhelm* played by a very small tenor—in fact one who looked like a CHILD. The cast good all round, and a crowded house enthusiastic. One of the best revivals of the season.

Saturday.—WALLACE'S *Lurline* in the evening, after *Carmen* in the morning. "Troubadour" just as enchanting as he was twenty years ago. "The silver river," too, "flows on" as sweetly as ever. Good house testifies to the love we all have for home-made music. On the whole a satisfactory week from every point of view. So far—all's well.

"A SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF INEBRIETY."

(Notes by Mr. Punch's Own Reporter.)

ON the last occasion of the Meeting of the above Society a most interesting paper was read by Professor JAMES JAMBES, F.R.Z.S., describing a series of experiments to which, in the cause of Science, he had recently submitted himself. Commencing by comparatively small quantities of alcoholic stimulant, he gradually increased the doses until he reached a maximum of three bottles of Brandy and one of Green Chartreuse *per diem*, abandoning all other work during the period embraced by the experiments. After a fortnight of patient research he was rewarded by the discovery in his immediate neighbourhood of an abundance of blackbeetles, which he was unable to refer to any known species of *Orthoptera*. These were succeeded by reptiles and beasts of various kinds and colours, specimens of which, owing to their evasiveness, he much regretted to have been unsuccessful in securing. After increasing the dose to two bottles daily, he was able to detect the presence of rodents in large quantities. Subsequently these creatures assumed the most surprising shapes, while their colouring was frequently gorgeous in the extreme. He had made some brandy-and-water sketches of the most remarkable—though he had to apologise for the drawing being less accurate and clear than he could have wished, as the conditions were generally unfavourable for scientific observation. Still, they afforded a very fair idea of the principal phenomena which he had met. (Cheers.) The Professor, in concluding, remarked that he himself had never been a Materialist, and that, after the experiences that attended the addition of the third bottle of brandy and the Green Chartreuse to his diurnal allowance, he could only confess that, in the words of the Poet, there were more—many more—things

in heaven and earth than had been dreamed of in his philosophy. Some of the imps, for instance, that he had noticed on the foot of his bed, he should never forget. He must ask indulgence for any short-comings both in the manner and matter of his contribution, on the ground that he was still suffering from severe indisposition, in consequence of the ardour with which his researches had been pursued. He felt that he was still only on the threshold, but he was fascinated by the glimpses he had already obtained of the strange and wonderful things with which the study of Advanced Inebriety would make the humblest of us increasingly familiar. (Great cheering.)

The reading of the paper was followed by a discussion, in which Dr. LOSCHEN said, that he was in a position from his own experience to corroborate most of the statements in the very interesting account to which they had just listened. He thought the learned Professor had, if anything, rather underrated the dimensions of some of the snakes. He could see a particularly fine specimen at that moment under the Chairman's table, and would postpone any further remarks he was about to make.

Professor SQUIFFIE said he had not as yet brought his experiments so far as the last speakers. He was not a Naturalist himself. His line was Optics. He described some interesting cases of Double Refraction, Mock Suns, and Lunar Rainbows, that had come under his notice, before sitting down with some suddenness on the floor.

Mr. STAGGERS, F.H.S., R.C.V.S., said that most of his time had been devoted to the study of Seismatics. It was a fact not generally known that "earth tremors" were of almost nightly occurrence after eleven p.m. Some persons refused to believe that the world went round the sun, but he had seen it do so several times in the course of a single minute.

Mr. ORRERS wished to know whether any member present had formed any theory respecting the fantastic attire, particularly in the matter of head-dresses, affected by the fauna encountered in the more advanced stages of Inebriety. Why, for example, should kangaroos, especially in Piccadilly, present themselves in the bonnets usually worn by Salvation lasses? And again, what natural affinity was there between the common rabbit and a fez cap? He asked the question because it had been upon his mind a good deal of late.

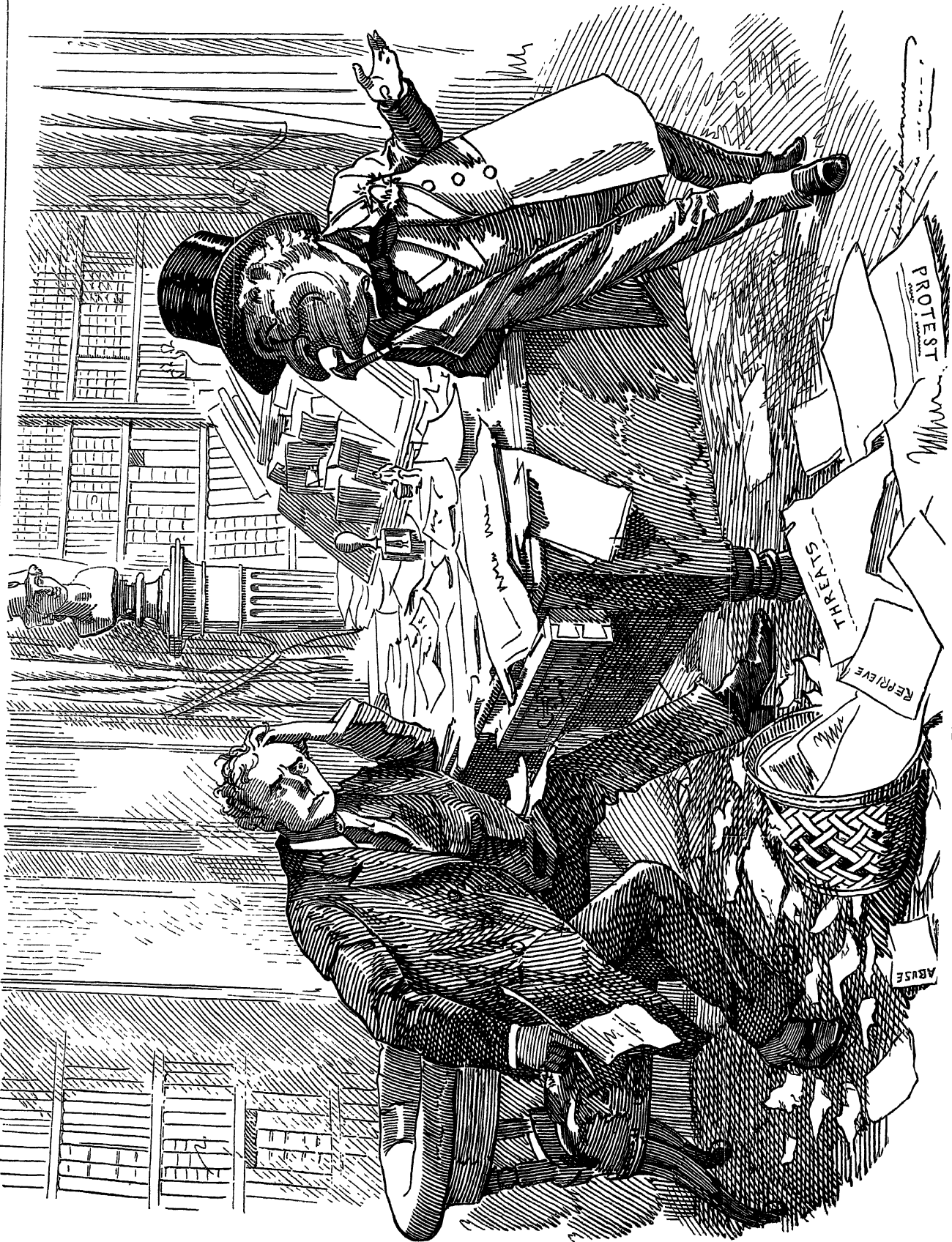
Mr. D. T. JUMPER said he merely desired to make one remark with regard to the pink rhinoceros, which Professor JAMES—or, if he might take the liberty of so describing him, "dear old JEM JAMBES"—had mentioned as having found in his bath. Speaking personally, he had never come across the pink variety of these interesting pachyderms. He had seen them green, or striped,—but not pink. Was it not just possible that his distinguished and excellent friend had been misled by some deficiency in his eyesight or the light on this occasion? With regard to imps, both blue and spotted, he could only say—but he was compelled to stop here, as he had barely time to catch the last train to his Retreat.

Mr. BOOSER said he wasn't scientific flier, like some other fliers, still he flattered himself he was flier that knew as much about Inebriety as most fliers, and if there was any flier there liked doubt his word, give him the lie—they understood what give him the lie meant—he repeated—give him the lie, why, what he wanted to know was, why didn't they have courage of their opinions? They knew where find him, and if they didn't—he knew where find them. (Uproar.)

The Meeting then broke up in some confusion, as the Chairman, having removed his boots during the proceedings, was unable to propose the customary vote of thanks to Professor JAMBES, who left the hall in a state of considerable excitement in consequence.

THE Art Kaleidoscope may undoubtedly be found at 160, New Bond Street, where the Messrs. DOWDSEWELLS are everlastingly giving it a turn. Before you have time to get tired of one show, the turn is made, and another reigns in its place. Yesterday it was Royal Berkshire, to-day it is pictures principally of the French School. There are some fine works by COROT, which, however, did not justify a weak-minded critic in calling the show "the Corotid Art-ery." Also examples of MONTICELLI, SEGANTINI the Italian, DAUBIGNY, TROYON, MUHRMAN, and other notable painters.





THE ONLY REMEDY.

Home Sec. "OH, DEAR! OH, DEAR! WHY LEAVE IT TO ME!" Mr. P. (*sympathetically*). "WHY, INDEED? BUT I DON'T SEE ANY HELP FOR IT TILL WE GET A COURT OF CRIMINAL APPEAL."

THE ONLY REMEDY.

PITY a poor Home Secretary!
 Verily
 His days are hard, his nights
 can scarce wag merrily;
 But of all burdens on his
 mind distracted,
 Greatest must be that dread
 responsibility
 Where sense of justice wars
 with sensibility.
Punch hardly thinks the
 two have interacted
 This time with quite ideal
 force and fitness,
 And that the Public doubts,
 let the Press witness!
 A loathsome story, sordid,
 brutal, sickening!
 Dull callousness to smug con-
 trition quickening
 Under the spur of an ignoble
 terror, [expression,
 A hope scarce less ignoble—in
 Atleast. Yes, calm judicial self-
 possession [ming error;
 Is difficult, most easy trim-
 But compromise with claims
 conflicting here,
 Is scarce the course of equity
 one must fear.
 The logic of it does not stand
 forth clearly;
 The public conscience fidgets,
 and feels queerly.
 Yes, to be arbiter, by law's
 compulsion, [immense,
 In such a case, with issues so
 Is hard, no doubt; the public
 common sense
 Against the arrangement
 turns with strong revul-
 sion; [must feel,
 And the right remedy, as all
 Is in a Court of Criminal
 Appeal!



EXTREMES MEET!

Hearty Luncher. "THIS FASTING IS ALL BOSH! ROBERT ANOTHER PLATE OF PORK AND ANOTHER PINT OF STOUT. I'M GOING TO SEE SUCCI THIS AFTERNOON!"

SONG SENTIMENTIANA.

(A Delightful "All-the-Year-Round" Resort for the Fashionable Composer.)

EXAMPLE III. — CONCERNING THE LOVER'S OBJECTION TO BEING HARD ON A PERSON.

I LOVE you so! I love you so!
 It's funny, but I do—
 In spite of what my parents
 know,
 And what they say, of you!
 No honest folks will near you
 go— [shrink?
 But wherefore should I
 I only know I love you so,
 Whatever they may think!
 I love you so! I love you so!
 As I have sung before—
 Although the heart you have
 to show
 Is rotten to the core!
 They say you off to prison go;
 But wherefore my dismay?
 I only know I love you so!
 I don't care what they say!
 I love you so! I love you so!
 As I will sing again.
 (In face of all the bills you owe,
 It's awfully insane!)
 What boots it that you are
 my foe?
 Should that my passion mar?
 I only know I love you so!—
 No matter what you are!
 I love you so! I love you so!
 As still again I'll sing,
 And sing a thousand times,
 although
 You stole my ruby ring!
 But what care I for suchlike
 show,
 So long as I have thee?
 I love you so! I love you so!
 That's good enough for Me!

FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE SWISS-BACK RAILWAY.

(By Our Easter Eggspérimentalist.)

I HAVE no hesitation in asserting that Lynton and Lynmouth are frequently called the English Switzerland. I have seen such an announcement made in the local Guide-books, and heard the opinion adopted by many of the inhabitants. I am inclined to think that the name is not a misnomer, for certainly the twin villages, with their miniature manor-houses and cottage-like country-seats, are not unsuggestive of a German box of toys. But there is very little of the foreigner in the inhabitants. Rarely have I seen so much enthusiasm exhibited as on the occasion of the opening of the Cliff Railway, an event which came off on Easter Monday. The conveyance in question was suggestive of the Switchback, or perhaps of the Swissback, when local surroundings are taken into consideration. The inaugural programme was a long one. We had a procession, with some eccentric mummers garbed as "Ancient Foresters," an opening ceremony, with a Royal salute, fired by three Coastguardsmen, a banquet at the Valley of Rocks Hotel, life-boat exercise, and, finally, a grand display of fireworks. I took part in every function. I applauded the Ancient Foresters, in white beards and brown heads of hair. I was the earliest to use the railway. I made a speech at the banquet, I helped to man the life-boat, and, finally, I was the first to cry "O-o-o-o-h!" at the initial rocket of the grand display. So I think I may be allowed to say that I know something about the place and its inhabitants. *Inprimis*, Lynton has an excellent hotel, in the shape of the one to which I have already referred. Secondly, it has a great benefactor in the person of worthy Mr. NEWNES, M.P., the genial and clever Chairman of the Cliff Railway Company. Thirdly, the loveliness of the scenery is greatly enhanced by the fact that practically there are no residents (probably not half a dozen) in the neighbourhood. It is true that there is a villa here and there, but none of them is large enough in itself to spoil the effect of the rocks, the cascades, and the mountain passes. I admit that when I went to Lynton I was under the impression that I was going to take part in the inauguration of some score miles of

railway, opening out a new route to the Far West. That this was an erroneous idea was more my fault than my misfortune. After trying on foot an ascent from Lynmouth to Lynton, I came to the conclusion that this line of railway was of far greater importance than any other in existence. That the track was rather less than a thousand feet, instead of being rather more than a million miles, I considered merely a matter of detail. Should it be necessary some day to dispense with the coach-journey from Barnstaple to Lynton—a journey which, on account of the exercise in which the travellers are encouraged to indulge on foot, must be of the greatest possible benefit to their health—why then the railway could be extended from point to point. All that would be required would be proportionately computed additional capital. The formula would run as follows:—If 900 feet of railway from Lynmouth to Lynton costs so much, 18 miles of railway from Lynton to Barnstaple will cost so much more. The simplest thing in the world! And with this practical suggestion for the future I conclude my report, with the observation that the twin villages of Lynton and Lynmouth deserve the greatest possible prosperity. Nature, represented by "Ragged Jack," the "Devil's Cheese Wring," and Watersmeet, is lovely beyond compare; and Art could have no better illustration than that furnished by the unsurpassed resources of the Valley of Rocks Hotel.

HUGHIE AND REGIE.—"On what sort of paper should a fellow who's awfully gone on a gal, don't-ther-know, write to his mash, eh?" "Why—on—*papier mashé*, of course." "Thanks awfully." (Goes off to get some.)

"It's going to rain to-morrow," said Mrs. R., confidently—"I am sure of it, because I always read Professor BEN NEVIS's remarks in the *Times*. What a clever man he is, and how useful!"

NOMENCLATURE.—Isn't it the place *par excellence* where umbrellas and waterproofs are in request? If not, why call it, Hayling Island?

"IN THE KNOW."

(By Mr. Punch's Prophet.)

THE collapse of *Gasbag* can have surprised no careful reader of these columns. His public performances have been uniformly wretched, save and except on the one occasion when he defeated *Ranunculus* in the Decennial Pedigree Stakes at Newmarket last year, and any fool could have seen that *Ranunculus* had an off hind fetlock as big as an elephant's. That comes of training a good horse on Seidlitz powders and bran-mash. The muddy-minded moon-calves who chatter in their usual addle-pated fashion about the chances of *Jimjams*, ought to deceive nobody now that their insane folly has been exposed by me for about the thousandth time; but the general public is such a blathering dunderheaded ass that it prefers to trust itself to the guidance of men like Mr. JEREMY, who knows as much about a horse as he does about the Thirty-nine Articles. If *Jimjams*, with 9lbs. advantage and a thousand sovereigns of added money, could only run a bad second to *Blue Ruin*, who, on the following day, romped in from *The Ratcatcher* in a common canter,—*The Ratcatcher* having simply spread-eagled *The Parson* over the old D. T. course, when the ground was as heavy as Rotten Row in April,—how in the name of common sense can *Jimjams* be expected to show up against high-class yearlings like *Ballarat* and *Tiffyoff* on the Goodwin Sands, T. Y. C.? The whole thing is only another instance of the hare-brained imbecility and downright pudding folly with which the cackling herd will follow any brazen-headed nincompoop who sets up to advise them on turf matters. *Jimjams* has just as much chance of winning this race as Mr. JEREMY has of being Archbishop of Canterbury. *Verb. sap.* At any rate my readers will not be able to reproach me with not warning them in time.

The latest rumour is that *Mrs. Grundy* has gone lame after her trial with *The Vicar*. As I always predicted her break-down, I cannot say I am surprised, though I must own I should like to know what the pestilential pantaloons think of themselves who have been for months advising us to invest our money upon her. All BOOZING BILLY's stock have come to grief, sooner or later. I thought Lord SORTED was a fool to give £5,000 for such a mangy-coated weed as *Mrs. Grundy*. Now I know it.

Those who want a good thing ought to keep their eyes on *Toothpick*. When he met *Pepperpot*, at a stone less than weight for age, with a baby on his back, at Esher last year, the betting being then 20 to 7 against the *Harkaway* filly, he showed what his true form was. *Pepperpot*, of course, is a rank impostor, but a careful man might do worse than put a spare threepenny-bit on *Toothpick*, who always runs better in a snow-storm. As for *Dutchman*, everybody knows he's not a flyer, and only a man whose brains are made of fish-sauce could recommend him.

"WANTED a WORD!"—Lord BURY wants a word to express electric action. Anything Lord BURY deals with should be of grave import. Attempting to find a new verb is quite an undertaking—to BURY. How would "bury" do? "We buried him;" meaning, "we electrified him." "We went along Bury well;" meaning, "the progress caused by electricity was satisfactory." "We 'Buried along' at a great rate," and so forth.



ANY EXCUSE BETTER THAN NONE.

Cautious Customer. "BUT IF HE'S A YOUNG HORSE, WHY DO HIS KNEES BEND SO?"

Dealer (reassuringly). "AH, SIR, THE POOR HANIMAL 'AS BEEN LIVING IN A STABLE AS WAS TOO LOW FOR 'IM, AND 'ES 'AD TO SPOOF!"

them with small shot—to adopt Sunday instead of Saturday as their day of devotions, but hitherto without success. You may think the above worth publishing. It is quite true.

Yours, &c., LONGBOW.

SIR,—Here is a fact which beats "W. H. W. H.'s" rook story hollow. Rooks are keen politicians. I once saw an assembly of them—I don't know if it was the local Caw-cus or not—divide into two portions, one going to one tree, another to another, and then two elderly rooks went round, and counted both batches. After the counting was over they returned from the lobbies, and business proceeded as before. I have seen the closure very effectually put on a talkative rook.

Yours, VERACITY.

SIR,—I can confirm these tales of animal Policemen in every particular—indeed, I am able to add to them. I have often seen a couple of tom-tits, on leaving their nests for an outing, put a tom-tit constable on guard till they came back. But here is a still more remarkable circumstance. On one occasion several other tom-tits wanted to rob this deserted nest, and they actually came up to the constable and put something in his claw, after which he looked the other way while they were rifling the nest. *They had bribed him!* Comment is superfluous.

Yours, KEEN OBSERVER.

Grandolph's Logic:

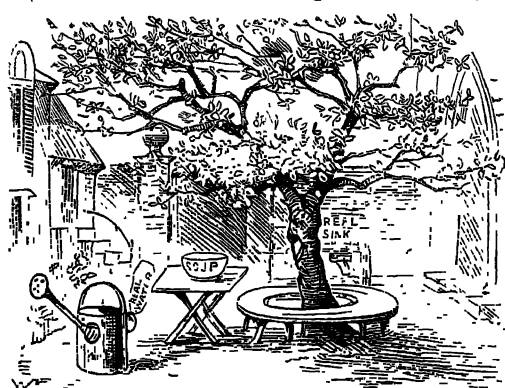
YOUR Purchase Bill is bad from top to toe—
Drop it, dear boys, then to the country go,
And say 'twas through Gladstonian ill-will
It lost that blessed boon, your bad, bad Bill!

LIVING AND LEARNING.—Sir, from a paragraph in *The Times* about the Newfoundland Fisheries, I gather the existence of "Lobster Factories." Never knew this was an industry. Had always thought that Lobsters, like poets, were born, not made.

Yours, A NATURALIST.

L'ABBÉ INCONSTANTIN PARSONIFIED.

THE first impression of *A Village Priest* is that, in one respect, Mr. GRUNDY has done well to choose the historical name of the execrable "Abbé DUBOIS," and bestow it on the *Curé*, who is meant to be the interesting hero of what, without him, would



The Tree at the Haymarket.

have been a sufficiently strong melodrama. The very A B C of the practice of the confessional being that everything between Priest and Penitent (even when the Penitent is impenitent) is *sub sigillo*, this Abbé can have, as the Grand Inquisitor in the *Gondoliers* sings, "No possible probable shadow of doubt, No possible doubt whatever," as to

his plain duty; and yet he demands of Heaven a miracle to show him how *not* to do it. And to this pious request comes an answer (by limelight) which demonstrates once more how the Devil can quote Scripture to his purpose.

Frankly, Mr. GRUNDY has written three Acts of a play which must have been powerful had he not extended it to five, and, had he not attempted to centre the interest on a character which, charming as an incidental sketch, is, as an essential, an excrescence. Practically the play is at an end with the finish of the Third Act. Why lug in the *Abbé Constantin*? And what an Abbé!!

Where are the familiar details? Where the ancient snuff-box, where his snuffy old pocket-handkerchief? And where the old well-thumbed breviary from which he is inseparable? M. LAFONTAINE as the *Abbé Constantin*, the man to the life, was never without the "old black book," under his arm. The Haymarket Abbé takes his meals without blessing himself, by way of saying grace, and fumbles about the heads of people who ask his benison, like an awkward phrenologist feeling for bumps. And what kind of an Abbé would he be who would tell a young girl that, "when she comes to be as old as he is, she will have learnt to doubt everything?" Is it characteristic of a French Abbé to complain of his housekeeper "lighting his fire with his sermons?" It would be quite in keeping with the type of an English Clergyman, who, as a rule, preaches from a written sermon; but not of a French Priest, who preaches without book or manuscript. No; the *Abbé Dubois* is the *Abbé Constantin* spoilt, a French *Curé* Anglicised into a pet Ritualistic Clergyman, ROBERT-ELSMERE'd-all-over by Mr. GRUNDY, and finally im-parson-ated by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE. Wasn't it Mr. BEERBOHM TREE who, years ago, created the original of the Bath-bun-eating comical Curate, in *The Private Secretary*? Well, this is the same comical Clergyman grown older, and with the burden on, what he is pleased to call, his mind of a dying scoundrel's last speech and confession. The strongest objection he has to violate his sacred trust arises from the fear that such a revelation would break the heart of an exemplary old Goody Two-Shoes, for whom he has all his life long cherished a youthful love, the thought of which, and not his supernatural vocation, has sustained him, so I understood him to say, throughout his priestly career. All very pretty and "pale young Curatey," and theatrically sentimental, but don't put this man forward as the self-sacrificing hero of a Melodrama. No; the subject is best let alone. Mr. GRUNDY seems to have rushed in where wiser men have feared to tread, and thoroughly to have "put his foot in it," all for the sake of transplanting *L'Abbé Constantin*, whom he has transformed into *L'Abbé In-Constantin*.

The piece is beautifully put on the stage, and accepting the story as worked out by Mr. GRUNDY's characters, the acting is excellent all round. There are two powerful situations, one in the First Act between the Judge's son, Mr. FRED TERRY, and the innocent victim, Mr. FERNANDEZ, admirably played; and another in the Second between Mr. TERRY and Miss LECLERCQ, also rendered with considerable power. Little Miss NORREY's shrill squeak, or scream, or whatever it is, at the end of the First Act, imperils the situation, and might be toned down with advantage, as also might her spasmodic melodramatic acting later in the piece. Mrs. TREE's is a pretty part, but not a strong one. To sum up, apart from the two situations I have cited, I should say, that what will linger in the memory of man when it runneth not to the contrary, is not the false sentiment, but the real water which fills the real watering-pot, the

blossoming apple-tree, and, above all, the stolidly-chival Mr. ALLEN as *Captain of Gendarmes*. By the way, the terrior of the presbytery is that of a small cottage. Excell The interior, representing the Abbé's sitting-room, is a large lofty Gothic cell—a regular cell—capable of holding two such p



Probable future of the ex-Abbé In-Constantin. He marries Made D'Arcay, and they come over to England and join the Salvation Army

byteries as we have just seen from outside. But there—if another lesson—never judge by appearances.

To return for the last time to the *dramatis personæ*, everyone sees this play will regret that the Author has not bestowed as much pains on the character of the *Captain of Gendarmes* as he has on maudlin water-pottering old *Curé*. The drama, after the Third Act is lugubrious. Why not lighten the general depression by bringing on the *Captain of Gendarmes* to the "*Boulangier March*," and make him as amusing as *Sergeant Lupin* in *Robert Macaire*? The piece well mounted, why should not the Gendarmes be also mounted? There are four or six of them. What an effect has been missed by not bringing them in on real horses, and giving them a quartette or a sextet *à cheval*, with a solo for the Captain! Then the Captain might know all about the murder, and he would reveal it without breaking seal—unless it were to crack a bottle—and all would end happily. As it is, all ends miserably, or would so end, but for the Captain whose last words before the fall of the Curtain, uttered in his French, are "*Ong Avong! Marsh!*" From which it may be inferred that they are going into a dismal swamp, but it is magnificent, if not *la guerre*, and this cry of the Captain has a true military ring about it that gladdens the heart of Yours ever, PRIVATE B.

A CHANT FOR THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS

[Lord DUNRAVEN is going to introduce a Bill to reform the College of Surgeons.]

Lo! they raise the gleaming scalpels, and the fearsome feuds begin!
Twixt the Members of the College that is hard by Lincoln's Inn.

College once of Barber Surgeons, but the Barbers left the Guild
To the "Company of Surgeons," by whom we are cured or killed.

And the College grants diplomas two-and-twenty inches long;
After which, in cutting limbs off, sure the tyro can't go wrong.

He can practise all the Surgeons' art and science; worded thus
Is the motto, "Arts," the College says, "*quæ prosunt omnibus*."

But unless by operations he amasses store of pelf,
It is clear the arts in question will not benefit himself.

Yet the Members are not happy, and with energy they say,
They should have a voice in choosing those who over them hold sway.

Sir MORELL MACKENZIE slashes at the College with a will;
Lord DUNRAVEN to his rescue comes with promise of a Bill.

Haply from this Æsculapian combat we may chance to see
Fairer future for the College, though the Doctors disagree.

NEWS OF THE EMINENT TRAVELLER.—Mr. STANLEY was received at Rome by the Marquis de VITELLESCHI, who gave him so "vitels," and by the Duke de SERMONETA, who gave him a sermon. How nice to be H. M. STANLEY!

FROM CERTAIN WORKING-MEN TO GRANDOLPH.—"We don't like these 'ere erpinions o' yourn, and we opes as you won't 'Old'em."



BARBERESSES.

"A CUT OFF THE JOINT."

SWISH! swish! Sweet is the sound of steel
'gainst steel

To him who's hungering for a good square
meal.

This joint is juicy, and the carver skilled,
But many plates are waiting to be filled.
The Restaurant is famed for popular prices,
A clever Cook, and oh! such whopping slices!
What wonder then that customers are
clamorous,

That appetites, of good cheap victuals amorous,
Sharpen at sight of that big toothsome joint?
The carver does not wish to disappoint;
He is no Union Bumble, stingy, truculent,
He knows his dish is savoury and succulent,
That "Cut and Come again's" a pleasant
motto,

But deal out "portions" all this hungry
Amphitryon feels the thing cannot be done,
Though he should slice the saddle to the bone
With all the deftness of a Vauxhall Waiter.
First come first serve! some claims are less,
some greater;

Some of them may secure a well-piled plateful,
Others, though the necessity be hateful,
Empty away must go. Won't there be
grumbings,
Waterings of mouths and hunger-generated
rumblings!

But the great Surplus-Joint, although a
spanker,

Won't satiate all the appetites that hanker
After a solid slice of it. Cook GOSCHEN
Of careful carving has a neatish notion,
Yet, though his skill be great, his judgment
sound,
He will not make that whopping joint "go
round."

A BABE O' GRACE.

[MR. CHAMBERLAIN says that "Mr. GLADSTONE's Home Rule Policy was conceived in secrecy, was born in deceit, and was nurtured on evasion."]

POOR Babe (whom kind Nurse C. so fain
would throttle)
Ill was thy fate, fed from the GLADSTONE
bottle!

Nurture less harsh had ROMULUS and REMUS.
Nurse C. would, oh! so gladly, "NICODEMUS
The bantling into Nothing." Yet it lives
And kicks and crows, and lots of trouble gives,
This happy Baby on the tree-top dangling
Whilst friends and foes about thy fate are
wrangling!

When the wind blows—ah! then the world
shall see

What a prophetic soul has kind Nurse C.
Its face, perchance, had been more bright
and bland

Could kind Nurse C. have "brought it up by
hand,"

As Mrs. Gargery did the infant "Pip."
Nay, there are some who on the hint let
slip

That kind Nurse C. had never wished it
slain

Had it but in another Chamberlain!

Look at Home!

GRANDOLPH says that "Local Self-Government" should precede "Purchase." Probably he may find a little "Local Self-Government" (of tongue and temper) necessary to enable him to "purchase" the continued support of the Voters of South Paddington!

EXIT IN FUMO.

[The birthday gifts from the Emperor to Prince BISMARCK include, besides his portrait, a long and valuable pipe.]

O SOLACE of sore hearts, soul-soothing pipe!
Was ever trail-exhausted Indian,
Tired mariner, or hungry working-man,
Or sore-tried toiler, of whatever type,
More needed comfort from thy blessed bowl
Than brooding BISMARCK in his exiled
hour?

He who, when storms about his land did
lour,
Faced them, and rode them out, and to the
goal

Of glory, and to safety's haven brought
His mighty charge! Memories of foes
outfought,

And rivals out-manceuvred, stir his soul,
His strong stark soul, as there he sits and
shrouds

That granite face in thick tobacco-clouds
Blown from the "long and valuable" gift
Wherewith a grateful Master's genial thrift
Rewards the service, "long and valuable,"
Of such a Servant! Later time shall tell
The tale of that strange parting, of the
schemes

That set asunder autocratic youth
And age, perchance, imperious. But, in
truth,

Wise age discounts the worth of boyish
dreams;

'Tis well that youth, betimes, should bear
the yoke!

Maybe the Mighty Chancellor's career
Is far less like, whatever may appear,
Than the proud Emperor's plans to—end in
smoke!



“A CUT OFF THE JOINT.”



A QUIET DRIVE BY THE SEA.

A BRIGHTON BATH-CHAIRMAN'S IDEA OF A SUITABLE ROUTE FOR AN INVALID LADY.

USEFUL WARNING.

"WILL you walk into my parlour?"
Said the spider to the fly.
'Twas the money-lending spider,
And "Oh no!" was the reply.
"I've read the *Globe*, and I'm secure,
With legs and wings still free!
No buzzi-ness with you. No! Your
'Fly-paper' won't catch me."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *The Splendid Spur*, "Q." has given his Pegasus his head—Queer appearance this Pegasus with Q.'s head; but, as that's not my meaning, I must mind my P's and Q's—and has spared neither whip nor splendid spur in his wild ride. Up behind, and clinging to "Q.," we are carried onward, amid clashing of arms, booming of cannon, pealing of bells, flashing of steel; anon we stumble over rocks, tumble over cliffs, hide in secret caves, secrete ourselves, like mad Lord High Chancellors, among Woolsacks; then after fainting, stabbing, dying, crying, sighing, "JACK's all alive again," and away we gallop, like DICK TURPIN on Black Bess, and we leave girls dressed as boys behind us, and provincial JOANS OF ARC going out fighting for Church and King; and then, just as we are hanging suspended in mid-air over an awful precipice, there is a last gallant effort, and we awake to find ourselves gasping for breath, and awake to the fact that "Q.'s Pegasus" is a nightmare. It recalls memories of LOUIS STEVENSON'S *Black Arrow*, but distances it by miles,

while here and there its vivid descriptions are equal to some of the glowing pictures in SHORTHOUSE'S *John Inglesant*. The Baron hereby recommends it as a stirring work for the novel-skipper in an idle hour.

By the way, it would be difficult, to say the least of it, to prove that the slang phrase "shut up" and the Americanism "say" were never used in A.D. 1642, in the sense in which they are used in 1890, but they are scarcely characteristic of the modes of expression at that particular period.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

A SONG WITH WORDS.

(Suggestively dedicated to Lord Bury.)

Oh! tell me not that you will "clie"
When I can but "electricate,"
Or, "propelected," merely "tric,"
A distance I might well "volate."
For if to "Faradate" or "Volt"
In "motored" motion I may "glide,"
I wonder why I may not "bolt,"
When called on to "electricide."
Yet as each word I clip and splice,
I'm more than half inclined to "trice."

Let others "elk" until they're wild,
I will not "lectroceed" or "glint,"
And though their trip be "poled" or "piled"
I need not "coil," or "spark," or "scint."
No, if "electrolected" force
They use to "clash" along their way,
I p'raps might "ohm" upon my course
Or even "squirm," if "clicked" to-day.
"But no! the *Times* gives sound advice,
As matters stand, I think I'll "trice!"

OUR ADVERTISERS.

THE DON JOSÉ GIANT GRAPE GINGER BEER.—Don JOSÉ DI GOMEZ, Marquis of MAXILLO, Duke of BAGOTA, Grandee of Spain, Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Purple Alligator, G.R.M.C.S.S., &c., &c., having, owing to some recent financial losses in connection with his ancestral estates in South Patagonia, determined to listen to the advice of experts and friends, who assure him that he possesses a complete mine of wealth in the Giant Grape Vineyards, for which his Sicilian property has long been celebrated, has made all the necessary arrangements for the manufacture of a sound and serviceable sparkling Wine, which, under the title of the DON JOSÉ GIANT GRAPE GINGER BEER, he is now prepared to supply to the general public at a moderate cost.

THE DON JOSÉ GIANT GRAPE GINGER BEER.—Is a delicious light sparkling wine, soft and smooth on the palate, of a Madeira flavour, possessing a bottled stout character, and if mixed with water strongly resembling the choicest brands of Old Burgundy, Hook, and Californian Claret, shipped from the estate direct, in cases containing one dozen, at 7s.

THE DON JOSE GIANT GRAPE GINGER BEER.—This exquisite beverage is also possessed of valuable medicinal advantages, and is highly recommended by the faculty as a most successful and beneficial cough mixture.

"THE LATEST SPRING NOVELTY."—A Fine Day.



Harry Furniss

THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF-LINKS.
(A Sketch made during the Recess.)

THOUGHTS ON HIS WINE-MERCHANT.

I LOVE my Wine-merchant—he talks with a charm
That robs his most dubious vintage of harm.
And the choicest Havanas less comforting are
Than the fumes of his special commended cigar.

I'm a reticent man, with a palate of wood,
And I judge by results if a vintage be good.
But I own to the charm of my Wine-merchant's worst,
If he gives me his comforting flattery first.

He proffers me samples to praise or to blame,
And I strongly suspect they're exactly the same.
But we gaze at each other with critical eye,
And I wish he would hint if it's fruity or dry.

I want, say, a dozen of average stuff
(Though a couple of bottles were really enough),
And I enter his portals, reluctant and slow,
Resolved just to give him the order and go.

But he takes me in hand in his soothing style,
Suggests in a whisper, and "books" with a smile;
And I vainly dissemble the joy in my face
When he ceases to ply me with bottle and case.

The talk drifts away to affairs of the State,
And I ought to escape, but I palter and wait;
And he opens a box in the midst of his chat,
And asks, like a flash, my opinion of "that"?

I sniff the tobacco, and turn it about
With an air that is really of genuine doubt,
And knowing so little what judges would say,
I meekly consent to a hundred—and pay.

There's a charm, when the varied consignment arrives,
To men who are blest with amenable wives;
But I watch my AMANDA with covert alarm,
And wait till she severs the Wine-merchant's charm.



A REMINISCENCE OF LENT.

"AND DID YOU BOTH PRACTISE A LITTLE SELF-DENIAL, AND AGREE TO GIVE UP SOMETHING YOU WERE FOND OF?—SUGAR, FOR INSTANCE,—AS I SUGGESTED?"
"WELL, YES, AUNT! ONLY IT WASN'T EXACTLY SUGAR, YOU KNOW! IT WAS SOAP WE AGREED TO GIVE UP!"

MRS. R. is always instructing herself. She has been reading up legal technicalities. "The names," she says, "in some cases are so appropriate. I am informed that in a Divorce case, where the husband is the petitioner, the Judge issues a writ of 'Fie Fie' against the wife."

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

JOURNALISTIC.

"At the Duchess of Drinkwater's fashionable reunion, held last night, I noticed among the first-comers, &c.;" i.e., I got all my information, when it was over, as well as I could, from an inebriated linkman.

"What is this we hear about a certain—?" We're not certain of our authority, but can't miss the opportunity of being first in the field with the rumour of a scandal, so we put it into an interrogatory form, which can't do any harm to us.

"The greatest excitement prevails;" i.e., Two men who were not present on the occasion discuss it under a lamp-post and the influence of liquor.

SOCIAL.

"You must come and dine with me one night;" i.e., "It sounds hearty, but as a fixture I'll relegate it to the Greek Kalends."

"How well you are looking!" (to a Gentleman): i.e., "You are getting awfully stout, and must drink more than is good for you." Ditto, ditto (to a Lady): i.e., "Your figure and complexion are entirely gone."

AUCTIONEERING.

"Old Historic House;" i.e., Dormer windows, dark rooms, and the dry rot.

"High-class Furniture;" Another term for mahogany.

"Superior Ditto;" An adjective reserved for walnut.

"Solid Ditto;" When there is no other epithet possible.

"Elegant Modern Ditto;" In the gimcrack pseudo-aesthetic style.

"Handsome Ditto;" i.e., Consoles, any amount of mirrors, gilding, crimson silk, ormolu—all a little "off colour."

OF A FRIEND'S NEW HORSE.

"Ah! Well put together;" i.e., "He's screwed all round."

PLATFORMULARS.

"We have no personal quarrel with our opponents;" i.e., "They

said some dreadfully rude things about me last night. Hope one of the local speakers will give them a trouncing afterwards, I'm expected to be polite."

"I congratulate you upon the growth of your Association, and the excellent political work it is doing in this district;" i.e., "Know nothing about it, except what the pasty-faced Secretary has just crammed me with, but must butter them a bit."

"Your admirable Member, whose voice we hear only too seldom in the House;" i.e., "A silent 'stick' whose silence is his only merit."

"No words of mine are necessary to commend this vote of thanks to your good will. You all know your Chairman;" i.e., How long will that stammering idiot be allowed to preside at these meetings?

PARLIAMENTARY.

"Of course I withdraw;" i.e., "Of course I don't."

"Of course, Sir, I bow to your ruling;" i.e., "I'm sure you're wrong."

"Of course I accept the Honourable Gentleman's explanation;" i.e., "Can't tell him he's a liar!"

"When I entered the House to-night it was with no thought of being called upon to address you;" i.e., "I should have been mad if I'd missed the chance of letting off my long-stored rhetorical fireworks!"

AT A DANCE.

"May I have the pleasure?" i.e., "Wish to goodness she'd refuse, but no such luck!"

"Delighted!" i.e., "I'd as soon dance with a tipsy Mammoth."

"Awfully sorry, but I haven't one dance left;" i.e., "I've three, but if I'd thirty, he shouldn't have one, the lemon-headed little cad!"

"I think I see Mamma looking for me;" i.e., "Must get rid of the bore somehow."

A LITTLE MUSIC.

"Oh, will you play us that sweet little thing of yours in five flats?" i.e., "It isn't sweet, but it is short, which is something—with him!"

"Won't you give us just one song, Mr. Howler? I won't ask you for more;" i.e., "Wouldn't for that, if I could help it."

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-writer.)

No. IX.—THE ADVERTISING BARRISTER.

THE Advertising Barrister may best be defined as the living and pushing embodiment of self-assertion and impudence. He is not of those who by a life of steady and honourable toil attain eventually to the high places of their profession, whether at the Bar or in Parliament, without losing the respect and friendship of their fellows. These too in the race of life must pass many of the feeble runners, and force themselves by their own merit into places that others would fain have occupied, but they always run straight, their practice and their performance are disfigured by no trick, and in the end they bring their honour untarnished to the goal, and receive the applause even of their vanquished rivals. With them the Advertising Barrister has no point in common, save the robes he wears in virtue of his call. For his ambition is as sordid as the means whereby he attempts to fulfil it are questionable. He must be credited with the knowledge that his natural abilities are by themselves insufficient to assure him either fame or wealth. But he consoles himself by reflecting that if only impudence, *réclame*, and a taste for the arts of a cadger, be protected by the hide of a rhinoceros, they are certain to prevail up to a certain point against the humdrum industry of those inferior beings who hamper themselves with considerations of honour and good-feeling. It must not be understood that the Advertiser puffs himself in a literal sense in the advertising columns of the press. The rules of his profession, to which even he pays an open deference, forbid this enormity; but in the subtler methods of gaining a certain attention, and of keeping his name under the public eye, he has no equal even in the ranks of those who spend thousands in order that the million may be made happy with soap.

The boyhood and youth of the Advertising Barrister will have been passed in comparative obscurity. The merchant who relieved the monotony of a large and profitable wholesale business by treating him as a son, impressed upon him at an early age the necessity of making the family history illustrious by soaring beyond commerce to professional distinction and a fixed income. In furtherance of this scheme the son was sent to pick up a precarious education at a neighbouring day-school, where he astonished his companions by his ease in mastering the polite literature of the ancients and the vulgar fractions of Mr. BARNARD SMITH, and delighted his masters by the zeal with which he generally took his stand on the side of authority. Having, however, in the course of a school examination been detected in the illicit use of a volume of Bohn's Library, he was called upon for an explanation, and, after failing to satisfy his examiners that he meant only to reflect credit upon the school by the accuracy of his translations, he was advised to leave at the end of the term. After a short interval spent in the society of a coach, he entered a fast College at one of our ancient Universities, and, being possessed of a fairly comfortable allowance, soon distinguished himself by the calculating ardour with which he affected the acquaintance of young men of rank, and shared in the fashionable pleasures of the place. Recognising that amidst the careless and easy-going generosity of undergraduate society, he who has a cool and scheming head is usually able to tip the balance of good luck in his own favour, he lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself with those who might be of service to him. He cultivated a fluent style of platitudes and claptrap at his college debating society, and at the Union, to the committee of which he was elected after prolonged and assiduous canvassing. Having managed to be proctorised in company with the eldest son of a peer, whom he delighted by the studied impertinence of his answers to the Proctor, he eventually went down with a pass degree and a mixed reputation, and, after the orthodox number of dinners, and the regulation examination, had the satisfaction of seeing his name published in the list of those who, having acquired a smattering of Roman and English law, were entitled, for a consideration, to aid litigants with their counsel.

For the next few years little was heard of him. He read in chambers, drew pleadings and indictments, and gathered many useful tricks from the criminal advocate to whom he attached himself like a leech. During this period he also made the acquaintance of a Solicitor who had retired from the noon-day glare of professional rectitude to the congenial atmosphere of shady cases. He also struck up a friendship with two or three struggling journalists, who were occupied in hanging on to the paragraphic fringe of their profession, and who might be trusted afterwards to lend a hand to an intimate engaged in a similar, but not identical line of business. Helped by a shrewd, and not over-scrupulous clerk, he gradually picked up a

practice, a thing mainly of shreds and patches, but still a practice of a sort. At the Middlesex Sessions, and at the Central Criminal Court, his name began to be mentioned; and in a certain money-lending case it was acknowledged that his astuteness had prevented the exposure of his client from being as crushing and complete as the rate of per-centage had seemed to warrant.

Soon afterwards, one of his richer college companions, whose convictions were stronger than his power of expressing them, was selected as Candidate for a remote constituency, where speakers were not easily obtained. The glib Barrister was remembered, and appealed to. At an immense sacrifice of time and money, he rushed to the rescue, his travelling and hotel expenses being defrayed by the Candidate. He spoke much, he spoke triumphantly; he referred, in touching terms, to the ties of ancient friendship that bound him to the noblest and best of men, the Candidate; and, when the latter was eventually elected, it was stated in every Metropolitan evening paper that he owed his success chiefly to the eloquence and energy of the able Barrister who had pleaded his cause. Henceforward there was no peace, politically speaking, for the Barrister. Swifter than swift CAMILLA he scoured the plain facts of political controversy at meeting after meeting, until they glowed under the dazzled eyes of innumerable electors. Where Leagues congregated, or Unions met, or Associations resolved, there he was to be found, always eager, in the fore front of the battle. He became the cheap jackal of the large political lions who roar after their food throughout the length and breadth of the land, and picked up

scraps in the shape of votes of thanks to chairmen. He figured at political receptions, and eventually contested a hopeless Constituency, with the assistance of the party funds. Having, by his complete defeat, established a claim on the gratitude of his party, he applied successively for a Recordership, a Police Magistracy, and a County Court Judgeship, but was compelled to be satisfied temporarily with the post of Revising Barrister. Yet, though he was disgusted with the base ingratitude of time-serving politicians, he was by no means disheartened, for he had long since become convinced that the best method of self-seeking was to seek office, and to clamour if that should be refused. Finally, after having paid to have his portrait engraved in a struggling party journal, and having appended to it a description, in which he compared himself to ERSKINE and the younger PITT, he became an annoyance to those who were his leaders at the Bar, or in politics. He was, therefore, appointed Chief Justice of the Soudan; and after distributing British justice to savages, at a cheap rate, for several years, he retired upon a pension, and was heard of no more.

ROBERT'S LITTLE HOLLERDAY.

EASTER Munday I dewoted to Epping Forrest. I draws a whale over my feelings when I looked out of my bed-room winder and seed the rain a cumming down in bucket-fulls! But a true Waiter can allus afford to Wait.

"Late as you likes, but never hurly,
Seldom cross, and never surly,
The jowial Waiter gos to his work,
And enwys no Hethun nor yet no Turk!"

And I had my reward, for at 12.20 A.M. the jolly old sun bust forth, as much as to say, "it was only my fun!" So off I started by Rail, along with about a thowsand others, in such a jolly, rattling Nor-Wester, that the River Lea looked more like a arm of the foming Hoocean than a mere tuppenny riwer. But the sun was nice and warm till about 1.30, when, just for a change, I suppose, down came a nice little shower of snow! and then more warm sun, and then plenty more cold wind, and then lots of rain. So them as likes variety had plenty of it that day. And what a lovely wisdon was Epping Forest when we all got there! Ewerything as coud assist in emusing, and eddicating, and refining about a hundred thowsand people was there in such abundans that I myself heard a properioter of no less than 6 lofty swings a complaining, in werry powerful langwidge, that things in the swinging line are not as they used to be three or four years ago, for lots of the people are such fools that they achsally prefers taking a quiet walk through the Forest, to being either swung, or roundabouted, or cokernuted, or ewen Aunt-Salleyed! But the wise Filosopher will probably say, if you wants to make people happy, speshally them as don't werry often get the chance, give 'em not what *you* likes, but what *they* likes, and leave it to Old Father Time to teach 'em better sum day.

ROBERT.

LEGAL AND PERSONAL (by an envious Barrister). — Why is BUZFUZ, Q.C., like Necessity? Ans. Because he knows no law.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope. Cover or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

(CONTINUED FROM P. 145.)

No. IX.—UNDER THE HARROW.

A Conventional Comedy-Melodrama, in Two Acts.

ACT. II.—SCENE—Same as in Act I.; viz., the Morning-room at Natterjack Hall. Evening of same day. Enter BLETHERS.

Blethers. Another of Sir POSHBURY's birthdays almost gone—and my secret still untold! (*Dodders.*) I can't keep it up much longer. . . . Ha, here comes his Lordship—he does look mortal bad, that he do! Miss VERBENA ain't treated him too well, from all I can hear, poor young feller!

Enter Lord BLESUGH.

Lord Blesugh. BLETHERS, by the memory of the innumerable half-crowns that have passed between us, be my friend now! I have no others left. Persuade your young Mistress to come hither—you need not tell her I am here, you understand. Be discreet, and this florin shall be yours!

Blethers. Leave it to me, my Lord. I'd tell a lie for less than that, any day, old as I am! [*Exit.*]

Lord Bl. I cannot rest till I have heard from her own lips that the past few hours have been nothing but a horrible dream. . . . She is coming! Now for the truth! [*Enter VERBENA.*]

Verbena. Papa, did you want me? (*Recognises Lord B.—controls herself to a cold formality.*) My Lord, to what do I owe this—this unexpected intrusion? [*Pants violently.*]

Lord Bl. VERBENA, tell me, you cannot really prefer that seedy snob in the burst boots to me?

Verb. (*aside.*) How can I tell him the truth without betraying dear Papa? No, I must lie, though it kills me. (*To Lord Bl.*) Lord BLESUGH, I have been trifling with you. I—I never loved you.

Lord B. I see, and all the while your heart was given to a howling cad?

Verb. And if it was, who can account for the vagaries of a girlish fancy! We women are capricious beings, you know. (*With hysterical gaiety.*) But you are unjust to Mr. SPIKER—he has not yet howled in my presence—(*aside.*)—though I very nearly did in his!

Lord B. And you really love him?

Verb. I—I love him. (*Aside.*) My heart will break!

Lord B. Then I have no more to say. Farewell, VERBENA! Be as happy as the knowledge that you have wrecked one of the brightest careers, and soured one of the sweetest natures in the county, will permit. (*Goes up stage, and returns.*) A few days since you presented me with a cloth pen-wiper, in the shape of a dog of unknown breed. If you will kindly wait here for half-an-hour, I shall have much pleasure in returning a memento which I have no longer the right to retain, and there are several little things I gave you which I can take back with me at the same time, if you will have them put up in readiness. [*Exit.*]

Verbena. Oh, he is cruel, cruel! but I shall keep the little bonny yard-measure, and the diamond pig—they are all I have to remind me of him! [*Enter SPIKER, slightly intoxicated.*]

Spike (*throwing himself on sofa without seeing VERB.*) I don't know how it is, but I feel precious sleepy, somehow. P'raps I did partake lil' too freely of Sir POSHBURY's gen'rous Burgundy. Wunner why they call it "gen'rous"—it didn't give me anything—'cept a bloomin' headache! However, I punished it, and old POSHBURY had to look on and let me. He-he! (*Examining his hand.*) Who'd think, to look at thish thumb, that there was a real live Baronet squirmen' under it. But there ish! [*Snores.*]

Verb. (*bitterly.*) And that thing is my affianced husband! Ah, no, I cannot go through with it, he is too repulsive! If I could but find a way to free myself without compromising poor Papa. The sofa-cushion! Dare I? It would be quite painless. . . . Surely the removal of such an odious wretch cannot be Murder. . . . I will! (*Slow music.* *She gets a cushion, and presses it tightly over SPIKER's head.*) Oh, I wish he wouldn't gurgle like that, and how he does kick! he cannot even die like a gentleman! (*SPIKER's kicks become more and more feeble, and eventually cease.*) How still he lies! I almost wish. . . . Mr. SPIKER, Mr. SPIKER! . . . no answer—oh, I really have suffocated him! (*Enter Sir POSH.*) You, Papa?

Sir Posh. What, VERBENA, sitting with, hem—SAMUEL in the gloaming? (*Sings, with forced hilarity.*) "In the gloaming, oh, my darling!" that's as it should be—quite as it should be!

Verb. (*in dull strained accents.*) Don't sing, Papa, I cannot bear it—just yet. I have just suffocated Mr. SPIKER with a sofa-cushion. See!

Sir Posh. Then I am safe—he will tell no tales now! But, my

child, are you aware of the very serious nature of your act? An act of which, as a Justice of the Peace, I am bound to take some official cognizance!

Verb. Do not scold me, Papa. Was it not done for your sake?

Sir P. I cannot accept such an excuse as that. I fear your motives were less disinterested than you would have me believe. And now, VERBENA, what will you do? As your father, I would gladly screen you—but, as a Magistrate, I cannot promise to be more than passive.

Verb. Listen, Papa. I have thought of a plan—why should I not wheel this sofa to the head of the front-door steps, and tip it over? They will only think he fell down when intoxicated—for he had taken far too much wine, Papa!

Sir P. Always the same quick-witted little fairy! Go, my child, but be careful that none of the servants see you. (*Verb. wheels the sofa and SPIKER's body out, L.U.E.*) My poor impulsive darling, I do hope she will not be seen—servants do make such mischief! But there's an end of SPIKER, at any rate. I should not have liked him for a son-in-law, and with him, goes the only person who knows my unhappy secret!

Enter BLETHERS.

Blethers. Sir POSHBURY, I have a secret to reveal which I can preserve no longer—it concerns something that happened many years ago—it is connected with your birthday, Sir POSHBURY.

Sir P. (*quailing.*) What, another! I must stop his tongue at all hazards. Ha, the rotten sash-line! (*To Bl.*) I will hear you, but first close yonder window, the night air is growing chill.

[BLETHERS goes to window at back. *Slow music.* As he approaches it, LORD BLESUGH enters (R 2 B), and, with a smothered cry of horror, drags him back by the coat-tails—just before the window falls with a tremendous crash.

Sir P. BLESUGH! What have you done?

Lord Blesh. (*sternly.*) Saved him from an untimely end—and you from—crime.

[Collapse of Sir P. Enter VERBENA, terrified.

Verb. Papa, Papa, hide me! The night-air and the cold stone steps have restored MR. SPIKER to life and consciousness! He is coming to denounce me—you—both of us! He is awfully annoyed!

Sir P. (*recklessly.*) It is useless to appeal to me, child. I have enough to do to look after myself—now! [*Enter SPIKER, indignant.*]

Spike. Pretty treatment for a gentleman, this! Look here, POSHBURY, this young lady has choked me with a cushion, and then pitched me down the front steps—I might have broken my neck!

Sir P. It was an oversight which I lament, but for which I must decline to be answerable. You must settle your differences with her.

Spike. And you, too, old horse! You had a hand in this, I know, and I'll pay you out for it now. My life ain't safe if I marry a girl like that, so I've made up my mind to split, and be done with it!

Sir P. (*contemptuously.*) If you don't, BLETHERS will. So do your worst, you hound!

Spike. Very well, then; I will. (*To the rest.*) I denounce this man for travelling with a half-ticket from Edgware Road to Baker Street on his thirteenth birthday, the 31st of March, twenty-seven years ago this very day. [*Sensation.*]

Blethers. Hear me; it was not his thirteenth birthday! Sir POSHBURY's birthday falls on the 1st of April—to-morrow! I was sent to register the birth, and, by a blunder, which I have repented bitterly ever since, unfortunately gave the wrong date. Till this moment I have never had the manliness or sincerity to confess my error, for fear of losing my situation.

Sir P. (*to SPIKER.*) Do you hear, you paltry knave? I was not thirteen. Consequently, I was under age, and the Bye-laws are still unbroken. Your hold over me is gone—gone for ever!

Spike. H'm—SPIKER spiked this time! [*Retires up disconcerted.*]

Lord Bl. And you did not really love him, after all, VERBENA?

Verb. (*with arch pride.*) Have I not proved my indifference?

Lord Bl. But I forget—you admitted that you were but trifling with my affection—take back your pin-cushion.

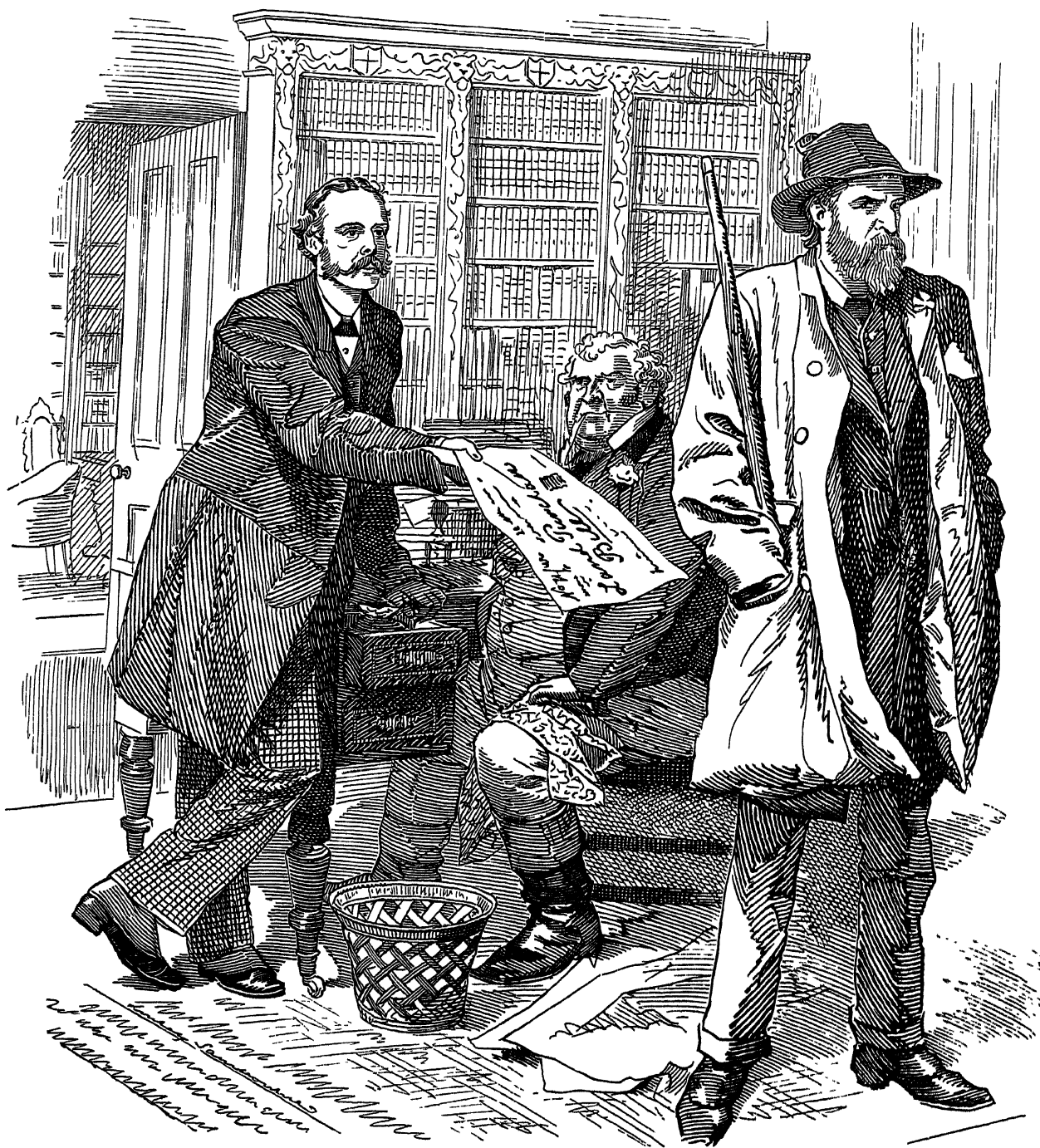
Verb. Keep it. All that I did was done to spare my father!

Sir Posh. Who, as a matter of fact, was innocent—but I forgive you, child, for your unworthy suspicions. BLESUGH, my boy, you have saved me from unnecessarily depriving myself of the services of an old retainer. BLETHERS, I condone a dissimulation for which you have done much to atone. SPIKER, you vile and miserable rascal, be off, and be thankful that I have sufficient magnanimity to refrain from giving you in charge. (*SPIKER sneaks off, crushed.*) And now, my children, and my faithful old servant, congratulate me that I am no longer—

Verbena and Lord Blesugh (together). Under the Harrow!

[Affecting Family Tableau and quick Curtain.]





BLANK REFUSAL.

B-l-f-r. "QUITE EASY TO GET THE MONEY, IF YOU'LL BACK THE BILL."

P-m-ll. "No, THANK YOU!"

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—Sir JOHN GILBERT leads off with an excellent landscape "Autumn," which is full of his best quality. The presidential key-note thus struck, seems to have been taken up by the rest of the exhibitors, for in the present show there is certainly a preponderance of landscapes. Among the most notable contributions may be named those by Messrs. BIRKET FOSTER, A. D. FRIFF, T. LLOYD, C. B. PHILLIP, HEMY, SMALLFIELD, MARSHALL, GOODWIN, WATERLOW, E. K. JOHNSON, STACY MARKS, HENSHALL, J. D. WATSON, T. J. WATSON, HENRY MOORE, CARL HAAG, Miss CLARA MONTALBA, Mrs. ALLINGHAM, and Miss C. PHILLOTT. The exhibition, though it appears to be not so large as usual, is a very interesting one.

"AN UNCONSIDERED TRIFLE."—One of the clever young men who assist in that excellent *Daily Telegraph* salad, "London Day by Day," without which, served fresh and fresh every morning, life would not be worth living, said, last Tuesday, that "the latest on 'Change is that STANLEY declares he never saw EMIN PASHA. Why? Because there's no M in Pasha." *Mr. Punch*, December 21, 1889, originated it in this form:—

A MYTHICAL PERSON: EMIN PASHA.—Why this fuss about a man who does not exist? There's no M in "Pasha."

"It's of no consequence," only, given as the latest quotation on 'Change, was not quite up to date for "London Day by Day."

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

WHAT is a "Sphere of Influence"?

Say, warlike WISSMANN; tell, pugnacious PINTO
(Whom England had to give so sharp a hint to).
The talk about the thing is now immense.
JOHN BULL, the German, and the Portuguese,
Claim each a "sphere," and that alone makes three;
But what and where are they upon the map?
And do they intersect or overlap?
One wonders what they are and where they can lie.
STANLEY flouts EMIN, EMIN rounds on STANLEY;
On Shire's shore raid Portuguese fire-eaters;
Somewhere it seems the problematic PETERS
Stirs troubles still in toiling for the Teuton.
FERGUSON's diplomatically mute on
The matter, but it scarcely seems chimerical
To say these rivalries are mostly *spherical*.
Delimitation's talked of, and indeed
'Tis needful, in the face of grabbing greed.
Perhaps a pair of geometric compasses
Might stop these rival rumpusses;
For in these "Spheres of Influence" *Punch* hears
Anything but the "Music of the Spheres."

INTERESTING NOVELTY.

LADY MAIDSTONE announces "an 8'30 o'clock" (to adapt the Whistlerian title when he did his "ten-and-sixpenny o'clock") at the Westminster Town Hall, for April 26, for the production of an entirely new play, entitled *Anne Tigony*, by a new and original dramatic authoress of the name of SOPHIE KLEES. It is, we understand, a domestic drama illustrative of Greek life. The great sensation scene is of course "when Greek meets Greek." This tragedy, we are informed, "refers to what, in the Greek way of thinking, are the sacred rites of the dead, and the solemn importance of burial." It is, therefore, an Anti-Cremation Society drama. The *tableaux* are by Mrs. JOPLING, the conductor is Mr. BARNEY, and the leading rôle of *Anne Tigony* herself is to be played by my Lady MAIDSTONE. We wish SOPHIE KLEES every possible success, and a big and glorious future. Beware the Cremationists!—they might try to wreck the piece.

A RUM SUBJECT.—The Budget.

THE TIPLER'S TRIUMPH.

(See Mr. Goschen's Budget Speech.)

ALAS! we deemed him purposeless; the vinous smile that flickered up
Across his glowing countenance was meaningless to us.
We only saw a drunkard who addressed us, as he liquored up,
Not always too politely, and in words that sounded thus.
"All ri' you needn' shult me, I'm a berrer man than you;
Mr. GOSCHEN couldn' shpare me as a shource of revenue."
And when we led him home at night we scorned the foolish antic all
That flung him into gutters, made him friendly with a post;
And we snubbed him when he told us—we were always too pedantical—
That he saw a thousand niggers dressed in red on buttered toast.
He was better, now I know it, than our soberheaded crew,
We who added not a farthing to the country's revenue.
And, oh, the folly of his wife, I scarcely can imagine it,
When to his room he reeled at last and went to bed in boots.
And she, with all the bearing of a Tudor or Plantagenet,
Said royally, "We loathe you; you're no better than the brutes."
Shame upon her thus to rate him, for philanthropists are few
Who as much relieve our burdens, or increase the revenue.
But now we know that Surpluses will come to fill the Treasury,
If only, like the sea-port towns, we all keep drinking rum;
And he who swills unceasingly, and always without measure, he
Is truly patriotic, though Blue-ribbonites look glum.
For to him, above all others, easy temperance is due,
Since he cheapens tea by twopence as a source of revenue.
Then here's to those who toasted well the national prosperity,
And swelled the Surplus, draining whiskey, brandy, gin, or beer;
And the man who owns a bottle-nose he owns a badge of merit; he
Takes *Bardolph*, and not RANDOLPH, as a patron to revere.
Here's your health, my gallant Tippler, may you ne'er have cause
to rue
That you blessed our common country as a source of revenue!



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"OH YES, SIR GUS, MY HUSBAND'S AS WELL AS EVER, THANK YOU, AND HARD AT WORK. I'VE HAD TO COPY OUT HIS PAMPHLET ON BI-METALLISM THREE TIMES HE ALTERS IT SO! AH, IT'S NO SINECURE TO BE MARRIED TO A MAN OF GENIUS. I OFTEN ENVY YOUR DEAR WIFE!"

THE LAW AND THE LIVER.

[Two Magistrates have decided that selling coffee "containing 80 per cent. of chicory" is not punishable under the Adulteration Act.]

EVER since drinking my morning cup of what my grocer humorously describes as "French Coffee," I have suffered from headache, vertigo, and uncontrollable dyspepsia. I wonder what can be the cause?

Perhaps the fact (inscribed on the bottom of the tin in very small letters) that "this is a mixture of coffee and chicory," has something to do with it.

Only as the chicory is in a majority of four to one, would it not be more correct to describe it as "a mixture of chicory and coffee?"

I see that, in accordance with the Adulteration Act, my baker now sells bread which he labels as "a compound of wheat and other ingredients." Other disagreements, he ought to say.

"Partly composed of fresh fruit," is the inscription on the jam I purchase. This means one raspberry to a pound of mashed mangold-wurzel.

We shall be taking chemically-coloured chopped hay at five this afternoon. Will you join us?

If I purchase my own coffee-beans and grind them, can my breakfast be properly termed a bean-feast?

Yes, as you say, I can no doubt guard against adulteration by keeping a couple of cows in my cellar, growing corn in my back-yard, tea-plants and sugar-canes on my roof, and devoting my best bed-room to the cultivation of coffee, fruit, and mixed pickles; but would my landlord approve of the system?

And, finally, is this what they mean by a "Free Breakfast Table," that every grocer is "free" to poison us under cover of a badly-drawn Act of Parliament?

TO THE PUBLIC.—"Modern Types." Type not yet "used up." Type No. X. will appear next week.

OLD TIMES REVIVED.

"RETURNING TO OLD TIMES.—The new coaches, which are to carry the parcel mail between Manchester and Liverpool nightly, ran for the first time to-night. The coach from Manchester for Liverpool started punctually at ten o'clock from the Parcel Office, in Stevens Square. Some thousands of people had assembled to witness the inauguration of the service. The van, which has been specially constructed for the service, was well-filled with parcels, and a guard in uniform, an old soldier, took his seat inside it, armed with a six-shooter and a side-sword. The departure of the coach, which was announced by the blowing of a horn, was loudly cheered by the crowd of people, and the vehicle was followed down the main streets of the city by some hundreds of spectators. There are three horses to the van, and relays of horses are provided at Hollins Green and Prescott. The coaches are timed to do the thirty-six mile journey in five and a half hours, arriving in Manchester and Liverpool respectively at 3.15 A.M."—*Daily Paper, April 14, 1890.*



PROBABLE ILLUSTRATION OF THE FUTURE:—"ATTACK ON MAIL COACH!"
SKETCHED BY ARTIST OF *DAILY GRAPHIC* ON THE SPOT.

ON THE SWOOP.

FAR from its native eyrie, high in air,
Above the extended plain,
The Tonton Eagle hovers. Broad and fair
From Tropic main to main
Stretches a virgin continent vast, and void
Of man's most treasured works;
No plough on those huge slopes is yet employed;
The untamed tiger lurks
In unfelled forest and unfooted brake;
Those streams scarce know a keel;
Through the rank herbage writhes the monstrous
snake;
Dim shapes of terror steal
Unmarked and menacing from clump to clump,
Whilst from the tangled scrub
Is heard the trampling elephant's angry tramp.
The frolic tiger-cub
Tumbles in jungle-shambles; in his lair
The lion couches prone.
What does that winged portent in mid-air,
Hovering alert, alone?
Strong-pinioned, brazen-beaked, and iron-clawed,
This Eagle from the West;
Adventurous, ravening for prey, unawed
By perils of the quest.
Beneath new clouds, above fresh fields he flies,
Foraging fleet and far,
With clutching talons, and with hungering eyes,
Scornful of bound or bar.
Winged things, he deems, may safely oversweep
Landmark and mountain-post.
The Forest-king may fancy he can keep
His realm against a host
Of such aerial harpies. Be it proved!
Till late the Imperial fowl
Not far from its home-pinnacles hath roved;
Now LEO on the prow!
Must watch his winged rival. Who may tell
Where it shall strike or stoop?
LEO, your lair must now be warded well;
AQUILA's on the Swoop!

THE LAST CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

(Brought by the Survivors against those—who might have looked after them.)

"But we are all getting older every year, and with the lapse of time, while many have died, a good number have fallen into dire misfortune . . . LORD CARDIGAN's words to the survivors of the Six Hundred the morning after the charge have been repeated to me, although I wasn't there to hear them. He said: 'Men, you have done a glorious deed! England will be proud of you, and grateful to you. If you live to get home, be sure you will all be provided for. Not one of you fine fellows will ever have to seek refuge in the workhouse!' Now, you perhaps know how that promise has been kept. I cannot tell you, even from my secretarial records, the full extent of the misery that has fallen upon my old comrades in the Charge of the Light Brigade; but I can give you a few details that should be made widely public."—*The Secretary of the Balaclava Committee.*

Forty years, Forty years,
All but four—onward,
Since to the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred;
Since the whole country cried
"We will for you provide,—
Blazon your splendid ride,
Gallant Six Hundred!"

Yet now the Light Brigade
Stands staring much dismayed
For they can plainly see
Someone has blundered.
For here are they, grown old,
With their grand story told,
Left to the bitter cold,—
Starving Six Hundred!

Workhouse to right of them,
Workhouse to left of them,
Workhouse in front of them!
Has no one wondered
That British blood should dry,
"Shame!" and exact reply,
Asking the country why
Thus it sees droop and die
Those brave Six Hundred?

As they drop off the stage,
Want, and the weight of
age—
Is this their only wage?—
Home rent and sundered!
And is their deed sublime,
Flooding all after-time,
Now but a theme for rhyme,
Whispered—and thundered
Where, from the pit and stalls,
Theatres and Music-halls,
Greet their "Six Hundred!"

Can thus emotion feed
On the heroic deed,
Yet leave the doer in need,—
Of his rights plundered?
"No!" the whole land declares
Henceforth their load it
shares,
Spite those who blundered.
They shall note wants decrease,
Of comfort take a lease
Till all their troubles cease
And to their end in peace
Ride the Six Hundred!

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"How sweetly that simple costume becomes your style of beauty, dear!" i.e., "Cheap dress suits a silly dowdy."
"Ah! Here we are again! Thought I should come across you presently," i.e., "How he must tout for it! And what a relief it would be to go somewhere where he does not turn up!"
"Yes, capital story I know,—but pardon me just a minute, old chap. I think I see Mrs. Mountcashel beckoning me;" i.e., "What an escape! Doesn't buttonhole me again to-night if I know it."

MILITARY.

"The Mess rather prides itself upon its cellar;" i.e., The host is a little doubtful about what the Wine Committee have in hand for the benefit of the guest he has asked to dinner.
"The Regiment at the Inspection, although a trifle rusty, never did better," i.e., The Senior Major clubbed the Battalion, and the Commanding Officer was told by the General, with an unnecessary strong expression, to "Take 'em home, Sir!"

LEGAL.

"The Will of the late Mr. Dash is so complicated that it is not unlikely to give employment to Gentlemen of the long robe;" i.e., Administration suit, with six sets of solicitors, ten years of chamber practice, three further considerations, and the complete exhaustion of the estate in costs.
"Mr. Nemo, as a Solicitor in his office, is a very able man;" i.e., That although Mr. NEMO, away from his profession, would shrink from doing anything calculated to get himself turned out of the West-End Club to which he belongs; in his *sanctum* he would cheerfully sell the bones of his grandmother by auction, and prosecute his own father and mother for petty larceny, arson, or murder, always supposing he saw his way to his costs.

EPISTOLATORY.

"A thousand thanks for your nice long, sympathetic letter;" i.e., "Great bore to have to reply to six pages of insincere gush."
"Please excuse this hurried scrawl;" i.e., "That'll cover any mistakes in spelling, &c."
"Only too delighted;" i.e., "Can't refuse, confound it!"

OLD TIMES REVIVED.

"RETURNING TO OLD TIMES.—The new coaches, which are to carry the parcel mail between Manchester and Liverpool nightly, ran for the first time to-night. The coach from Manchester for Liverpool started punctually at ten o'clock from the Parcel Office, in Stevens Square. Some thousands of people had assembled to witness the inauguration of the service. The van, which has been specially constructed for the service, was well-filled with parcels, and a guard in uniform, an old soldier, took his seat inside it, armed with a six-shooter and a side-sword. The departure of the coach, which was announced by the blowing of a horn, was loudly cheered by the crowd of people, and the vehicle was followed down the main streets of the city by some hundreds of spectators. There are three horses to the van, and relays of horses are provided at Hollins Green and Prescott. The coaches are timed to do the thirty-six mile journey in five and a half hours, arriving in Manchester and Liverpool respectively at 3.15 A.M."—*Daily Paper, April 14, 1890.*



PROBABLE ILLUSTRATION OF THE FUTURE:—"ATTACK ON MAIL COACH!"
SKETCHED BY ARTIST OF DAILY GRAPHIC ON THE SPOT.

ON THE SWOOP.

FAR from its native eyrie, high in air,
Above the extended plain,
The Teuton Eagle hovers. Broad and fair
From Tropic main to main
Stretches a virgin continent vast, and void
Of man's most treasured works;
No plough on those huge slopes is yet employed;
The untamed tiger lurks
In unfelled forest and unfooted brake;
Those streams scarce know a keel;
Through the rank herbage writhes the monstrous
snake;
Dim shapes of terror steal
Unmarked and menacing from clump to clump,
Whilst from the tangled scrub
Is heard the trampling elephant's angry tramp.
The frolic tiger-cub
Tumbles in jungle-shambles; in his lair
The lion couches prone.
What does that winged portent in mid-air,
Hovering alert, alone?
Strong-pinioned, brazen-beaked, and iron-clawed,
This Eagle from the West;
Adventurous, ravening for prey, unawed
By perils of the quest.
Beneath new clouds, above fresh fields he flies,
Foraging fleet and far,
With clutching talons, and with hungering eyes,
Scornful of bound or bar.
Winged things, he deems, may safely oversweep
Landmark and mountain-post.
The Forest-king may fancy he can keep
His realm against a host
Of such aerial harpies. Be it proved!
Till late the Imperial fowl
Not far from its home-pinnacles hath roved;
Now LEO on the prow!
Must watch his winged rival. Who may tell
Where it shall strike or stoop?
LEO, your lair must now be warded well;
AQUILA's on the Swoop!

THE LAST CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

(Brought by the Survivors against those—who might have looked
after them.)

"But we are all getting older every year, and with the lapse of time, while many have died, a good number have fallen into dire misfortune . . . LORD CARDIGAN's words to the survivors of the Six Hundred the morning after the charge have been repeated to me, although I wasn't there to hear them. He said: 'Men, you have done a glorious deed! England will be proud of you, and grateful to you. If you live to get home, be sure you will all be provided for. Not one of you fine fellows will ever have to seek refuge in the workhouse!' Now, you perhaps know how that promise has been kept. I cannot tell you, even from my secretarial records, the full extent of the misery that has fallen upon my old comrades in the Charge of the Light Brigade; but I can give you a few details that should be made widely public."—*The Secretary of the Balaclava Committee.*

Forty years, Forty years,
All but four—onward,
Since to the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred;
Since the whole country cried
"We will for you provide,—
Blazon your splendid ride,
Gallant Six Hundred!"

Yet now the Light Brigade
Stands staring much dismayed
For they can plainly see
Someone has blundered.
For here are they, grown old,
With their grand story told,
Left to the bitter cold,—
Starving Six Hundred!

Workhouse to right of them,
Workhouse to left of them,
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Has no one wondered
That British blood should cry,
"Shame!" and exact reply,
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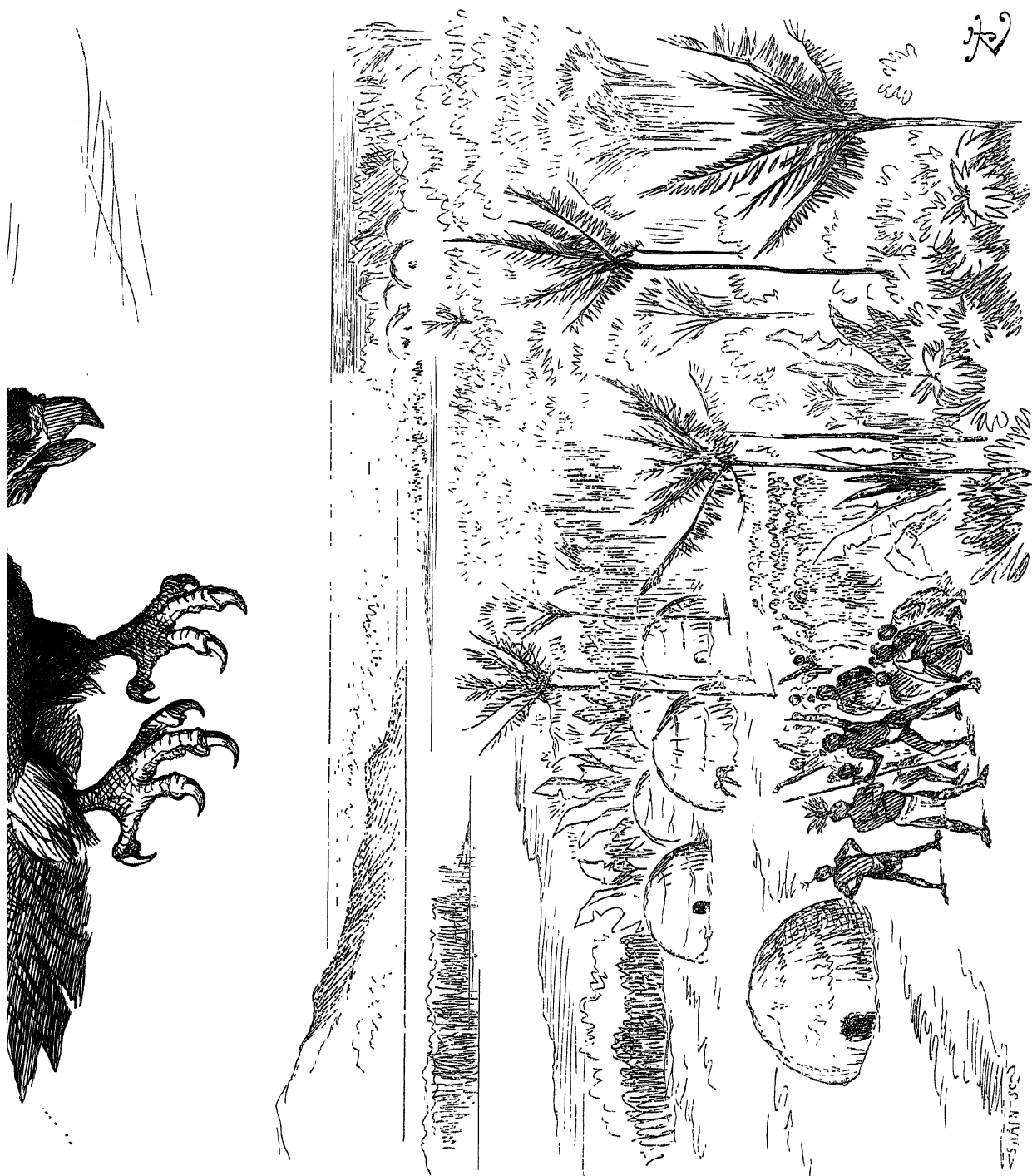
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ON THE SWOOP!

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1890.





MR. PINCHER PANORAMA OF THE YEAR 1889.

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

THERE was some good racing at Newmarket last week, and, as usual, every single race proved up to the hilt the extraordinary accuracy of my forecasts. I said a year ago that "*Bandersnatch* was a colt who hadn't a chance of winning a first-class race. Only a March hare or a Bank-holiday boozier would think of backing him." *Bandersnatch's* name never even appeared on the race-card last week. Mr. JEREMY says the colt is dead, as if that had anything to do with it; but of course if the gullish herd chooses to cackle after Mr. JEREMY it's no use trying to help them.

The hippopotamus-headed dolts who pinned their faith to *Molly Mustard* must have learnt their lesson by this time. Of course *Molly Mustard* defeated that overrated sham *Undercut*; but what of that? When *Undercut* was placed second to *Pandriver* at the North Country Second Autumn Handicap two years ago, I warned everybody that *Wobbling Willie* who is half-brother to *Rattlepate* by *Spring Onion*, ought to have made a certainty of the race if the gruel-brained idiots who own him had only rubbed his back with Daffy's Elixir twice a-day before



A TRAVELLING TRIBUNAL.

Why not Cyclist Judges and Clerk and Marshal going all the year round, to be met by local Barristers?

going to bed. As it was *Wobbling Willie* rolled about like a ship at sea, and *Brighton Pref* passed him in a common canter. That scarcely made *Molly Mustard* a second *Eclipse*. The fact of the matter is she is a roarer, or will be before the season is over, and those who backed her will have to whistle for their money. All I can say is, that I hope they will like the trap into which their own patent-leather-headed imbecility has led them.

Corncrake is a nice, compact, long-coupled, raking-looking colt, with a fine high action that reminds me of a steam-pump at its best. He is not likely to bring back much of the £3000 given for him as a yearling by his present owner, but he might be used to make the running for his stable-companion *Catsmeat*, who was picked up for £5 out of a butcher's cart at Doncaster.

For the Two Thousand I should have selected *Barkis* if he had been entered. Failing him, there is very little in it. *Sandy Sal* might possibly have a chance, but she has always turned out such an arrant rogue that I hesitate to recommend her. Mr. JEREMY plumps for *Old Tom*, and the whole pack of brainless moon-calves goes after him in full cry as usual. If *Old Tom* had two sound legs he might be a decent horse, but he has only got one, and he has never used that properly.

THE CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL.

ALL the grate LORD MARE's and the good Lady Maress's hundreds and hundreds of little frends had their annual peep into Paradise last Wensday heaving, at the good old Manshun Howse, on which most interesting ocashun all their fond Mas and their stump-upping Pas sent them into the famous Egpishun All in such a warious combenashun of hartistieck loveliness and buty as ewen I myself never seed ekalled! Whether it was the rayther



sewered coldness of the heaving, or the nice-ness of the sewerel refreshments as the kind Lady Maress perwided, or whether it was that most on 'em was amost one year older than they was larst year, in course I don't know, but they sutenly kept on a pitching into the wittels and drink in a way as rayther estonished ewen my seasoned eyes, acustomed as they is to Copperashun Bankwets, and settra. One little bewty of a Faery, with her lovely silwer wand of power, amost friten'd me out of my wits by threthening to turn me into sumthink dredful if I didn't give her a strawbery hiee emedeately, which she fust partly heated, and then drunk, as their custom is, I sponse. Then there was a lot of all sorts—niggers and sodgers, and three young ladies as magpies. Which last made me think that a young gent fond of using his fists might do wus than go as a burd prize-fiter. By the way, one likes condenseshun, down to a certain xtent, but whether it should hincude a most bewtifool Princess a dancing with a pore littel white-faced Clown, is what I must leave others to deside; I declines doing it myself.

We had Mr. Punch in the course of the heaving, and both hold and young larfed away as ushal at his rayther rum morality. Then we had two most clever gents who dressed theielves up before a large looking-glass to look like lots of diffrent peepel. The best couple I was told was two Gents named BIZMARCK and BULLANGER, one was said to be a reel Ero, and the other, a mere Sham, but I don't know werry much about such Gents myself, xcept that BROWN tried werry hard to make me beleeve that BIZMARCK, who was the reel Ero, used to think nothink of pouring a hole Bottle of Shampain into a hole Pot of Stout and drinking it all off at one draft, like a ancient Cole Heaver! We finished up with a lot of German Chinese, who jumped about and danced about and climbed up a top of one another, and then aeshally bilt theielves up like a house, and then all tumbled to pieces, reelly quite wunderfool, and not only the lovely little children, but ewen Common Councilmen, aye and ewen ancient Deputys, all stood round and larfed away and enjoyed theielves, recalling to my sumwhat faltering memory the words of the emortel Poet, "One touch of Nature makes the hole World grin."

ROBERT.

AN ECHO FROM THE LANE.

LAST week the Carl Rosa Opera Company (whose Managing Directors are AUGUSTUS DRURIELANUS, future Sheriff of London, with Sheriff's officers in attendance, to whom he might, on some future emergency, entrust the charge of Her Majesty's) continued its season of success with a solitary addition to the programme, *L'Etoile du Nord*. A propos of this novelty, it may be hinted that although

the *Catherine* of Madame GEORGINA BURNS does not make us entirely forget ADELINA PATTI in the same character, the performance is, from every other point of view, completely gratifying. As "little Peter," Mr. F. H. CELLI is (as the comic songs have it) "very fine and large." Mr. JOHN CHILD, whose *Wilhelm*, in *Mignon*, lacked distinction, is more in his element as *Danilowitz* the pastry-cook. The stage management (as might have been expected with AUGUSTUS to the fore) is admirable, the battle-scene at the end of the Second Act filling the house with a mixture one-tenth smoke to nine-tenths enthusiasm. By the time these lines are before the entire world, if all goes well, *Thorgrim*, by Mr. FREDERICK COWEN, will have been produced. As the work of a native composer, it should receive a hearty welcome, particularly on the boards of the National Theatre; but, sink or swim, the Carl Rosa Opera Company cannot possibly come to harm with its present popular repertoire. And, as good music is a boon to the London public, such a state of things is distinctly satisfactory.



"IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!"—It is a pity that Mr. LAW, the author of *Dick Venables*, did not take a little more trouble in the construction of his new piece at the Shaftesbury Theatre. It just misses being an excellent drama, and deserving the valuable assistance it receives from all concerned on the stage side of the Curtain. That the wife of a convict should take a house next door to her deeply dreaded husband's prison, that a jewel-collector should keep his precious stones in a side-board, that an Archdeacon should apparently have nothing better to do than play the kleptomaniac at Dartmoor, are facts that seem largely improbable; and yet these are the salient points of the latest addition to the playgoer's repertoire. For the rest, *Dick Venables* is interesting, and admirably played. But whether, after the first-night criticisms, the piece will do, is a question that must be left to the future for solution.

HYPNOTIC HIGH FEEDING.

(Being some Brief Diary Notes of a Coming Little Dinner (New Style), jotted down a few years hence.)

"YOUR dinner is served, Sir!"

It was the Professorial Butler who made this announcement with a solemn and significant bow. He had undertaken, for the modest fee of half-a-crown, to throw my four guests,—an Epicurean Duke, a couple of noted Diners-out, and a Gourmand of a high order well known in Society,—into a profound hypnotic sleep, under the influence of which, while supplied with a few scraps of food, and slops by way of drink, they were to believe that they were assisting at a most *recherché* repast, provided by a *cuisine*, and accompanied by choice vintage wines, both of the first excellence.

I felt a little nervous as we proceeded to the dining-room, but as the Professor adroitly passed his hand over the head of each as he descended the stairs, and pointed out to me the dazed and vacant look that had settled on the features of all of them, I felt reassured, especially when they fell mechanically into their places, and began to peruse, with evident delight, the contents of the *Menu*, which ran as follows:—

SOUP.

Toast-and-water and Candle-ends.

FISH.

Herrings' Heads and Tails.
Counter Sweepings.

ENTREMETS.

Rotten Cabbage-stalks.

ENTRÉE.

Odds and Ends of Shoe Leather.

ROAST.

Cat's Meat.

SWEET.

Old Jam-pot Scrapings on Musty Bread.

That they didn't all rise like one man with a howl of execration on reading this was soon explained when the Professorial Butler set down a soup-plate before the Epicurean Duke and with an insinuating smile, simply announced it as *Tortue claire*. It was clear from this that they were under the impression that they were partaking of a first-class little dinner, and had read the *Menu* at the will of the Professorial Butler, as he subsequently explained to me in such fashion that the toast-and-water soup, in which the candle-ends played the part of green fat, appeared to them in the light of the finest "clear turtle." "And how about the Herrings' Heads and Tails?" I asked. "They take that for *Saumon de Gloucester*, sauce *Pierre Le Grand*," was the bland reply, a fact which at that moment the Gourmand endorsed, by smacking his lips and with an ejaculation of "Sublime salmon that! I'll take a little more," holding out his plate for a second helping. The Cabbage-stalks figured in their imagination as *Asperges d'Italie, en branches glacées à la Tour d'Amsterdam*, while the pennyworth of plain cat's meat, passed more than muster as "*Filet de Bœuf en Diplomat, braisée à la Prince de Pékin*." The Shoe-leather and Jam-pot Scrapings brought the *Menu* to a triumphant close, with "*Ris de Veau pralinée au boucles Menschikoff*," and "*Bombardes Impériales de Péru*" respectively.

I confess, when I heard one of the Diners-out asking for Champagne, and saw his glass filled with Harvey's Sauce and water, with the announcement that it was *Dry Monopole Cuvée Réservee*, I felt some momentary misgivings, but they were speedily put to flight on my noticing the evident gusto with which he emptied his glass, at the same time pronouncing it to be "a very fine wine," which he assigned to the vintage of '76. I own too I felt a little nervous when the Professorial Butler, I think not without a sly twinkle in his eye, gave all the party a *liqueur* of petroleum for Green Chartreuse, but they certainly seemed to find it all right, and so my apprehensions disappeared.

Thus my "Little Dinner" came at length to a conclusion. That it was an undoubted success, from a financial point of view, there

can be no sort of doubt, for fourpence more than covered the cost of the materials, to which, adding the Professorial Butler's fee of two shillings and sixpence, brings the whole cost of the entertainment up to eightpence-halfpenny a head. It is true I have not heard whether any of my guests have suffered any ill-effects from partaking of my hospitality, but I suppose if any of them had died or been seized with violent symptoms, the fact would have been notified to me. So, on the whole, I may congratulate myself. I certainly could not afford to entertain largely in any other fashion, but, with the aid of the Professorial Butler, I am already contemplating giving a series of nice "Little Dinners," and even on a more extended scale. Indeed, with the assistance of Hypnotism, it is possible, at a trifling cost, to see one's friends. And in the general interests of Society, I mean to do it.

BULLYING POOR "BULLY."

SAYS the Blackbird to the Bullfinch, "It is April; let us up! We will breakfast on the plum-germs, on the pear-buds we will sup." Says the Bullfinch to the Blackbird, "We'll devour them every bit, And quite ruin the fruit-growers, with some aid from the Tom-tit."

Then these garden Machiavellis set to work and did not stop

Till the promise of September prematurely plumped each crop.

Ah! the early frost is ruthless, and the caterpillar's cruel,

But, to spifflicate the plum or give the gooseberry its gruel,

To confusticate the apple, or to scrumplificate the pear,

Discombobulate the cherry, make the grower tear his hair,

And in general play old gooseberry with the orchard and the garden,

Till the Autumn crop won't fetch the grumpy farmer "a brass farden,"

There is nothing half so ogreish as the Bullfinch and his chums,

Those imps of devastation—as regards our pears and plums.

Poor "Bully," sung by COWPER in his pretty plaintive verse,

It is thus thine ancient character they (let us hope) asperse.

"The gardener's chief enemy," so angry scribes declare,

And the cause why ribstone pippins and prime biggaroons are rare.

Little birds, my pretty "Bully," should all diet upon worms,

And grub on grubs, contented, not on fruit-buds and young germs

Vain your pretty coat, my "Bully," beady eyes, and pleasant pipe,

If you will not give our fruit-crops half a chance of getting ripe.

Let us hope that they traduce you, all this angry scribbling host

Of horticultural zealots who abuse you in the *Post*.

The Reverend F. O. MORRIS takes the field in your defence,

But they swear, though picturesque, he's devoid of common-sense.

Punch inclineth to the Parson, and he doesn't quite believe

All the statements of the growers and the gardeners who grieve

Over "Bully's" depredations, for he knows that, as a rule,

The birds' foe is a fashionable fribble, or a fool.

From the damsels who despoil them for their bonnets or their cloaks,

To the farmer who exterminates the dickies, and then croaks

O'er the spread of caterpillars and such-like devouring vermin,

They are selfish and shortsighted. So he'll not in haste determine

The case against poor "Bully," or the Blackbird, or Tom-tit.

Though they put it very strongly, *Punch* would warn them—Wait a bit!

SPORTIVE CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART takes a somewhat new departure in *Without Love or Licence*. There is less racing than usual in this novel, and there is a very ingenious plot, which we are not going to spoil the pleasure of the reader by divulging. The secret is well kept, and one is put off the scent till well-nigh the final chapter. The whole story is bright and dashing, abounding with graphic sketches of such people as one meets every day. The author is in the best of spirits—he evidently has a licence for spirits—and keeps his audience thoroughly amused, from start to finish.

FANCY PORTRAIT.

(After reading the Correspondence on Fruit and Birds in the "Morning Post.")



THE BRIGAND BULLFINCH.



A STABLE UNDERSTANDING.

Curate (who had often explained to his Class that Heresy was "an obstinate choice"). "Now, BOYS, WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY HERESY WAS?"
Several Boys. "OBSON'S CHOICE, SIR!"

A SHORT SONG IN SEASON.

AIR—"Ballyhooley."

PHILLIPS thinks—(you're right, my boy!)
 Dingy London would enjoy
 More music, and proposals make (which
 charm me)

For a Great Municipal Band,
 Which, under wise command,
 Might prove a sort of music-spreading Army.
 The critics all declare
 English taste for music rare,
 But the "Parks and Open Spaces" sage
 Committee

Hold a very different view,
 And, to prove their judgment true,
 Want a Metropolitan Band for the Big City.

Chorus.

London-lovers high and low,
 Let us all enlist, you know,
 For the County-Councillor's schemes extremely
 charm me.

Let us raise Twelve Hundred Pounds,
 And we soon shall hear the sounds
 Of the Music-lover's Metropolitan Army!

There's a moral to my song
 And it won't detain ye long;
 To PHILLIPS, L.C.C. send your subscription,
 (North Park, Eltham, S.E.), for
 That sagacious Council-lor

Is a patriot of a practical description.
 When the money he has got,
 (And Twelve Hundred's not a lot,
 Right soon he'll form a strong and sage
 Committee!

And it will not be their fault
 If there's any hitch or halt
 In the Metropolitan Band for our Big City.

Chorus.

Stamp up, Cockneys, high and low
 We must all enlist, you know,
 For the sum required is nothing to alarm ye.
 So just do as you are bid,
 And subscribe Twelve Hundred "quid"
 For the Music-lover's Metropolitan Army!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Joints in our Social Armour, by a Mr. JAMES RUNCIMAN, has an amusing "Dedication to W. S. and G. N. S." "Gentlemen," writes this seemingly new member of the brotherhood of letters, "this little book contains many things which have already pleased you, and all that may be good in them has really come from you." After this frank confession, one naturally desires to have the "good things" of "W. S. and G. N. S." first-hand, instead of what presumably must be a *rechauffé*. As the "good things," however, have to be picked out of a volume of 342 pages of wearisome reading about "The Ethics of the Drink Question," "The Social Influence of the 'Bar'" (Public-house, *bien entendu*), "Genius and Respectability," &c., &c., it is not an easy task to find them. For the rest, to the intelligent reader, the joints of Messrs. W. S., G. N. S., and JAMES RUNCIMAN are likely to prove veritable *pièces de résistance*. A cut from the joint in this instance is accordingly strongly recommended.

The Colonial Year-Book for 1890 supplies a want that has long been felt by Britons in every quarter of the globe. Mr. TRENDALL, C.M.G., the author of this interesting work, deserves well of the Empire.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

A FABLE FOR FANATICS.

THERE was a stream, now fast, now slow,
 But given at times to overflow;
 A freakishness that played strange pranks
 With the poor dwellers on its banks.
 There came two engineers. One said,
 "Embank it!" Wagging a wise head
 In the austere impressive way
 Of dogmatists, as who should say,
 "If there's an Oracle, I am it."
 The other answered, "Nonsense! *Dam it!*"
 They did, and stood with hope elate,
 But presently there came a "spate;"
 The swollen torrent, swift and muddied,
 All the surrounding country flooded,
 Put a prompt stop to prosperous tillage,
 Drowned fifty folk, and swamped a village.

MORAL.

Some men's sole notion of improvement
 Is simply to arrest all movement.
 This craving crass the spirit stirs
 Of Tsars and of Teetotallers,
 Eight-Hour fanatics, and the like,
 Friends of the dungeon and the dyke.
 "*Dam it!*" That is their counsel's staple.
 (Mark, LUBBOCK; also, BLUNDELL-MAPLE!)

NEWS FROM AIX-LES-BAINS.—"*Firework* were let off." As mercy is the Royal prerogative, we are glad to learn that it was exercised in the case of FIREWORKS on the birthday of the Princess BEATRICE.

BY ORDER OF F.M. COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF PUNCH.—The Grand Military Exhibition Chelsea Hospital, to be known as "The Sodgeries."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 14.—Boys came back after Easter Monday; Head Master punctually in his place.

"Yes, dear TOBY," he said, as I respectfully shook his hand. "I am nothing if not a man of business. Done my duty to the country round Henley; now come up to do my duty in town at Westminster."

Not all the boys here. Some, including Oldest Boy, extending their holiday. Prince ARTHUR not turned up yet, nor GRANDOLPH, nor CHAMBERLAIN. Wide empty space on Front Opposition Bench where HARCOURT went to sit. A dozen Members on Ministerial Benches; a score on Opposite side; others in ambush, especially on Ministerial side.

"AKERS-DOUGLAS, like *Roderick Dhu*, need only blow his horn and the glen is filled with armed men," said Colonel MALCOLM, who knows his Walter Scott by heart. The DOUGLAS being a man of modern ideas, doesn't blow his horn: would be unparliamentary; might lead to his being named and relegated to the Clock Tower. Effect brought about when bell rings for Division; then Members troop in in fifties. "What's the Question?" they ask each other, as they stand at Bar. Nobody quite sure. Some say it's wages of Envoy Extraordinary at Buenos Ayres; others affirm it's salary of Chaplain of Embassy in Vienna. A third believes it's something to do with the Nyassa region; a fourth is sure it's Turks in Armenia; whilst Member who has heard portion of one of several speeches delivered by SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, says it's Motion made to provide a Chaplain for DRUMMOND WOLFE, whose forlorn condition, planted out amid Mahomedans in Teheran, SAGE has been lamenting. Few quite sure of actual question; fewer still heard it debated. But no time to lose. House cleared for Division. Must go in one Lobby or other; so Ministerialists follow each other like sheep; Opposition flock into other Lobby. Amendment (whatever it is) negatived by 134 Votes against 69.

In conversation about Vienna Chaplaincy WINTERBOTHAM comes to front. "Why," he asks, "should we support an English church in Vienna more than in other Continental towns, where the residents provide the funds? Not many months ago I was in the church at Vienna; called upon to hand the plate round, and there were only a few shillings to hand over to expectant parson."

"Very good story," said WILFRID LAWSON; "but if I was WINTERBOTHAM, wouldn't tell it again. *What became of the money?*"

Business done.—Diplomatic and Consular Vote obtained.

Tuesday.—OLD MORALITY proposes forthwith to take morning sittings on Tuesdays and Fridays. Private Members in state of burning indignation. Scarcely anything left to them but Tuesdays. On Fridays Government business takes precedence. Notices of Amendment may be moved on going into Committee of Supply; but so hampered that hardly any use as outlet for legislative energies of private Members. On Tuesdays have it all to themselves. May move Amendments, take Divisions, and generally enjoy themselves. Now OLD MORALITY comes along "Like the blind Fury, with abhorred shears," says COZENS-HARDY, dropping into bad language, "and cuts us off our Toosday."

Nothing in the world less like a blind Fury than our dear Leader, as he sits on Treasury Bench bearing brunt of protest from every side. Very sorry; desirous of meeting convenience of Hon. Members in whatever part of House they sit. But duty has first call. Duty to QUEEN and country demands partial sacrifice of Tuesdays.

Motion carried, and this the last Tuesday Private Members will enjoy. Must make the most of it. COMPTON on first, with Motion setting forth grievances of Postal Telegraph

Clerks. Excellent Debate, and Division over by eight o'clock. Still four hours' work. MARK STEWART has next place. STEWART has Marked necessity for Reform of Constitution in proceedings of Fiars Courts in Scotland. Thinks functions of Fiars Juries should be extended. Rare opportunity for House of Commons to master this question. True, it is dinner-time; but what is dinner compared with the national interest smouldering under these Fiars? Besides, it's our last Tuesday.

"We must make the most of this," says ALBERT ROLLIT to RICHARD TEMPLE. "Yes," says RICHARD TEMPLE, with effusion. "Glad you're staying on. Wouldn't do to be Counted Out to-night."

ROLLIT, thinking he's got TEMPLE all right, walks off by front hall door; TEMPLE, certain that ROLLIT will stay, executes strategic retreat by corridor, leading past dining-room to central hall. Same thing going on in a hundred other cases. "Must see this through," One says to the Other. "By all means," the Other says to One.

Then One and the Other saunter out of the Lobby, quicken their steps when they get into outer passage, and speed out of Palace Yard as quick as Hansom would fly.

MARK STEWART still puffing away at the Fiars; House gradually emptying, till no one left but the LORD ADVOCATE and GEORGE CAMPBELL. Presently CAMPBELL strides forth. Somebody moves that LORD ADVOCATE be Counted. SPEAKER finds he's not forty. ("I'm really forty-five, you know," LORD ADVOCATE pleads.) No Quorum. So at a quarter past eight House Counted Out. "Hard on you, STEWART," the LORD ADVOCATE said, as the two walked through the deserted chamber. "Must have spent good deal of trouble on your speech. Subject so interesting, too; pity to lose it; advise you to have it printed in leaflet form, and distributed. So in your ashes would live your wanted Fiars, as was appropriately remarked by BURNS." STEWART said he would think about it.

Business done.—COMPTON'S Resolution declaring position of telegraphists unsatisfactory negatived by 142 votes against 103.

Thursday.—"Better have a nip of something short," said JACKSON, friendly Bottle Holder, to CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, he too in JOKIM's room finally revising notes for Budget Speech.

"No," said JOKIM, shaking his head, and wistfully regarding the Port decanter; "it wouldn't do. Think of what I have to say in my speech about the drink traffic. It's drink that has created our Surplus. Can't help the Surplus, but must say a word in condemnation of drink. Would never do to have me enforcing my argument with sips out of a tumbler. Suppose, when I came to the question, 'Who drinks the rum?' TANNER were to point to the tumbler and shout across the House, 'You do.' Where would we be? Where would Her Majesty's Government be? No, JACKSON, old fellow, you mean well, and a sip of Port, with or without an egg, in course of three hours' speech, is a comfort. But it mustn't be;" and JOKIM turned resolutely away from decanter.

JACKSON kind-hearted fellow; deeply touched at his chief's heroic self-denial. "You leave it to me," he whispered, as they left JOKIM's room and strolled off to Treasury Bench.

Just before JOKIM rose to commence Budget Speech JACKSON came in carrying tumblerful of dark liquid; might be extract of walnut, printer's ink, anything equally innocuous. JOKIM saw it, and recognised the '51 Port.

"JACKSON," he whispered, tremulously, "you shouldn't do it; but since you will, leave the bottle on the chimbley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed, and then I will do what I am engaged to do according to the best of my ability."

No chimbley-piece handy. So JACKSON cunningly tucked away the tumbler in among the Blue Books and papers where it innocently rested till JOKIM, well under way with speech, and feeling round for notes upset it; agonised glance as the ruby fluid ran over the unresponsive table on to the heedless floor. Heartless persons opposite tittered.

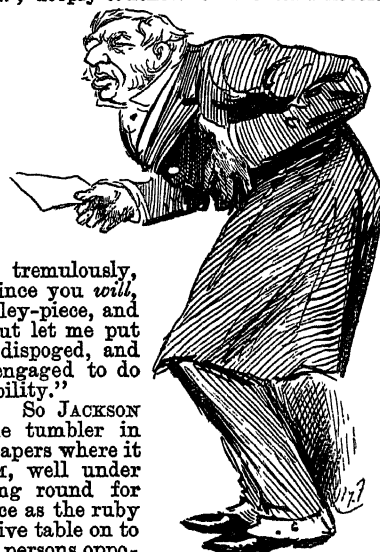
"I hear a smile pass over the face of the Right Hon. Gentleman," said JOKIM, fixing glance somewhat venomously on HARCOURT. House burst into roar of laughter. JACKSON took advantage of diversion to mop up spilled Port with blotting-paper. Only GRAND CROSS in Peers' Gallery, sat stern and unresponsive.

"I call that pretty mean, TOBY," he said, talking it over afterwards. "It was I who first saw the smile in House of Commons. My greatest oratorical success; and here comes JOKIM, coolly appropriates it, and House laughs as if it were quite new!" Never saw GRAND CROSS so terribly angry. JOKIM will have bad quarter of an hour when they meet. *Business done.*—Budget brought in.

Friday.—Bi-metallism the matter to-night. SAM SMITH brings on attractive subject in one of those terse, polished, pregnant orations for which he is famous. Nevertheless, the few Members present yawn. OLD MORALITY—"nothing if not man of business"—finds topic irresistible. Whilst subject *caviare* to the General (GOLDS-WORTHY and others), seems matter of life and death to a select half-dozen; these glare at each other across House, as if arguments advanced *pro* and *con*, affected their private character. Prince ARTHUR plunges in; declares in favour of Bi-metallism; Irish Members share common ignorance on subject; but this settles them; go out in body to vote for Mono-metallism; SAM SMITH's Motion for Conference negatived by 183 votes against 87.



"Comes the blind Fury."



"I hear a smile pass over the face of the Right Hon. Gentleman."

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. X.—TOMMY AND HIS SISTER JANE.

ONCE more we draw upon our favourite source of inspiration—the poems of the Misses TAYLOR. The dramatist is serenely confident that the new London County Council Censor of Plays, whenever that much-desired official is appointed, will highly approve of this little piece on account of the multiplicity of its morals. It is intended to teach, amongst other useful lessons, that—as the poem on which it is founded puts it—“Fruit in lanes is seldom good”; also, that it is not always prudent to take a hint; again, that constructive murder is distinctly reprehensible, and should never be indulged in by persons who cannot control their countenances afterwards. Lastly, that suicide may often be averted by the exercise of a little *savoir vivre*.

CHARACTERS.

Tommy and his Sister Jane (Taylorian Twins, and awful examples). Their Wicked Uncle (plagiarised from a forgotten Nursery Story, and slightly altered).

Old Farmer Copeer (skilled in the use of horse and cattle medicines).

SCENE—A shady lane; on the right, a gate, leading to the farm; left, some bushes, covered with practicable scarlet berries.

Enter the Wicked Uncle, stealthily.

The W. U. No peace of mind I e'er shall know again

Till I have cooked the geese of TOM and JANE!

But—though a naughty—I'm a nervous

nunky,

For downright felonies I feel too funky!
I'd hire assassins—but of late the villains
Have raised their usual fee to fifteen shillin's!
Nor, to reduce their rates, will they engage
(Sympathetically) For two poor orphans who are
under age!

So (as I'd give no more than half a guinea)
I must myself get rid of TOM and JENNY.
Yet, like an old soft-hearted fool, I falter,
And can't make up my mind to risk a halter.
(Looking off). Ha, in the distance, JANE and
little TOM I see!

These berries—(meditatingly)—why, it only
needs diplomacy.

Ho-ho, a most ingenious experiment!

[Indulges in silent and sinister mirth, as JANE
and TOM trip in, and regard him with
innocent wonder.

Jane. Uncle, what is the joke? why all this
merriment?

The W. U. (in guilty confusion). Not merri-
ment, my loves—a trifling spasm—
Don't be alarmed—your Uncle often has 'em!

I'm feeling better than I did at first—
You're looking flushed, though not, I hope, with
thirst? [Insidiously.

SONG, BY THE WICKED UNCLE.

The sun is scorching overhead: the roads are dry and dusty;
And here are berries, ripe and red, refreshing when you're
thirsty!

They're hanging just within your reach, inviting you to clutch
them!

But—as your Uncle—I beseech you won't attempt to touch them?

Tommy and Jane (dutifully). We'll do whatever you beseech, and
not attempt to touch them! [Annoyance of W. U.

The W. U. Temptation (so I've understood) a child, in order kept,
shuns;

And fruit in lanes is seldom good (with several exceptions).
However freely you partake, it can't—as you are young—kill,
But should it cause a stomach-ache—well, don't you blame your
Uncle!

Tommy and Jane. No, should it cause a stomach-ache, we will not
blame our Uncle!

The W. U. (aside). They'll need no further personal assistance,
But take the bait when I am at a distance.

I could not, were I paid a thousand ducats,
(With sentiment) Stand by, and see them kick their little buckets,
Or look on while their sticks this pretty pair cut! [Stealing off.

Tommy. What, Uncle, going?

The W. U. (with assumed jauntiness). Just to get my hair cut! [Goes.
Tommy (looking wistfully at the berries). I say, they do look nice,
JANE, such a lot too!

Jane (demurely). Well, TOMMY, Uncle never told us not to.

[Slow music; they gradually approach the berries, which they
pick and eat with increasing relish, culminating in a dance
of delight.



Duet—TOMMY and JANE (with step-dance.)

Tommy (dancing, with his mouth full). These berries ain't so bad—
although they've far too much acidity.

Jane (ditto). To me, their only drawback is a dash of insipidity.

Tommy (rudely). But, all the same, you're wolfing 'em with
wonderful avidity!

Jane (indignantly). No, that I'm not, so there now!

Tommy (calmly). But you are!

Jane. And so are you!

[They retire up, dancing, and eat more berries—after which
they gaze thoughtfully at each other.

Jane. This fruit is most refreshing—but it's curious how it cloyes
on you!

Tommy (with anxiety). I wonder why all appetite for dinner it
destroys in you!

Jane. Oh, TOMMY, you are half afraid you've ate enough to poison
you?

Tommy. No, that I'm not—so there now! &c., &c.

[They dance as before.

Tommy. JANE, is your palate parching up in horrible aridity?

Jane. It is, and in my throat's a lump of singular solidity.

Tommy. Then that is why you're dancing with such pokerlike
rigidity.

[Refrain as before; they dance with decreasing spirit, and
finally stop, and fan one another with their hats.

Jane. I'm better now that on my brow there is a little breeziness.

Tommy. My passing qualm is growing calm, and
tightness turns to easiness.

Jane. You seem to me tormented by a tendency
to queasiness?

[Refrain; they attempt to continue the dance
—but suddenly sit down side by side.

Jane (with a gasp). I don't know what it is—
but, oh, I do feel so peculiar!

Tommy (with a gulp). I've tumults taking place
within that I may say unruly are.

Jane. Why, TOMMY, you are turning green—
you really and you truly are!

Tommy. No, that I'm not, so there now!

Jane. But you are!

Tommy. And so are you!

[Melancholy music; to which TOMMY and
JANE, after a few convulsive movements,
gradually become inanimate. Enter old
Farmer COPEER from gate, carrying a
large bottle labelled "Cattle Medicine."

Farmer C. It's time I gave the old bay mare
her drench. [Stumbles over the children.

What's here? A lifeless lad!—and little
wench!

Been eatin' berries—where did they get them
idees?

For cows, when took so, I've the reg'lar
remedies.

I'll try 'em here—and if their state the worse is,
Why, they shall have them balls I give my 'erses!

[Carries the bodies off just before the W. U. re-enters.

W. U. The children—gone? you bush of berries less full!
Hooray, my little stratagem's successful!

[Dances a triumphant pas seul. Re-enter Farmer C.

Farmer C. Been looking for your little niece and nephew?

The W. U. Yes, searching for them everywhere—

Farmer C. (ironically). Oh, hev' you?

Then let me tell you, from all pain they're free, Sir.

The W. U. (falling on his knees). I didn't poison them—it wasn't
me, Sir!

Farmer C. I thought as much—a constable I'll run for. [Exit.

The W. U. My wretched nerves again! this time I'm done for!

Well, though I'm trapped and useless all disguise is,
My case shall ne'er come on at the Assizes!

[Rushes desperately to tree and crams himself with the remain-
ing berries, which produce an almost instantaneous effect.

Re-enter TOM and JANE from gate, looking pale and limp.

Terror of the Wicked Uncle as he turns and recognises them.

The W. U. (with tremulous politeness). The shades of JANE and
TOMMY, I presume? [Re-enter Farmer C.

Jane and Tommy (pointing to Farmer C.) His Cattle Mixtures
snatched us from the Tomb!

The W. U. (with a flicker of hope). Why, then the selfsame drugs
will ease my torments!

Farmer C. (chuckling). Too late! they've drunk the lot, the little
wormints!

The W. U. (bitterly). So out of life I must inglorious wriggle,

Pursued by TOMMY's grin, and JENNY's giggle!

[Dies in great agony, while TOMMY, JANE, and Farmer COPEER

look on with mixed emotions as the Curtain falls.



RECIPROCAL HOSPITALITY.

First Distinguished Colonist. "BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF THAT NICE YOUNG FELLOW, LORD LIMPET, SINCE YOU CAME TO LONDON—THE MAN WHO STAYED WITH YOU SO MANY MONTHS AT YOUR STATION LAST YEAR?"

Second Ditto. "OH YES! I MET HIM THE OTHER NIGHT AT LADY BOVRIL'S RECEPTION, AND HE KINDLY BESTOWED UPON ME THE UNUSED HALF OF A SMILE WHICH HE HAD PUT TOGETHER FOR A PASSING DUKE!"

THE NEW DANCE OF DEATH.

"STARVING to make a British holiday"—
And plump his pockets with the *gobemouches'* pay!
A pretty picture, full of fine humanity
And creditable to the public sanity!
"Sensation" is a most despotic master.
First HIGGINS and then SUCOR! Fast and faster
The flood of morbid sentiment rolls on.
Lion-kings die, and the Sword-swallower's gone
The way of all such horrors, slowly slain
By efforts to please curious brutes, for gain.
What next, and next? Stretch some one on the rack
And let him suffer publicly. 'Twill pack
The show with prurient pryers, and draw out
The ready shillings from the rabble rout
Of well-dressed quidnuncs, frivolous and fickle
Who'll pay for aught that their dull sense will tickle.
Look on, crass crowd; your money freely give
To see Sensation's victims die to live;
For Science knows, and says beneath her breath,
That this "Fast Life" (like other sorts) means Death!

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE COSMOPOLITAN LABOUR MEETING.

(Compiled with due regard to the International Idiosyncrasies.)

French.—That France contains the World, and Paris France.

Belgium.—That on the whole, the Slave Trade should be discouraged, as it cannot be made to yield more than a safe 7 per cent.

Germany.—That the best way of showing love for the Fatherland is to live in every other part of the universe.

Spain.—That it will be for the benefit of mankind to exterminate the Portuguese.

Portugal.—That the interests of civilisation will be advanced by the annihilation of the Spanish.

Russian.—That dynamite literally raises not only the mansions of the nobles, but betters the homes of those who have been serfs.

British.—That the equality of man is proved by the fact that one Englishman is worth a dozen foreigners.

American.—That everybody (except citizens of the U.S.A.) pay half a dollar to the Treasurer right off the reel slick away, and that the sum so collected be equally divided amongst those present.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"Yes; it is a sovereign you owe me—but any time will do;" i.e., "If he has the least spark of honour he'll pay me now."

"Never saw you looking better! Magnificent colour!" i.e., "Evidently ripening for apopleptic fit."

"Pray bring your friend;" i.e., "Doesn't he know how overcrowded my rooms are already?"

"To be perfectly candid;" i.e., "Not sorry to rub it in."

JOURNALISTIC.

"As yet nothing has transpired;" i.e., The reporter was too late to obtain any information.

"Detective Inspector Muggins is actively pursuing his inquiries;" i.e., Reporter thinks it as well to keep in with MUGGINS, who, may be useful in future.

EPISTOLATORY.

"In great haste;" i.e., "Must make some excuse for scrapiness."

"We were all so shocked at hearing of your sad bereavement;" i.e., "None of us knew her but myself, and I thought her a Cat!"

AT A DANCE.

"Let me get you a partner, Mr.—er—er Smith;" i.e., "He'll do for dowdy Miss JONES, who has only danced once the whole night."

"Shall we take a turn round now?" i.e., "She can't waltz any more than a crane, and parading is better than hopping."

"Not dancing to-night, Mr. Sprawle? Now, that's very naughty of you, with so many nice girls here;" i.e., "What an escape for the nice girls!"

A LITTLE MUSIC.

"I hope you brought your Music with you, dear;" i.e., "If only she had left it in the cab!"

"I would with pleasure, but I've such a shocking cold that really, &c.;" i.e., "I want a little more pressing, and then I'll come out strong, and astonish them, I fancy."

"Oh do! We have been looking forward to your Banjo-solo all the evening;" i.e., "With horror!"

CURIOMANIA, ETC.

"How delightful it must be to have such a hobby!" i.e., "Thank heavens, I am not so afflicted!"

"It must have cost you a heap of money;" i.e., "How he's been 'done!'"

"What a wonderful collection of pictures you have here!" i.e., "Must say something. Wouldn't give ten pounds for the lot."

RAILROAD AMENITIES.

"So glad you got into the same carriage. A little of your conversation so lightens a long journey;" i.e., "He'll talk my head off, and render a nap impossible."

"Would you like to look at the papers?" i.e., "May keep her tongue still for a few minutes."

The Busy "B."

[Mr. BANCROFT has just settled one theatrical difference, and now he is engaged on a "far more delicate matter"; i.e., a dispute between a Manager and an Actor.]

How doth the little busy "B" | By arbitrating all the day
Employ each leisure hour? | With great dramatic power.

EXTREMES MEET.—"The Darkies' Africa" is an Eastern entertainment at Weston's Music Hall.

COULDN'T Slander and Libel causes be appropriately heard in Sir JAMES HANNEN'S Admiralty Court, as "Running Down Cases?"



THE CHEAP FARES.

Passengers. "WE'RE FULL—THERE'S NO ROOM!"

Conductor. "WE MUST MAKE ROOM FOR 'ER. THERE'S ROOM FOR ONE ON THE NEAR SIDE 'ERE. B'SIDES YOU'RE ALL SHORT PENN'ORTHS, AND SEE'S A FOURPEN'ORTH—GOES THE WHOLE WAY!"

"THE PROMISE OF MAY."

(As the Proletariat paints it.)

"Since it is incredible that the economic balance can be universally disturbed by local changes, and always in one direction, we must assume a kind of moral contagion as an efficient agent in the wide-spread demand for a revision of wages and hours of labour. Identical theories and demands, preferred simultaneously in Austria, Germany, France, England, and America, must be largely due to the force of example operating through the modern facility of communication. A universal movement in favour of shorter hours would seem best fitted to secure the amelioration of the labourer's lot."—*The Times*.

Enthusiastic Operative to his Bench-Mate, loquitur:—

WE must wake and turn out early, bright and early, comrade dear;
To-morrow'll be the biggest day of all the sad New Year;
Of all the sad New Year, mate, the biggest, brightest day; [of May.
For to-morrow's the First of May, chummy, to-morrow's our First
There'll be many a dark, dark eye, chummy, by Thames, and
Seine, and Rhine,
There'll be SALISBURY, and CARNOT, and CAPRIVI to peak and pine.
For there'll be a stir of the Labourer in every land, they say, [May.
And Toil's to be Queen o' this May, chummy, Toil's to be Queen o' this
I do sleep sound at night, chummy, but to-morrow morn I'll wake;
The Cry of the Crowd will sound aloud in my ear ere dawn shall break.
'Twill muster with its booming bands and with its banners gay;
For to-morrow's the Feast of May, brother, to-morrow's our Feast
of May.

They've kept us scattered till now, comrade; but that no more may be:
Our shout goes up in unison by Thames, Seine, Rhine and Spree.
We are not the crushed-down crowd, chummy, we were but yesterday.
We're full of the Promise o' May, brother, mad with the Promise
of May!

They thought us wandering ghosts, brother. Divided strength is slight;
But what will they say when our myriads assemble in banded might?
They call us craven-hearted, but what matter what they say?
They'll know on the First o' May, brother; they'll learn on the
First o' May.

They say ours is a dying cause, but that can never be:
There's many a heart as bold as TELL'S in the New Democracy.
There's many a million of stalwart lads who toil for poorish pay;
And they'll meet on the First o' May, brother, they'll speak on the
First o' May.

The tramp of a myriad feet shall sound where the young Spring grass
is green, [QUEEN,
Yon Emperor young shall hear, brother, and so shall our gracious
For Labour's hosts to all civic centres shall gather from far away;
The Champs de Mars shall greet Hyde Park on this glorious First o'
May.

The lime is budding forth, brother, lilac our cot embowers, [flowers;
And the meadows soon shall be a-scent with the snowy hawthorn
But a bonnier sight shall be the tramping crowds in fustian grey,
Flushed with the Promise o' May, brother, the new-born Promise o'
May.

A wind is with their march, brother, that threatens old claims of
Class,

And the grey Spring skies above them seem to brighten as they pass.
Pray heaven there'll be no drop o' rain the whole of the live-long day,
To sadden our First o' May, brother, to sadden our First o' May!

The labourers of Paris, and the toilers of Berlin, ["tin."
Will throng to shout for shorter hours, homes happier, and more
Why even the chilly *Times*, chummy, is almost constrained to say
There is sense in our First o' May, chummy, hope from our First o'
May.

The Governments are a-gog, brother, *Figaro* owns as much;
Property quakes when the countless hands of Labour are in touch.
And from Bermondsey to Budapest they are in touch to-day,
Linked for the Feast of May, brother, linked for the Feast of May!

So we must wake and turn out early, bright and early, comrade,
dear;

To-morrow'll be the grandest day of all the green New Year;
To-morrow'll be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
For Toil's to be Queen o' the May, brother. Labour is Queen o' this
May!

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-writer.)

No. X.—THE MARTYR INCOMPRISE.

THE Martyr *Incompriise* is one who, having in her home erected a stake, ties to it her husband, and then having set alight the faggots which her own hands have piled round him, calls the world to witness the saint-like fortitude with which she bears up under the sufferings inflicted upon her by her lord and master. She will have been married to a man who, though he does not pretend to be above the ordinary frailties and failings of human nature, tries honestly, for many years, to make her happy. Time after time does this domestic Sisyphus roll the stone of contentment up the hill of his wife's temper, and time after time does it slip from his hands, and go clattering down into the plain of despair. The Martyr is a very virtuous lady, yet she is not satisfied with the calm and acknowledged possession of her virtues. She adds them to her armoury of aggravation, and uses them with a deadly effect. Her morality is irreproachable. She studies to make it a reproach to her husband, and, inasmuch as her temper is equally compounded of the most persistent obstinacy, and the most perverse and unaccountable caprices, it is unnecessary to say that she succeeds marvellously in her undertaking.

As a girl, the Martyr will have been distinguished by a keen sense of wrong, and a total lack of all sense of humour. Having been rebuked by her mother for some trifling fault, she will persuade herself that her parents detest her, and desire her death. She will spend the next few days with her breast luxuriously against the thorn of her fancied sufferings. She will weave romances, in order to enjoy the delicious sensation of looking on as she withers under injustice into a premature coffin, and of watching her cruel parents as they water the grave of their victim with unavailing tears. A somewhat lax method of bringing up will have enabled her to read many trashy novels. Out of these she constructs an imaginary hero, all gushing tenderness and a tawny moustache. Having met a young man who fully realises her ideal in the latter particular, she promptly assumes his possession of the former, and accepts his proposal of marriage. After having all but thrown him over on three or four occasions for an insufficient display of romantic devotion at dances and tennis parties, she eventually marries him. Soon afterwards she discovers that he is not a chivalrous wind-bag, but a Man, whereupon she shatters his pedestal, and abandons herself to misery amidst the ruins.

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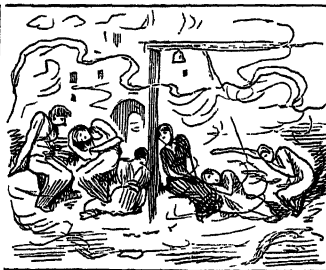
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The fateful odour fumes and goes
About the angle of the Nose.



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They smoked and smoked a pipe a-
piece:
Thus did their drowsiness increase.



SHORT CUT THROUGH THE GARDEN.

The Maidens thought the pipe to fill:
They smoked, and now they all lie still.



THE NOSE BOWER. LA BELLE PIPE-EN-BOIS DORMANT.

'Twas five o'clock, the hour of tea;
But, having smoked, they're as you see.

TIPS FROM THE TAPE.

(Picked up in Mr. Punch's Own Special City Corner.)

EVER since it became known that, in conformity with the general interest in the condition of the Stock and Share Market, now manifested by all classes of readers, you had determined to start your own special "Corner," for the purpose of keeping your eye on the matter, and had appointed me as your "City Commissioner," if I have been flooded with applications from Stock-jobbers, tendering their advice, I may say I have been literally overwhelmed by applications from clients and outsiders, asking me for mine. With five tapes always on the move, telephonic communication with everywhere, and my telegraphic address of "Panjimeracks," comfortably installed in a third-floor flat in commanding premises, within a stone's throw of the Stock Exchange, I flatter myself that, at least in all the surroundings of my position, I am, acting under your instructions, well up to the mark.

You would wish naturally to know something of the state of the market, and would doubtless like to hear from me, if there is any particular investment that I can recommend as safe for a rise. I have been giving some attention lately to

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but from news that has reached me from a private and most reliable source (I hear that the Chairman and Directors, who have gone off with the balance-sheet have disappeared, and have not been heard of for months) I should strongly advise, if you hold any of it, to get rid of it, if you can, as soon as possible. I have a similar tale to tell about

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This Stock has been run up by purchasers for the fall; and, though in October last it somehow touched 117½, it is now standing at 9½, and, spite the rumours of increased traffic receipts (due to the fact that a family drove up to the station last week in a cab), artfully put into circulation by interested holders, I would certainly get out of it before the issue of the forthcoming Report, which I hear, on good authority, not only announces the payment of no dividend on the Debenture Stock, but makes the unwelcome statement to the shareholders of the prospective seizure of the whole of the rolling stock under a debtors' summons, a catastrophe that must land the affairs of the Company in inevitable bankruptcy. Under these circumstances, I do not think I can conscientiously advise you to "hold;" still, you might watch the Market for a day or two; but, at any rate, take my advice, and get rid of your "Crocodiles."

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Hold. The Company has evidently touched bottom. Wait for the rise.

You will see from the above specimens, taken at random from a heap of others, that I utterly deprecate panic. "Never cut losses" is the wholesome and cheerful advice I give all my clients. There cannot be a doubt about it being thoroughly sound; for it stands to reason if no one were to sell out, no securities would ever fall. So, to nine out of ten who ask my advice I invariably say, "Hold." Though I have several stocks in prospective, the movements of which I am watching most attentively, I have, I confess, hardly got things into proper working order yet, but I have a grand scheme on foot that will, I fancy, take the wind out of the sails of many hitherto successful Stockdealers. In my new system three-and-sixpence will cover £500! Here will be a chance for even the schoolboy to taste the delights of Monte Carlo. But more of this later. Suffice it to say, that I have a "Combination Pool" in my eye, that if I can only carry out with the right sort of stock, ought to make the fortune of every one concerned.

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MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-writer.)

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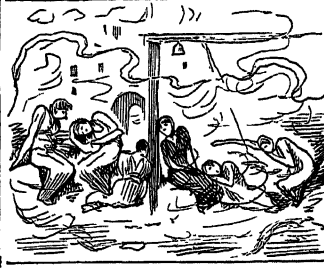
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AUDI MAGISTRUM PUNCHIUM.



WINDOW STUDIES.

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE. (THREE CAB-RUNNERS AFTER ONE SMALL PORTMANTEAU.)

STANLEY AFRICANUS!

Mr. Punch loquitur:—

"MR. STANLEY, I presume!" Well, the crowd will fuss and fume,
From the mob you'll get, no doubt, a noisy greeting;
But I'm pleased to take your hand on the threshold of the land;
This is truly a most gratifying meeting!

Nay, no need for you to blush, for I am not going to gush
There are plenty who'll indulge in fuss and flummery.
Heroes like to be admired, but you'll probably be tired
Of tall-talk ere this spring greenery shows summery.
"An illustrious pioneer," says the Belgian King. 'Tis clear
That at any rate you've earned *that* appellation.
True words tell, though tattlers twist 'em, and a "mighty fluvial
system"

You have opened up no doubt to civilisation.
Spreading tracts of territory 'tis your undisputed glory
To have footed for the first time (save by savages),
The result will be that Trade will there supersede the raid
Of the slaver, and the ruthless chieftain's ravages.
That is useful work well done, and it hasn't been all fun,
As you found in that huge awful tract of forest,
And you must have felt some doubt of your chance of winning
out

Of all perils when your need was at the sorest.
Mortal sickness now and then, and the pranks of lesser men,
Must have tried your iron health and steely temper.
But, like SCIPIO of old, you're as patient as you're bold,
And you turn up tough and timely, *idem semper*!

STANLEY AFRICANUS! Yes, that's a fitting name, I guess,
For as stout a soul as PUBLIUS CORNELIUS;
And now, probably, there's no man will not dub you "noblest
Roman."

Though you once had many a foeman contumelious.
Have them still? Oh yes, no doubt; but just now they'll scarce
speak out

In a tone to mar the laudatory chorus:

Though when once they've had a look, HENRY mine, in your
Big Book,

They with snips, and snaps, and snarls, are sure to bore us.
Well, that will not matter much if you only keep in touch
With all that is humane, and wise, and manly.

Your time has been well spent in that huge Dark Continent,
And all England's word to-day is, "Welcome, STANLEY!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In his *By Order of the Czar* Mr. JOSEPH HATTON exposes the
cruelties of Muscovite rule in the most trenchant yet entertaining
fashion. The headings to the chapters (to say nothing of their con-
tents) are exciting to a degree, and consequently it is not altogether
surprising that the Russian officials, possibly hearing that the three
handsome volumes might cause a revolution, should have refused
them admission to the Emperor's dominions. Be this as it may, in
each of the aforesaid handsome volumes appears a slip of yellow
paper, announcing that "it is prohibited by the Government of the
Czar from circulation in Russia." How fortunate—not, of course,
for the Russians, poor things, to be deprived of this treat—but how
fortunate that it is not prohibited *here*! With Mr. JOSEPH HATTON
continuously in his thoughts, the BARON has sung ever since—not
only "*In the Gloaming*," be it understood, but during the following
day, and well into the succeeding night—"Best for him (J. H.), and
best for me (B. DE B. W.)." The novel should have a large general
circulation, in spite of the boycotting to which it has been locally
subjected in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Siberia.

Miss JEANIE MIDDLEMASS has made a step in the right direction
by publishing *Two False Moves*. Like all her work, the new novel
is deeply interesting. As it is full of "go," it is sure to be con-
tinually on the march in the circulating libraries.

In *Miss Mephistopheles*, Mr. FEARGUS HUME gives us a story
much in advance of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. It is better
in construction, its character sketches are more life-like, and its
literary style is superior—therefore there is every chance of its not
being so successful with the general public.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

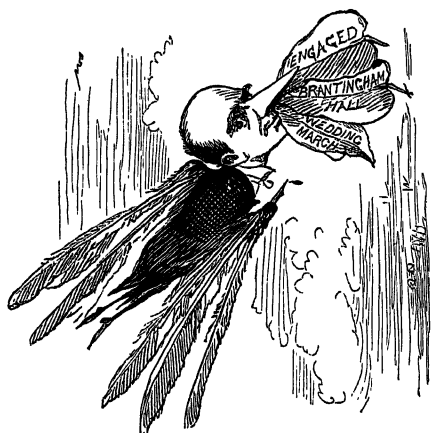


STANLEY AFRICANUS!

MR. PUNCH (*saluting*). "MR. STANLEY, I PRESUME!"

COURT NAPPING.

MRS. WOOD can't expect to be always the lucky possessor of a *Dandy Dick*, nor can Mr. PINERO hope always to be up to that really good faroical standard. The good PINERO has nodded over this. *The Cabinet Minister* is an excellent title thrown away.



Court in the Act; or, Mag-Pi-nero flying to a Wood with a few leaves from the Gilbertum Topsyturneycum Bookum.

a Helen-Macgregorish bore, curiously suggestive of what Mr. RIGHTON might look like in petticoats. Mrs. JOHN WOOD's part is a very trying one, and not what the public expect from her.

Though the piece begins fairly well, yet it is dull until Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, as *Joseph Lebanon*, comes on the scene in the Second Act, when everyone begins to be amused, and ends by being disappointed. *Joseph* remains the hero of the situation, and, cad as he is, the behaviour of the ladies and gentlemen towards him reduces them to his level, so that, in spite of its being a farce, we begin to pity him as we pity Mr. GUTHRIE'S *Pariah*, and as those who remember THEODORE HOOK's novel have pitied that wretched little cad, *Jack Brag*. The part is not equal to *Aunt Jack's* Solicitor, and had Mr. GROSSMITH, by the kind permission of Mr. PINERO, departed from the conventional Adelphi and Drury Lane type of comic Hebraic money-lender, he would have done better. The piece is played with the burlesque earnestness that characterised the first performances of *Engaged* at the Haymarket, which piece the Scotch accent recalls to the playgoer's memory. No one can possibly feel any interest in the lovers.

As a rule Mr. PINERO's stage-management is simple and effective; but here the design is confused and the result is an appearance of restless uncertainty. Drumdurrus Castle seems to be a lunatic asylum, of which the principal inmates are two elderly female patients, one, like a twopence-coloured plate of some ancient Scotch heroine, with a craze about Scotland, and the other mad on saying "Fal-lal," and screaming out something about "motives." If eight of the characters were cut out, "they'd none of 'em be missed," and if the play were compressed into one Act, it would contain the essence of all that was worth retaining, and, with a few songs and dances, might make an attractive *lever de rideau* or "laughable farce to finish," before, or after, a revival of *Dandy Dick*. AMICUS CANDIDUS.

MR. PUNCH'S PROVERBS UP TO DATE.

AN acre of land in Melbourne is better than two miles in the bush. Not enough at the Aquarium pays better than a feast. You may start a train punctually from the terminus, but you can't get it to keep its time *en route*.

You can't make an English purse out of an Irish Land Bill.

A Tea Duty will annoy for ever.

It is the early Tram-man who holds the morning meeting.

Look after the wire-fences for the horses and the hounds will take care of themselves.

A man may go nine times to Holloway for contempt, and after the tenth visit come before the Official Receiver and be broke.

A School Board is soon parted from its money.

Give a dog a muzzle and you needn't chain him.

"NOTHING WHEN YOU'RE ROOSE'D TO IT,"—We've heard plenty about *dîner à la Roose*, and the *Here and There and Everywhere* and *Fare of London Life*, but now we are to have *Fasting à la Roose*. *Vide* article in May number of *New Review* on Fasting, by Dr. ROBINSON CRUSOE,—beg pardon,—should have said Dr. ROBSON ROOSE O. Article not variation on ROOSE O's Dream, but thoroughly practical.

WEEK BY WEEK.

Wednesday, April 30.—Mr. Punch rises early and appears everywhere. Whole holiday. General rejoicings. Grand Banquet in the evening as usual. Private Reception of Mr. STANLEY, I presume. No one admitted without orders—on his uniform. Great reception of Mr. H. M. STANLEY by his Hairdresser.

Thursday, May 1.—Headaches. Chimney Sweeper's Day. Soot-able occasion for Sweeping Reform Meetings everywhere. N.B.—Edinburgh Exhibition. Scots wha' hae. Reception of Mr. H. M. STANLEY by the eminent Explorer's tailor, bootmaker, and hosier.

Friday, May 2.—Strictly Private View of the Pictures at Burlington House. Admissions limited to not more than 100,000 patrons of Art. Quiet day. Everybody preparing speech for the Academy Banquet to-morrow. Deputation to Mr. H. M. STANLEY from Aquarium, to ask if he will take Succr's place.

Saturday.—Great Cooking Match at the Café Royal, Lunch Time, Trial Steaks. Opening of the front door by Mr. H. M. STANLEY. Snug little dinner at Burlington House. Sir FREDERICK, P.R.A., in the chair. Musical entertainment by Mr. WHISTLER. Fireworks by Mr. H-REY F-ERN-SS.

Sunday.—Dies Non. No Day!! Curious effect. Gas lighted everywhere. Private Banquet to Mr. STANLEY, who discovers the sauce of the lobster, and takes it with his salmon. Rejoicings.

Monday.—Ceremony of changing sentinels at Buckingham Palace. Every sentinel very much changed after the operation. Opening of a New Book by Mr. H. M. STANLEY. Mrs. SNOOKS's first dance, if she has learnt it in time for to-night.

Tuesday.—Preparations for to-morrow. The Platelayers' annual festival, ROBERT, the Waiter, in the chair. Reception by Mr. H. M. STANLEY, of a parcel from his tailor's. Usual banquets, dances, races, excursions, alarums.

Wednesday.—Mr. Punch comes out stronger than ever. Congratulatory telegrams from all parts of Europe. Banquet as usual.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Tuesday, April 22.—Mr. BENNETT's Libretto of *Thorgrim* good from literary point of view; poor from dramatic ditto. Composer COWEN not possessing dramatic power sufficient for two, cannot

supply the want. Sestet and Chorus, end of Act II., skilfully worked up, and received with acclamation. Opera, in a general way, Wagnerish. Orchestration shows the hand of a master, Master COWEN. Local colour good, but too much local colour spoils the Opera. Mr. MCGUCKIN is *Thorgrim* to the life; singing, acting, and make-up admirable. Miss ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN highly commendable. Miss TREMELLI, mother of *Helgi* (an ugly name and scarcely mentionable to ears polite), loud and leading as a lady-villain. *Helgi* and *Arnora* are first cousins (not once removed) to *Telramond* the Tedious and *Ortrude* the Orful. Mr. CELLI as King, a sort of Scandinavian BEAU BRUMMEL, imparts light comedy touch to Opera, which, but for this, might have been a trifle dull. COWEN called, came, congratulated. H.R.H. Prince of WALES, setting the best example, as he always does, to Opera-goers, came at the beginning and remained to the end.

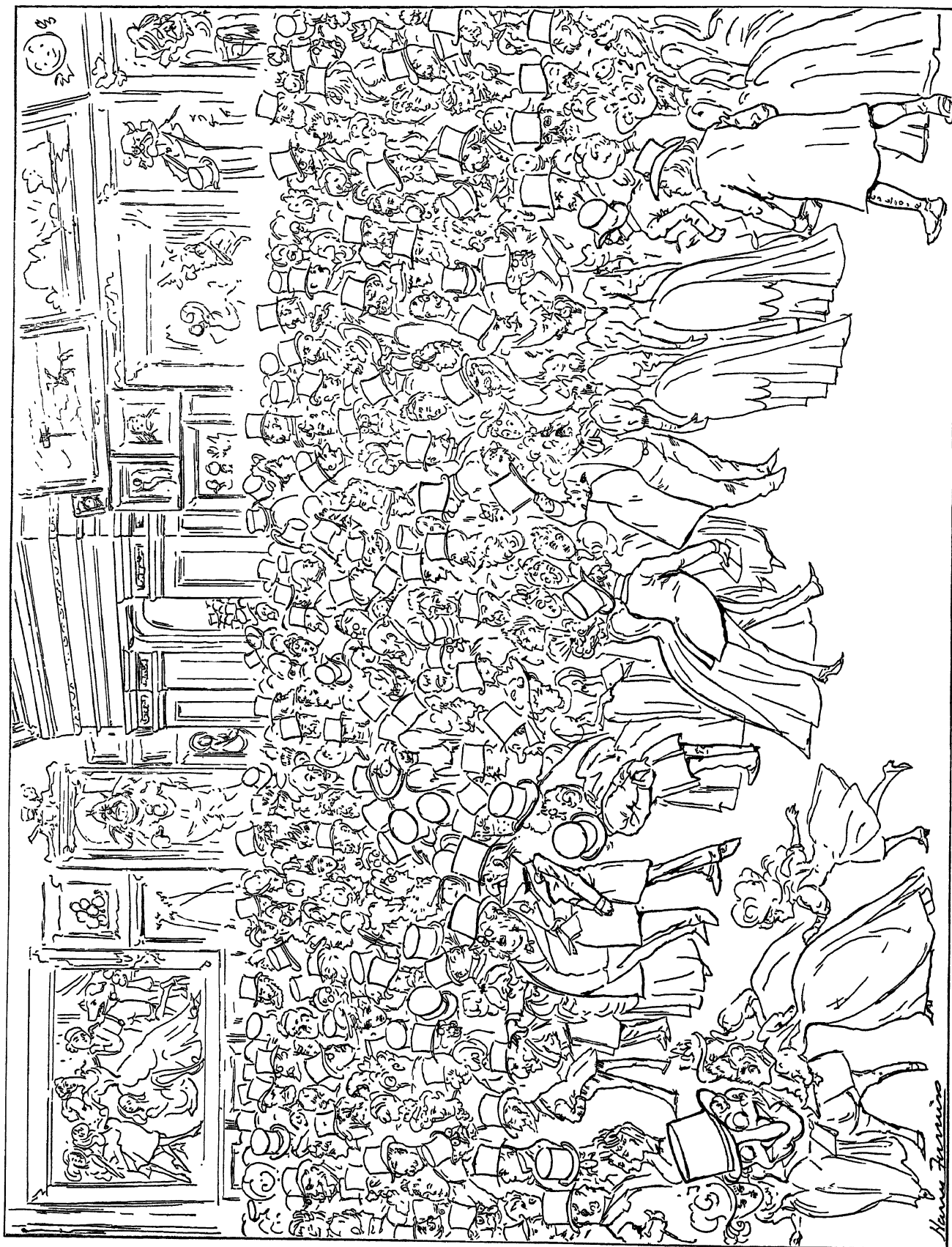
April 23.—*Maritana* delighted everyone. Miss GEORGINA BURNS splendid. Mr. JOHN CHILD, as *Cæsar*, good child. Mr. LESLIE CROTTY good for José.

April 26.—*Lohengrin*. King played by POPE with considerable amount of temporal power. F. DAVIES good as the *Herald*, but which *Herald* he is, whether the "Family" or "New York" not quite clear. Incidental music by amateurs in the Gallery, who, in lengthy interval between Second and Third Scenes of Last Act, whistled "We won't go home till morning!"

Carl Rosa Opera season soon over, then Drama at Drury Lane, and Italian Opera at Covent Garden. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS COUNTICOUNCILLARIUS (Sheriff in *posse*, Alderman in *futuro*, and Lord Mayor in *futurissimo*) keeps the ball a rolling at both Houses.



The Scandinavian Composer.



STRICTLY PRIVATE VIEW, ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

THE Duke of DUMPSHIRE seems to have been much annoyed by my statement that he killed two trainers with his own hand, for being caught watching a trial of his Derby horses, and that the Jockey Club took no action. I beg to inform his Grace and those who approve his methods, that I care no more for their annoyance than I do for the muddy-minded lucubrations of Mr. JEREMY and his servile tribe of moon-calves. I have public duties to perform, and if, in the course of my comments on racing, I should find myself occasionally compelled to run counter to the imbecile prejudices of some of the aristocratic patrons of the turf, I can assure my readers that I shall not flinch from the task. I therefore repeat that, in the middle of last month, the Duke of DUMPSHIRE killed two trainers, and that up to the present time the Jockey Club have not enforced against him the five-pound penalty which is specially provided by their rules for offences of this sort. When Mr. JACOBS, who has no aristocratic connections, ventured to lynch a rascally tout on Newmarket Heath last year, he was made to pay up at once. The contrast is suggestive.

A lot of jannering nonsense has been talked about *Bazaar* by the Will-o'-the-Wisps who mislead the long-suffering public in turf matters. *Bazaar* is by Rector out of *Church Mouse*, and in his pedigree are to be found such well-known roasters as *Boanerges* and *Hallelujah Sal*—not much of a recommendation to anybody except Mr. JEREMY. His own performances are worse than con-



FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

"IS THIS A DAGGER THAT I SEE BEFORE ME?"

temptible. As a two-year old, he was placed second at eight stone to *Candlestick* in the Warrington Open Welter Handicap. After that he sprang a curb in the middle of his back, and the fools who train him actually brought him out to run in the All-aged Selling Plate at Ballymac-whacket. He won the race easily enough of course, but only an impostor, whose head was stuffed with horsehair, would attach the least importance to that. Since then he has eaten two pairs of spurs, a halter, and half of a jockey, which scarcely looks like winning races. I have now relieved my conscience on the matter, so if the puddle-brains wish to back him, their loss must lie at their own doors.

The Marquis de MILLEPARDON has bought *Chowbock* for £2000. At the last Epsom Meeting *Chowbock* showed himself a fine pace-maker in an East wind, having cantered in from *Sister Mary*, who as good as walked round *Valkins* when the latter was being tried without his pastern-pad on the Cots-wold Hills. At the same time it must be remembered, that *Sister Mary* only got home by a length from *Smockfrock*, after having been double-girthed and provided with a bucket of Pocock's antiseptic, anti-crib-biting condition balls for internal application over the Newmarket T. Y. C.

Next week, I may have something to say about Derby prospects. For the present, I can only advise would-be investors to steer clear of Mr. JEREMY and his quacking, goose-headed parasites.

CHANGE OF NAME.—M. SUCCI, having succeeded in existing for forty days on water alone, will henceforth be known as Water-Succi.

HOW I WELCOMED STANLEY.

(Notes of a Very Important Journey.)

LEFT Victoria by special train. On my road met my dear old friend BROWN. We were boys together. Nothing I would not do for him. BROWN says the dearest object of his life is to welcome STANLEY. Can't I take him with me? (This on learning the nature of my expedition.) He is off to Canada to-morrow—early. More sorry than I can say—impossible. Only invitation for "one." One, myself. He sighs and we part—it may be for years, it may be for ever. Sorrowful, but cheered up by party in special train. Everybody in great spirits going to welcome STANLEY. Dearest object of everybody's life. To pass the time tell one another stories of adventure. Man who was in the Franco-German War explains how he would have defended Metz if he had been BAZAINE. Man who went through the Soudan (perhaps a trifle jealous, says if he had been BAZAINE he wouldn't have defended Metz at all, because BAZAINE was a traitor. Row imminent, so cut in with my adventure in a life-boat. Graphic account. Ship springing a-leak; men at the pumps; boats given up to the women and children. The good ship—well, never mind the name of ship; have forgotten it—lurches, gives one long roll, and sinks! Remaining passengers, headed by myself, swarm up the rigging to the mizzen-top. High sea, thunder and lightning. Great privations. Sun sinks in red, moon rises in green. All hope gone, when—hurrah, a sail! It is the life-boat! Slung on board by ropes. Rockets and coloured lights let off. The coxswain calls upon the crew to "pull blue," or "pull white." Startling adventures. On the rocks! Off them! Saved! Everybody pleased with my story. Keep to myself the fact that I have only once in my life been on board a life-boat—when it was practising off Lynton. No more stories after mine. Company (disheartened) break up into groups. Pleased with the scenery. After all, there is no place like Dover—when you stop there. Glad I am not going to welcome STANLEY on the other side of the Channel. London, Chatham and Dover Railway arrangements capital, especially when you are travelling *en prince*.

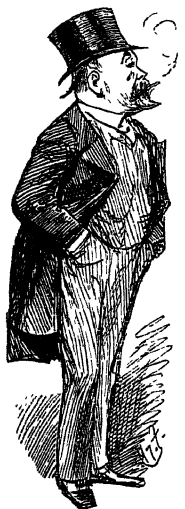
Ah, here we are at Dover! Meet JONES—of course, he is going to welcome STANLEY. So are SNOOKS and SMITH. And, as I live, old

TOMPKINS! Well, this is very plucky of old TOMPKINS. Thought he was dead years ago. Says he would not miss STANLEY for worlds. More would I. Great privilege to welcome him. Feel it most deeply. The greatest explorer of the age. But sea-air has made me a trifle hungry and thirsty. I daresay lunch is going on somewhere. Find it isn't! Deputation of Vergers, seemingly from Canterbury Cathedral, headed by a beadle, carrying an ear-trumpet, forcing their way through crowd. Police arrangements the reverse of satisfactory. Distinguished proprietor of influential newspaper hustled—possibly mistaken for EMIN PASHA, who would be *de trop* on such an occasion. But must have lunch. Not up to form of Signor SUCCI. So avoid the brilliant but giddy throng, and find out a favourite little restaurant close to the Lord Warden. French *plats* and some excellent *Grave*. Know the *Grave* of old—seldom asked for, and so kept long in bottle. Order a nice little luncheon and feel rather sleepy. Luncheon ready. Do it justice, and fancy suddenly that I am in charge of the lamp in a lighthouse. Rough night. Ah! the life-boat! manned by old TOMPKINS (adventurous chap old TOMPKINS) SNOOKS, JONES, SMITH and BROWN. Thought latter had gone to Canada! Open eyes with a start. Waiter and bill. Bless me, how late it is. Must be off at once to welcome STANLEY. Meet old TOMPKINS, SNOOKS, JONES and SMITH instead. They tell me that they have all welcomed STANLEY. Found him being "run into" the train by two policemen! Thought him looking very well. Didn't I? Ask, Where is he now? Don't I know? Why gone back by the special! Thought I must have missed it on purpose. Hurry away in bad temper. May catch him up. Pop into fast train just starting. Scenery bad. Weather horrid. Fellow travellers unsupportable. Ah, here we are at last at Victoria. One satisfaction—BROWN didn't welcome him either. Why here is BROWN on the platform—do him a last good turn—describe STANLEY. I tell him that the great explorer looks younger than ever, wears big cap, white suit, revolver and field-glasses. Every inch a portrait in the *Daily Graphic*! BROWN says, "That's strange, as he didn't look like that when he saw him!" Appears BROWN put off trip to Canada to welcome him. Can't be helped! Shall meet STANLEY somewhere (movements advertised daily in the *Times*) and when I do won't I give him a bit of my mind, for not waiting long enough to let me welcome him!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 21.—House really beginning to fill up. HARTINGTON back from the Riviera. First time he has appeared this Session; lounged in with pretty air of having been there yesterday and just looked in again. Blushed with surprise to find Members on both sides welcoming him with cheer.



The Sage.

"We all like HARTINGTON," said SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. "Of course we liked him better when he agreed with our opinions; but we can't all keep straight, and he's gone wrong. Still, we bear him no malice. Sorry he was ill; glad he's better. Must encourage this benevolent attitude towards him, since it enables us, with fuller vigour to denounce CHAMBERLAIN. You see, when we howl at CHAMBERLAIN, they can't say we are simply moved by personal spite, because here we are cheering HARTINGTON as he returns to the fray."

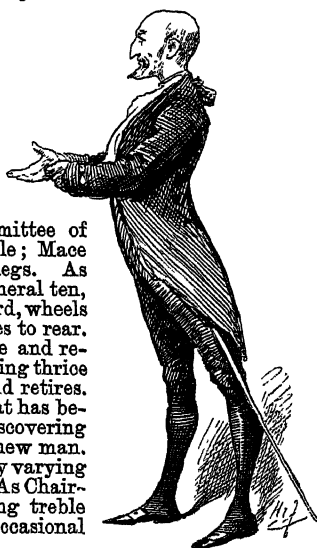
JOHN DILLON back too; bronzed with Australian suns; ruddy with the breezes of lusty Colorado. Everyone glad to see JOHN back; first because everyone likes him; next for reasons akin to those which the SAGE frankly acknowledges when cheering HARTINGTON. Even in the evil days when JOHN DILLON used to fold his arms and flash dark glances of defiance on Speaker BRAND, House didn't include him in same angry, uncompromising, denunciation as hurled round head of WILLIAM O'BRIEN, TIM HEALY, and dear old JOSEPH GILLIS. JOHN DILLON sometimes suspended; occasionally sent to prison; but the honesty of his motives, the purity of his patriotism, always acknowledged. Mistaken, led astray (that is to say differed from us on matters of opinion), but meant well.

"Yes, TOBY," said the SAGE, lighting another cigarette; "always well when you're going it hot for a Party to have some individual in it whom you can omit from general implication of infamous motives. Gives one high moral standpoint, doncha know. Thus, when I want to suggest that the MARKISS is a mere tool in hands of BISMARCK, I extol honest purposes of OLD MORALITY; hint, you know, that he is not so sharp of perception as he might be; but that gives him the fuller claim upon our sympathy, seeing that he is yoked with a colleague of the natural depravity, and capable of the infinite iniquity, which marks the MARKISS's relations with public affairs. The great thing, dear TOBY, in public controversy is to assume an attitude of impartiality. When you have to suggest that a political adversary was privy to the putting-away of his grandmother, do it rather in sorrow than in anger, and if you can find or make an opportunity of saying at the same time a kind word for one of his colleagues, seize it. That's why we cheer HARTINGTON to-night, and why the Tories sometimes admit that JOHN DILLON's an honest man."

Business done.—PARNELL moved rejection of Land Purchase Bill.

Tuesday.—COURTNEY on in his famous quick-change scene. One minute he is discovered in recesses of canopied chair as Speaker; the next is seated at table as Chairman of Committees. SPEAKER, everyone sorry to learn, is ill in bed. So COURTNEY doubles his part. Proceeding watched with profound interest from Strangers' Gallery. At ten minutes and ten seconds to Seven House in Committee of Supply. COURTNEY in Chair at table; Mace off the table; TANNER on his legs. As hand of clock falters over the numeral ten, COURTNEY gets up, says never a word, wheels to right out of Chair and marches to rear. TANNER stops midway in sentence and resumes seat. Sergeant-at-Arms bowing thrice advances, lifts Mace on to table, and retires. Stranger in Gallery wondering what has become of COURTNEY, appalled by discovering him in SPEAKER'S Chair, quite a new man. On these occasions marks his swiftly varying condition by altered tone of voice. As Chairman of Committees, assumes piping treble voice, as Deputy-Chairman drops occasional observations in profound bass.

"Only thing left to me, dear TOBY," he said, when I congratulated him on his treble. "Haven't time to change dress, even if it were permissible; must do



Sergeant-at-Arms (and Legs).

something to mark wide gulf fixed between Chairman of Committee and SPEAKER; so hit upon this scheme. Glad you like the treble; a little out of my line, but practice makes perfect."

At Evening Sitting question of Labour and Capital brought on by BARTLEY. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM let House see what a terrible fellow he is. Doesn't look the part; but after speech to-night no question of his innate ferocity. *Sim Tapperit* not in it for such blood-curdling remarks. "I have," he said just now, "often interfered between Capital and Labour; but, thank Heaven! I have never interfered in the character of a conciliator."

"Ha, ha!" he cried, a little later, *à propos* of nothing. "You talk of inciting to violence. I have never incited to violence, and wherefore? Because, in present state of affairs, with society a vast organised conspiracy, violence would recoil on the heads of the Working Classes. But, Sir, the time will come when things will be otherwise, and the very moment that power is in the hands of the Working Classes I shall incite them to violence."

After this House took early opportunity of adjourning. Pretty to see Members stealing across Palace Yard in the dark, looking furtively right and left, not sure that moment was not come, and SIMON CUNNINGHAME TAPPERTIT GRAHAM was not hounding on his "United Bulldogs" against the Classes. "We must look out, BROADHURST," said JAMES ROWLANDS, nervously rubbing his hand. "It's all very well of your retiring to Cromer. I think I shall practise with a revolver; shall certainly carry a sword-stick."

Business done.—Budget Resolutions through Committee.

Thursday Night.—HOME SECRETARY came down to-day in unusually good spirits. Nothing happened of late to give enemy occasion to blaspheme. Crewe affair seems quite forgotten; nobody going to be hanged when he ought to be reprieved, or reprieved when he ought to be hanged. Seems almost as if, after all, life for HOME SECRETARY would be worth living. Whatever embarrassments ahead belong to other Departments of Ministry. Land Purchase troubles, not the HOME SECRETARY, nor Bi-Metallism either. RAIKES been doing something at the Post Office. GOSCHEN been tampering with tea, and sinning in the matter of currants. Something wrong with the Newfoundland Fisheries, but that FERGUSSON'S look-out. True, ELCHO wanting to know about some prisoners taken from Ipswich to Bury in chains. Sounds bad sort of thing; sure to be letters in newspapers about it. But HOME SECRETARY able to lay hand on heart and swear the chains were light. ELCHO blustered a bit. Irish Members, naturally interested in arrangements for going to prison, threateningly cheered; but after what MATTHEWS had suffered in other times this affair lighter than the chains themselves.

Incident had passed; questions on paper disposed of; soon be debating Land Purchase Bill; all would be well for at least another day. Suddenly up gets HARCOURT; wants to know who is responsible for the design of new police buildings on Thames Embankment? Flush of pride mantles brow of MATTHEWS. This red-hot building—its gables, its roofs, its windows its doorways, and its twisted knockers—was designed under his direction. It is his dower to London, set forth on one of its most spacious sites. What does HARCOURT want to know about it? Why is PLUNKET so studious in repudiating all responsibility for the thing? Wherefore does crowded House cheer and laugh when HARCOURT gives notice to call attention to building on Home Office Vote? Can it be possible that here is another mistake? Ought he to have hanged the architect instead of encouraging him? Always doing things for the best, and they turn out the very worst. Been occasionally misunderstood; but did, at least, think that London would be grateful for this emanation from the heated architectural mind.

"Looks so like a carbuncle suddenly developed on Embankment, with the stately Thames swirling below, that I really thought they would like it," said HOME SECRETARY, mopping his furrowed brow. "But there are some people, TOBY, who are never pleased, and prominent among them are the people of London."

Business done.—Debate on Land Purchase Bill.

Friday.—Things rather in a muddle to-day all round. At Morning Sitting didn't get Supply which everybody expected would be order of day; didn't proceed with Allotments Bill, which was first on Orders. At night, PROVAND on first with Dried Currants; McLAREN to follow with Woman's Suffrage, neither turned up, and at half-past eleven by dint of Closure, got into Committee of Supply. GEORGE CAMPBELL cruising up and down in New Guinea steamer; finally docked. Then ARTHUR WILLIAMS moved to report progress; more discussion; OLD MORALITY pounced; Division on Closure; COURTNEY named SHEEHY as one of tellers; SHEEHY in Limerick; House couldn't wait for him to return; so WADDY brought out of Lobby to tell with TANNER. When Closure carried, it was ten minutes past one. House bound to rise at one o'clock; Chairman equally bound to put the question, which was to report progress. Motion for progress negatived, which meant that the House would go on with business; but it being a quarter past one Deputy-Speaker must needs leave Chair, and so sitting collapsed.

"Dear me!" said BOLTON, "this is hard to understand. Must go off to the Garrick and think it over." *Business done.*—None.

EIGHT HOURS ONLY.

(A Fancy Sketch of the Possible.)

It was the first day under the operation of the new Act. Everyone was a little nervous about the outcome, and JOHN JONES, the Barrister, was no exception to the general rule. At three o'clock he was in the full swing of an impassioned appeal to the Jury.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. JONES," said the Judge, glancing at the clock, "but I am afraid I must interrupt you. I cannot hear you any longer."

"But, my Lord, I have not touched upon a third of the case. I can assure you my remarks shall be as brief as possible."

"That is not the point, Mr. JONES," replied his Lordship. "I am following your argument with the liveliest interest, and I am sure that all you would wish to say would be of the greatest possible service to your client; but unfortunately I happen to know that you prepare your cases in the early hours of the morning. Now, you know the law as well I do. If you have not been at work to-day for eight hours, of course I shall be happy to hear; but if you have—"

"As your Lordship pleases," said poor JONES, and he gathered up his papers, and left the Court.

"Just in time, Sir," observed the attendant in the robing-room, as he put the Barrister's wig in its box, and assisted him to divest himself of his gown. "Had you come five minutes later, we should have gone."

"Really! How would that have suited silk and stuff?"

"Caused a fearful row, I am afraid, Sir. But we daren't exceed the eight hours' limit, and we must keep two or three of them for some work we have in the evening."

When JONES found himself in the Strand he noticed that the traffic was considerably less than usual. The omnibuses were few and far between, and he did not see a cab in any direction.

"Yes, Sir," replied a policeman, who was removing his band of office, preparatory to going home; "you won't find many. Eight hours' limit, Sir. Good-day, Sir. I am off myself."

The boats had ceased running; there were no trams. To pass the time he thought he would call upon the Editor, whose rooms were in Fleet Street.

"I hope I am not interrupting you," he said, as he entered the sanctum.

"Interrupting me! Why, I am delighted to see you. We have nothing to do. Mustn't exceed the eight hours, and they were up at two o'clock. But how did you get in?"

"Oh, the Publisher opened the door, and then returned to a rubber of whist he was playing with the Reader, the Manager, and the Head of the Advertisement Department. I was introduced to them all. Then I watched a tug of war going on in the composing-room between the Compositors on the one side, and the Machinists and Foundry-men on the other, and came up here."

"Very glad to see you, my dear fellow!" and the Editor once again shook hands.

A little later JONES entered a restaurant, but he was refused dinner. The eight hours' limit had cleared off the cooks and the waiters. Half-starving, he purchased a stall for the theatre. For a while his thoughts were distracted by the excellence of the performance. Suddenly, in the most interesting part of the play, the curtain was prematurely dropped.

"Very sorry," said the Stage Manager, addressing the audience from behind the footlights, "but, Ladies and Gentlemen, we have no option. We had a rehearsal this morning of the new piece, and, taking this into consideration, our limit is reached. I may seize this opportunity for regretfully announcing that as two performances take more than eight hours, the customary Saturday *Matinée* will for the future be discontinued."

The orchestra played a few bars of the National Anthem, and the theatre cleared. JONES strolled on to the Embankment, and, the

evening being pleasant, took a seat. Beside him was a student reading for examination, a clergyman thinking out a sermon, and an artist taking a rough sketch. JONES took out a brief himself and opened it.

"It's no business of mine," said a policeman off duty, who happened to be passing, "but you gents will get yourselves into trouble if you exceed the limit."

"I will go home," exclaimed JONES; and he walked to his suburban villa. But the place was locked up, and the servants did not dare to open the door to him, as they had finished their legal spell of labour hours before.

"Don't feel well," he murmured. "Will call upon my Doctor."

"Now, my dear Sir," said the medical man, as JONES appeared before him, "you know I must not prescribe for you. The eight hours' limit was reached at four."

"Then, I suppose I must die. Will the Act allow me to do that?"

"You, as a Barrister, ought to know best, my dear Sir. What is your idea?"

"My idea?" echoed the considering JONES. "Well, I should say— But, stay; I am not entitled to give a professional opinion until to-morrow morning! Still, offhand I may observe, that such an illegal death would savour of positive suicide; but it would not matter very much, as under existing circumstances suicide in some form or other seems to me inevitable!" And JONES was right!

MAXIMS FOR THE BAR. No. V.



"A Curate may be cross-examined with comparative safety."

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

THOSE who have carefully read the remarks which I have thought it my duty to make in these columns from time to time, must have reaped a golden harvest at Newmarket last week. It is not easy, of course, in these milk-and-water days to say what one means in sufficiently plain words. Personally, I have always been mild in my language, and have often been reproached on this score. But I have always found it possible, without using vulgar and exaggerated abuse, to express the contempt which, in common with every right-minded man, I feel for the grovelling herd of incompetent boobies, whose minds are as muddy as the Rowley Mile after a thunderstorm. *Surefoot* was always a favourite of mine. Two months ago I said, "if *Surefoot* can only face the starter for the Two Thousand firmly, he will probably get off well, and ought not to be far behind the first six at the finish. As to *Le Nord*, though he is not my colour, he is not likely to be last." Only a mooncalf, with a porridge-bowl instead of a head, could have mistaken these remarks.

So Sir THOMAS CHUCKS has joined the ranks of aristocratic owners. Here is a chance for the dilly-dallying professors of humbug to distinguish themselves. What can be expected from a stable which always runs its trials at one o'clock in the morning, with nobody but Mr. JEREMY to look on? No doubt we shall hear all about it in the columns which Mr. J. devotes to the edification of dough-faced, gruel-brained noodles who accept him as their prophet.

Catawampus ran well last week. With two stone less and a Calyx-eyed saddle-bar, he would have shown up even better. Whenever the barometer goes up two points *Catawampus* must be remembered. He was foaled in a ditch on the old North Road, somewhere between London and York, and having remained there or thereabouts for a month, may be considered a good stayer.

THE EMPIRE IN THE TIME OF SEVERUS.—Wonderful Juggler at the Empire, with a name that's not to be trifled with, SEVERUS. Some nights he may be better than on others, but you'll be delighted if you just catch him in the Juggler vein.

THE Over-rated Rate-payers who fear the rising of the Rates more than almost any other rising, express a hope that the L. C. C. will be economical, and that FARRER may be "Nearer."

MR. PUNCH'S FOUR PRIZE MIDDLE-CLASS WIVES.



MR. PUNCH LEFT MRS. JONES PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS WITH MR. JONES—THAT THE LITTLE JONES MIGHT BE SOUND IN WIND AND LIMB.



HE FOUND MADAME DUBOIS KEEPING MONSIEUR DUBOIS' BOOKS—IN ORDER THAT HE MAY PROSPER AND GROW RICH, AND SPARE AN EXTRA CLERK.



HE FOUND FRAU MÜLLER COOKING SAUERKRAUT AND SAUSAGES—THAT HERR MÜLLER SHOULD EAT OF THE BEST AND CHEAPEST AND MOST DIGESTIBLE.



HE FOUND MRS. VAN TRUMP READING BROWNING AND HERBERT SPENCER—TO BE AN INTELLECTUAL COMPANION FOR GEORGE P. VAN TRUMP, AND HIS ENGLISH FRIENDS.



UNCERTAINTIES OF ARITHMETIC.

Schoolmaster. YES; BUT LOOK HERE, MY BOY. SUPPOSE I WERE TO LEND YOUR FATHER FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS, LET US SAY,—WITHOUT INTEREST,—BUT ON CONDITION THAT HE SHOULD PAY ME TEN POUNDS A WEEK. HOW MUCH WOULD HE STILL OWE ME IN TWO MONTHS?"

New Boy. "FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS, SIR!"

Schoolmaster. "TUT! TUT! MY BOY, YOU DON'T KNOW THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF ARITHMETIC!" *New Boy.* "YOU DON'T KNOW MY FATHER, SIR!"

GRANDOLPH GOODFELLOW;

OR, PUCK AT THE SPIGOT.

(Shakespeare adapted to the situation.)

Bung. Either I mistake your shape and making quite, Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite Called GRANDOLPH GOODFELLOW. Are you not he That did your best to spill Lord S-L-SB-RY? Gave the Old Tory party quite a turn, And office with snug perquisites did spurn? And now you'd make Strong Drink to bear no barm (Or proper profit.) You would do us harm. Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sly Puck, Are right; you always bring your friends bad luck. Are you not he?

Puck. By Jove, thou speak'st aright; I am that merry wanderer full of spite. I jest unto the Plebs and make it smile. Old, fat, and bean-fed Tories I beguile, And lead them to a Democratic goal. Now I am "going for" the flowing bowl. E'en W-LFB-D owns I am "upon the job." I mean to save the workman many a "bob." But, lessening his chance of toping ale, The Witler tells his pals the saddest tale. Bacchus for his true friend mistaketh me, Then step I from his side, down topples he, And "Traitor!" cries, and swears I did but chaff, And the Teetotallers hold their sides and laugh, And chortle in their joy, and shout, and swear That GRANDOLPH GOODFELLOW's a spirit rare. But room, old boy, the Second Reading's on.

Bung. He is a trickster:—Would that he were gone!

PRIMROSE'S PEEP-SHOW.

(Vide Lord Rosebery's resumé of the year's work of the London County Council.)

MASTER BULL loquitur:—

HUMPH! Show is very passable, no doubt; And as you pull the strings, my clever Showman, 'Tis clear that *you* know what you are about, Sense's sworn friend, and babbling folly's foeman. The slides, as worked by you, seem mighty fine, A trifle vague, perhaps, in composition, Sloppy in colouring, and weak in line, As is the civic peep-show's old tradition; Still there is graphic vigour here and there, Perspective, and a general sense of "movement." On the old "Shirker" Show, 'tis only fair To own, it evidences some improvement. Plenty of slides! there is no doubt of *that*; In fact one questions if there are too many. Yes, I shall find when you pass round the hat, The price is more than the old-fashioned Penny. I pay my money and I take my—choice? Well no, it won't quite fit, that fine old patter. Still, if your Show proves good, I shall rejoice; A trifling rise in fee won't greatly matter, If 'tis not too "progressive" (as you say). To stump up for sound work I'm always willing; But though, of course, a Penny may not pay, One wants a first-class Peep-Show for a Shilling! Some of your novel slides are rather nice, Some of them, on the other hand, look funny. I felt grave doubts about 'em once or twice. I don't want muddlers to absorb my money. However, as I said, 'tis very clear As puller of the strings you yield to no man. The Show seems promising, if rather dear, But anyhow it has a first-rate Showman!

"So English you know!" exclaims the BARON DE B. W., on seeing the advertisement of Dr. LOUIS ENGEL's new book from *Handel to Hallé*. "It will be interesting," says the Baron, "to note how much of HANDEL's popularity was due to that particular inspiration of genius which caused him to use the name of the future composer and pianist in one of his greatest works, namely, the celebrated '*Hallelujah Chorus*.' For this magnificent effort would have been only half the chorus it is without '*HALLÉ*' to commence it."

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"Dear me, how surprisingly your voice has strengthened since I last heard you sing;" i.e., "Roars like a town-bull, and fancies himself a LABLACHE!"

"I saw quite a ring round your picture at the Academy to-day;" i.e., "If only he had heard them laugh!"

"Won't you stop and have some lunch?" i.e., "Couldn't help asking him, as the confounded luncheon-bell rang a peal; but if he has any manners or consideration he'll say, 'No, thank you,' and go."

"I know your face so well—but I am such a bad hand at names;" i.e., "Never saw him before in my life!"

"Pray allow me to get it;" i.e., "Catch me moving!"

"You know you can trust me implicitly;" i.e., "May be a good story to tell."

"He has such wonderful wit;" i.e., "An unfailing flow of rudeness which he calls repartee."

"Rather satirical, yes; but she has marvellous insight into character;" i.e., "She has been complimenting me."

PLATFORMULARS.

"These, then, are the arguments;" i.e., "They're all yawning—must end somehow."

"A crushing reply;" i.e., a retort discourteous, in which all the points of the attack are adroitly evaded.

"After the magnificent oration to which we have just listened with so much delight, I feel that anything that I can say must be in the nature of an anti-climax;" i.e., "Confound him! Why will he take all the 'fat' to himself, and cut the ground from under a fellow's feet?"

"I have the greatest possible pleasure in presiding over this

magnificent assembly on this memorable occasion;" i.e., "Place is like a malodorous oven, and I wish to goodness it were all over."

PARLIAMENTARY.

"I appeal to that consideration which the House always extends to a new Member, &c.;" i.e., "Mean to make them sit up a bit, but must come the conventional modest."

"The Honourable and Gallant Gentleman has fulfilled his task with all the ability that might naturally be expected;" i.e., "With none worth mentioning."

"I rise to order;" i.e., "To raise disorder."

EPISTOLATORY.

"Let me be the first, dear, to congratulate you on your well-merited good fortune;" i.e., "She has the deuce's own luck, and doesn't deserve it."

"Thank you so much for your beautiful present, which I shall value for its own sake as well as for the giver's;" i.e., "Wouldn't give twopence for the two of 'em."

"So good of you to send me your new book. I shall lose no time in reading it;" i.e., "No; not a single second."

AT A DANCE.

"So you prefer to stand out of this dance, dear?" i.e., "Trust her for being a willing 'Wallflower.'"

"Shall we sit this out on the stairs?" i.e., "I don't want to dance, and I do want to spoon."

A LITTLE MUSIC.

"Well, dear, the only song I can remember, without music, is 'Gasping'—but I'll try that, if you like;" i.e., "Her great song, which she has been grinding up to sing to—or rather at—young FITZ-FLOSS. Won't she be wild?"

"Well, your Beethoven bits are lovely, dear, we know; but suppose you give us something lighter, for once;" i.e., "BEETHOVEN, indeed! BESSIE BELLWOOD is more her style."

CHANNEL PASSAGE.

"Well, it may be a bit lively when we get out;" i.e., "You won't know whether you are on your head or your heels in ten minutes."

CURIOMANIA.

"I've never seen such a collection of curios in my life!" i.e., "Hope I never may again!"

"I'm no great judge of such things, but I should say this specimen is unique;" i.e., "It is to be hoped so!"

"Ex-qui-site!!!" i.e., "Rubbish!"

RAILROAD AMENITIES.

"Awfully noisy carriages on this line;" i.e., "Thank goodness! The clatter has tired even his stentor throat."

"Good-bye! So sorry we don't travel farther together;" i.e., "Hooray! Now for feet up and forty winks!"

PREPARING FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

"I'm sure you will be a great acquisition to my little company;" i.e., "Awful stick, but a pis aller I'm afraid."

"Now if there's anything you notice not quite the thing, pray mention it. I'm not above taking a hint;" i.e., "Nor you up to giving one—of any value."

"Oh, no doubt you're right, though it's not the way CHARLES MATHEWS did it;" i.e., "That's a nasty one for you, Mr. MEDDLER."

"Ah, yes, I was a little off colour, perhaps; but I shall be all right on the night, you bet!" i.e., "Not going to be dictated to by you anyhow."

"STANDS SCOTLAND (YARD) WHERE IT DID?"—Yes; only more so. And how kind and thoughtful of the Government to order that the materials for building the new Police Offices should be found and fashioned by the Dartmore convicts. Quite a labour of love!

CORRESPONDENT, in *Times* of Saturday, showed that, in spite of increase of population, there has been a decrease of drunkenness. In 1884-85 there were 183,221 drunken Police-court cases; but in 1887-88 only 166,366. Anti-temperance persons will look upon this as "a Drop too much."

PICTURES OF THE YEAR THAT NO PATRON OF ART CAN POSSIBLY OVERLOOK.—Those that are sky'd.

"SCOTS, WHA HAE."

(New Version. Sung at the Opening of the Edinburgh International Exhibition, May 1.)



SCOTS, wha hae at Paris bled,
Scots, wham Cook hath aften led,
Welcome to the white, green, red,
Of your ain Great Exhibition.

Now's the day and now 's the hour;
Though you have no Eiffel Tower!
See the bawbees pile and pour;
All the world shall crowd to see!

Wha will want to pinch and save?
Wha to see it will not crave?
Wha will not declare it brave?
Far from Edinbro' let him flee!

Wha will wish to see the sight
Of the grand electric light,
And the "Kiowatt" of might?
Caledonian! on wi' me!

Ninety acres on the plain!
Almost apes the Show by Seine.
Won't folk flock by tram and train
To our International Show.

Let the Incandescents glow,
Sixteen thousand, row on row!
SANDY all the world will show
He will beat the best—or die!

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

No. XI.—THE YOUNG GUARDSMAN.

THE Young Guardsman believes himself to be not only the backbone of the British Army, its vital centre and support, but also its decorative master-piece. Other officers, of whom the Guardsman is wont to speak with a vague pity as belonging to "some line regiment," are not apt to sympathise with him in this exalted estimate of his military position and functions. They are accustomed to urge, that he is to the general body of officers as gold lace is to the uniform he wears, a gaudy ornament fashioned for show and useless for the practical work of the military profession. Doubtless "these are the forgeries of jealousy," or, if true at all, they are true only for that limited period of the Guardsman's existence, during which he pays more attention to his own dressing than to that of his men, and imagines that the serious objects of life are attained when he has raised the height of his collar by half an inch, or invented a new fashion of transfixing a silk scarf with a diamond pin. In fact it is during the first flush of his youth that he displays those characteristics which have specialised the Guardsman amongst the golden lads who afterwards come to the dust of middle-age and a colonelcy.

It is by no means necessary that the Young Guardsman should enjoy an aristocratic parentage, provided it be a wealthy one; nor is it essential that he should have made his mark at school as a scholar, an athlete, or a social success. Indeed, nothing is more common than to hear a former school-fellow express himself in terms of derisive amazement when he is informed that So-and-So is now in the Guards. "What, that scug?" he will observe with immeasurable contempt, and will proceed to express his surprise how one who neither played cricket, nor football, nor rowed to any purpose can possibly add distinction to Her Majesty's Brigade of Guards. These observations, it should be said, however disrespectful they may be towards a particular individual, undoubtedly show a strong feeling of veneration for the repute of the Guards in general. It must be added too that on his side the Young Guardsman is not slow to repay, and in doing so to aggravate, the contempt of the burly athlete who may have kicked him at school, and towards whom he now assumes a lordly air of irritating patronage hardly endurable, but not easily to be resented, by one who feels it to be totally unwarranted.

The Guardsman, then, will have passed through school without emerging in any way from the common ruck of ordinary boys. He will have left at a comparatively early age in order that his education may no longer be neglected, and will have betaken himself to the fostering care of one of the numerous establishments which exist to prove that the private coach *Codlin* is superior to the public school *Short*. Hence, if his abilities are exceptionally brilliant, he will have passed into Sandhurst. Failing this, however, the Militia is a refuge and a stepping-stone. In any case he will find himself in due time the owner of Her Majesty's Commission and the largest head-dress in the British Army. In short he will become a Guardsman in full bloom.

And now he begins to reap a plentiful harvest of easy social distinctions, in the sowing of which he himself has borne no part. He may be, though to be sure he is not always, the feeblest and most vapid of created beings, but he will be none the less courted and flattered by the numerous band who fix their eyes and their hearts on social position without any regard to the particular atom of humanity by which it may chance to be filled. Hostesses shower invitations upon him, he slides easily into the membership of many Clubs both social and sporting, tradesmen and money-lenders solicit with humility the supreme honour of being his creditors, and all the world, as he counts it, smiles upon him and is ready to make much of him. A man would require to be made of exceptionally stern stuff not to yield to many of the temptations thus spread before him, and the Young Guardsman, although he is as martial as the occasional wearing of his uniform can make him, is by no means stern. He yields, however, with an admirable grace, and although his nationality and his profession both forbid him to display an excess of enthusiasm, it may be said of him that he tolerates his pleasures and does not despise the amusements for which a musketry course at Hythe or an occasional encampment at Pirbright seems to give him an additional zest.

He is often to be seen at dances, and although he does not dance much and is not much of a dancer, it is impossible to complain of any lack of vigour in his steps as he tears round the room with his

partner in double-quick time. Having done this he will descend to supper with a young married lady whom he is temporarily honouring with his attentions, and will impress her with the maturity of his views of the world. He will hint to her that, after all, there is more to be said for *Don Juan* than is commonly supposed, and that "by Gad, a feller who chucks away his chances when there are no end of 'em runnin' after him is a fool dontheerknow, and you may tell 'em I said so." After he has imparted this information he will re-conduct her upstairs, and will then leave in a hansom preceded by a tall cigar, for which he has paid half-a-crown.

At Maidenhead, too, on Sundays during the summer the Young Guardsman is a conspicuous object. Robed in spotless flannels, with the Brigade Colours round his straw hat and his neck, he may be seen propelling a punt with much perseverance and some accuracy to Boulter's Lock and back. Afterwards he will dine with the comfortable conviction that he has had very violent exercise.

Of the Young Guardsman's dress much might be said. It is spotless and careful and is evidently the result of deep thought. Yet, if a fault may be hinted, it errs like his cigar on the side of exaggeration. A frock-coat should fit well, but his is too tight. Fashion no doubt demands that in the daytime a cascade of silk or satin should pour itself into a lake of shirt-front, but the cascade need not be a Niagara nor the lake an Ontario. It is true of course that at night no young man who respects himself and values the opinion of his friends would dream of wearing a white tie of any but the butterfly pattern. Still there are butterflies and butterflies, and the Young Guardsman's model would seem to be rather one of the huge tropical varieties than any known to our northern climate. These, however, are but trifling defects which scarcely detract from the shining and ornamental completeness of his appearance.

It is remarkable how readily the Young Guardsman imagines himself to be an adept in the mysteries of the turf. With a light heart and a heavy betting-book he faces the hoary sinners who lay the odds. Nor is it until he has lost more money than his father can well afford that he discovers that the raw inexperience even of a Young Guardsman is unequally matched against the cool head, and the long purse, of the professional book-maker. In vain does he call in the aid of the venal tipster. The result is always the same, and he returns home from every race-meeting without ever, to use his own phrase, "getting home" at all. Indeed, if they may be believed, the subalterns of "the Brigade" never vary from a condition which they always describe as stony-broke.

A little later in his career the Young Guardsman will find himself temporarily on the staff of a General appointed to command a force of Volunteers during some Easter manoeuvres. He will wear

a white belt, the frock-coat of his undress uniform and a cocked hat, and will believe himself to be a Staff officer. He will perform his duties not without efficiency, but will scarcely take enough trouble to remove from the minds of the Volunteers to whom he issues orders, that idea of patronage which is to a rightly constituted Volunteer what a red rag is said to be to a bull. Soon after this, a war having broken out in Africa, he will volunteer for active service and will be accepted. Being after all a young man of pluck and spirit, he will pass with distinction through the hardships and dangers of the campaign. Amid the stern realities of the bivouac and the battlefield his swagger and his affectations will vanish. Returning home in this altered condition it is as likely as not that he will marry, and having served his Queen with solid credit for many years, will eventually retire with the rank of General and the well-earned respect of all who know him.

THE LAST OF THE BACILLI.

(Fevilleton of the "Medical Record," April, 1900.)

IN a gloomy and inaccessible cavity, situated in the diaphragm of the human body in which he had made his home, stood the last of the Bacilli. His friends and his brothers, the companions of his innocent childhood, the associates of his boyish days, his fellow-adventurers in manhood's prime—all, all had perished. Some had been ruthlessly hunted down by a skilled body of German assassins; others had died under the cruel attacks of the pestilent Frenchman. The Cholera Bacillus, the king of them all, was the first to fall; typhoid and typhus, small-pox and measles, fits of convulsions or of sneezing, coughs and catarrhs, had all been deprived of Bacilli and slain. The Wart Bacillus had fought hard and maintained himself for a long time on a precarious footing of fingers and thumbs; but he too had been extirpated. The Thirst Bacillus had given up the ghost yesterday, after keeping up for years a guerilla warfare disguised



ALLOWED TO STARVE.



THE SUCCESSFUL FASTING-MAN.



ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED!!!

either as a green rat or a striped snake. And now the mighty Hunger Bacillus stood alone, gloomy and defiant. But he knew his hour had come. "Better death," he shouted, "than the microscope!" and with these words drew his sword and dashed forth into the darkness. There was a yell, followed by the sound of steel beaten against steel, then a blood-curdling gurgle, and all grew still.

"He was a gallant scoundrel, but my quick riposte confused him," observed Signor Succr, who entered the apartment, wiping his blade on the advertisement of a new beef-essence, and taking copious draughts of his elixir.

Thus died, as he had lived, dismal, desperate, degraded, the Hunger Bacillus, the last of his race.

(From another Column of the same Paper.)

We rejoice to hear that the Act for making Succination compulsory is to be energetically enforced. Public Succinators have now been appointed to every district, and every parent omitting to have the operation performed upon his infant within two months after birth is to be rigorously prosecuted. Henceforth, as we may remind our readers, anybody "complaining of hunger shall be liable on conviction to be imprisoned for not less than six calendar months, with or without hard labour." We quote the words of clause 3 of the Act.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. JAMES PAYN has the peculiar gift of writing a novel as if he were telling you a story *vis à voce* and interesting you in it, not only by reason of its plot, but also by his way of narrating it. There is a spontaneity about his style which the Baron is most refreshing: it is like listening to two clever men, one of whom is telling the story, and the other is enlivening it with his sharp and appropriate comments, always dropped in parenthetically. Mr. PAYN is a good hand at keeping a secret, and it is not for the BARON DE B. W. to tell beforehand what the novelist keeps as a little bit up his sleeve till the last moment. Why call it *The Burnt Million*? To what tremendous conflagration involving such a fearful loss of life does the title point? The story will interest the Million and delight Thousands. Excellent as is the dialogue generally, the Baron ventures to doubt whether any ordinary person (and no one of these characters is a genius) ever begins a sentence with "Nay." Anent *The Burnt Million*, the Baron's advice to persons in search of a novel is, "Tolle, lege!" Also the Baron says, get *La Revue de*

Famille at HACHETTE'S. *Un Foyer de Théâtre*, by M. AUDEBRAND, for all interested in the history of the French Drama, is delightful reading. Don't miss *Causerie Littéraire*, by Mr. CHARLES BENOIST.

The Baroness says, read "Poor Mr. Carrington" in *Temple Bar*. *Lippincott's Magazine* this month is heartily welcome,—we should say, BRET HARTE-ily welcome. Capital story, by B. H., "A Sappho of Green Sprigs."

(Signed) BARON DE BOOK WORMS & Co.

ODDS ON THE BEDMAKERS.

[A proposal for the abolition of Bedmakers is being discussed in Cambridge.]

Chorus of Undergraduates:—

THERE are things we could spare; we could watch without weeping
A Tutor's extinction, a Dean's disappearance.

And Professors who drone while their pupils are sleeping,
Though they went at a loss, we should welcome the clearance.

And Proctors who blandly demand six-and-eightpence,
And, while toiling themselves, send all petticoats spinning;
And Porters who tick off our names for our gate-pence;
And Bull-dogs who help to withhold us from sinning.

And the juvenile Don who thinks "Dons should be firmer,"

And the elderly Don who is painfully nervous—
We could see them depart without even a murmur,
So our Bedmakers stay to amuse and to serve us.

We have watched, while we trembled, the pomps and the maces,
Stern emblems of rule, with the Esquire Bedell come; ;
We have heard of the Senate, its edicts and graces,—

Take the lot, if you like, you may have them and welcome,

But the "Bedder"? No, no. Come, we offer a wager:

We will bet she survives who of beds is the maker!

Any answer? Not one; for, in spite of her age, her
Attractions are such that there isn't a taker.

MEASURES AND MEN.—M. JACQUES BERTILLON has been lecturing before the Anthropological Society—(the only Society where *anthropoi* are logical)—on his method of "identifying criminals by comparing their measures with those of convicted prisoners on the prison registers." Ahem! How about novel Home Rule Measures compared with those of past Kilmainhamites?



THE QUEEN'S SERVICE.

"I SEE YOUR SERVANTS WEAR COCKADES NOW, MISS SHODDSON."

"YES. PA'S JUST BECOME A MEMBER OF THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES."

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE!

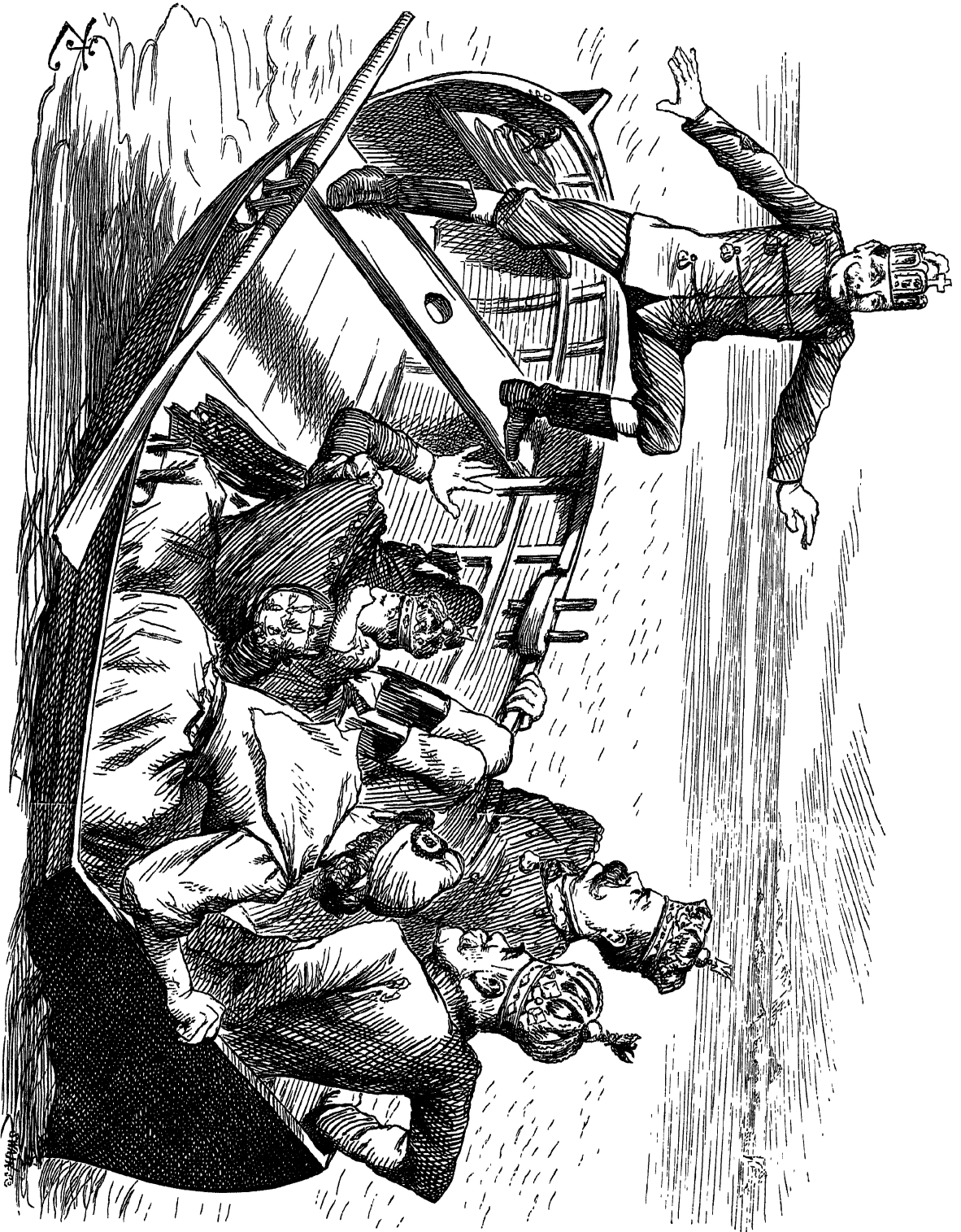
Chorus of Passengers, expostulating:—

STOP, WILLIAM, stop! Your game is not a game we can enjoy!
Your father's son should not thus play the Little Vulgar Boy!
This is not Margate, WILLIAM mine, and ours is not a crew
Of ordinary trippers, packed aboard the *Lively Loo*
For a shillingsworth of suffering on a wild and wobbling sea.
Stop, WILLIAM! You'll upset the boat! Why can't you let it be?
Our boat has braved a many storms. It's old and may be crank;
But though it sometimes sprang a leak, it never wholly sank.
We are not packed so close to-day as we have oft been packed.
Against some stiffer gales than this we've weathered and we've
tacked;
But, WILLIAM, though our craft tossed wild, though loud the winds
have roared,
We've never, never had so bad a boy as *you* on board!
Sit down, now do, you pickle, you! Don't dance upon that thwart,
And see-saw in that sort of way. We want to get to port,
Not Davy Jones's Locker, Sir. "These roarers" are wild things,
As SHAKESPEARE in *The Tempest* says, and do not care for Kings;
To keep them down and bale them out has always been our aim;
But you, you just play larks with them. What is your little game?
You, young, the latest chap on board, but of a sound old stock
Of Royal navigators, do you think it right to mock
All nautical traditions in this reckless kind of way,
And greet these waves, as BYRON did, as though with them you'd
play?
They're dangerous playfellows, boy; tiger-cubs hardly in it
For riskiness! I say, do stop! You'll swamp us in a minute.
Look at your Crown! Such head-gear, boy, is seldom a tight fit,
And oscillations sometimes act as Notices to Quit!
What would your grandfather have said to see you sway and prance?
Sit still, lad, you alarm us all. Just look at Madame FRANCE!
She's thought a fairish sailor, and has doffed her Crown, but see,
She's clutching at the gunwale, too, as nervous as can be.

Whilst, as for dear Señora SPAIN and her poor little charge,
I guess she wishes this same tub were CLEOPATRA's barge,
Or something broad and beamy that won't easily capsize.
AUSTRIA's staring with a look of agonized surprise,
And ITALY's dumfounded. Sit down, boy! you're tempting fate.
These days are trying ones, for us, 'tis worse than Forty-Eight.
Then there were winds and whirlpools, but no Socialistic Sea
Sweeping all shores, and threatening International anarchy.
And with its waves you're wantoning, and wobbling up and down,
Indifferent to our stomachs,—as regardless of your Crown.
Upon my honour it's too bad. *Noblesse oblige*, you know,
'Tis not a Hohenzollern we'd expect to serve us so.
You've sacked our safest Pilot, who objected to your pranks,
And now you are coquetting with mad mutiny in the ranks. [foes?
Eh? You'll suppress it when you please, you'll smash up all your
'Tis a new game, for Royalty, and risky, goodness knows.
Meanwhile, *don't* sway the boat like that, into the sea you'll fall;
Or, what's more likely, just capsize the craft and drown us all!

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.

EXCEPTIONALLY good in food for body and mind. "First person
present in indicative mood" is Sir FREDERICK, the courteous President,
pointing out to Royal Highnesses the beauties of Burlington
House. Stars, ribands, and garters everywhere. Exceptionally
distinguished personages come in with invitations only, and no
orders. Pretty to see Cardinal MANNING's bright scarlet scull-cap,
quite eclipsing RUSTEM PASHA's fez. Cardinal distinctly observed
to smile during MARKISS's humorous observations. "MARKISS is
ready," sounds like twin phrase to "Barkis is willin'." H.R.H.'s
speech shorter than ever. Wonderful, too, how eloquent Sir
FREDERICK contrives to spread fresh butter on dry old toasts, so that
everyone relishes them as choice morsels. All speeches shorter,
except Admiralty Lord's, who, being among portrait-painters, goes
in for figures. But where is—"Mr. STANLEY, I presume?" Not here.
Invited, but perhaps exploring neighbourhood, and unable to discover
Burlington House. Altogether an exceptionally brilliant evening.



L'ENFANT TERRIBLE!

CHORUS IN THE STERN. "DON'T GO ON LIKE THAT—OR YOU'LL UPSET US ALL!"



AT A HORSE FAIR.

Dealer. "NOW, GUV'NOR, SAY YOU 'LL 'AVE 'IM FOR THIRTY-FIVE BOB. YOU CAN'T GET A GOOD SOUND YOUNG 'OSS LIKE 'IM FOR LESS!"

TO THE NEW SCRIBE AND POET.

AIR—"O Ruddier than the Cherry!"

O RUDYARD, in this sherry,
I drink your very, very
Good health. I would
That write I could
Like KIRLING, sad or merry.
(Signed) INVIDIUS NASO.

THE NELL OF CHELSEA.

(A Legend of the Opening of the Royal Military Exhibition.)

THE Lady got out of her picture in the Morning Room, and glanced at herself in the Club glass. She had been painted by Sir PETER LELY, and consequently was scarcely in a costume suitable to a May Day at the close of the Nineteenth Century.

"I' faith," said the Lady, "but I must get me a cloak to cover me, otherwise I shall have a crowd a following me."

It will be seen from this observation that, although the Lady had flourished (very considerably) in the time of CHARLES THE SECOND, she had not kept up her Carolian English. It is possible that the chit-chat under her frame by the fire-place had corrupted the purity of her—to an antiquary—interesting lingo. Be this as it may, she glided down the large and handsome staircase, and selecting the furred and hooded coat of a member who had just returned from abroad, annexed it.

"This will do nicely," she murmured; "quite the mode," a remark which proved that she had seen no fashion-plates lying on the Club table, and, therefore, was entirely ignorant of the modern mysteries of ladies' dress. However, she passed in the crowd—partly because no one appeared to notice her.

A Lady from a portrait by Sir PETER LELY without her frame and background, after all, is rather a shadowy creation.

When she had turned from Garrick Street into St. Martin's Lane, she looked about her in surprise. What had been fields when she was in the flesh were now sites of houses. She glided along, perplexed to a degree, until she got to Charing Cross; then she recognised the statue of CHARLES THE FIRST, and what was standing of White Hall.

"By my troth, this is not an improvement! Houses, houses, nothing but houses! I will e'en take the water to Chelsea, and see the hospital I persuaded ROWLEY to give to his poor soldiers. There should be some stairs hereabouts."

But if the Lady did not find stairs, she came across a landing-stage. She got on to the Westminster Pier, and was soon aboard one of the best vessels of the Victoria Steamboat Association, Limited. Within half an hour or so she was landed opposite the building it had been her privilege to secure for the benefit of the British Army. The place was brave with bunting. There were enormous sheds full of battle pictures and portraits, and in the grounds was an arena suitable for the holding of military sports. Then there was a huge band-stand, and the electric light was laid on with great liberality in the gardens.

"Gad'sooks!" exclaimed the Lady of the Picture; "and what are they doing in the precincts of Chelsea Hospital?"

She was immediately supplied with information. A Military Exhibition was being held in aid of the Church of England Institutes—establishments (so she was told) of a strictly unsectarian character. The entertainments would be of a most popular character, weather permitting, *al fresco*. The commissariat would be excellent. In one place only temperance beverages would be served, but

elsewhere there would be—well—there would be drinks. At that very moment the Exhibition was being opened by the Most Illustrious Gentleman in the Land accompanied by H.R.H.'s most charming and most beautiful partner. Would the Lady like to see the place?

"Another time," she replied. "Stay, I would like to see myself. Have you a picture of me? I am Mistress NELLIE GWYNNE."

Her courteous informant bowed, and shook his head. He had heard it suggested at the inaugural lunch that she should be represented, but there were so many things to do—the Military Sports, the eating and drinking, the Royal Patronage, and the Church of England Institutes,—that, in point of fact, the matter had been overlooked.

"Well, never mind," said good-natured NELLIE, "I daresay you will get on very well without me. But look to this, my master. Here we are very near the site of old Cremorne, and a part of the grounds over yonder is called Ranelagh. You have lights and bands, and subtle beverages, some of which will cheer but not inebriate,—and others that may possibly reverse the operation. Well, well, my portrait is not in your collection,—the best I can wish you is that you may keep your night *fêtes* as select as your picture-gallery."

And with this the Lady returned to her frame beside the fire-place in the Club Morning Room.

"NUTS" FOR THE COAL TRADE.

[Under the 29th Section of the Weights and Measures Act "the person in charge of the vehicle," when coal-frauds are perpetrated, seems to be alone punishable.]

Not a sack was full, not a weight was true,

As the coals to their cellar we hurried;
Not an eye could see were they many or few
In the crypt where our cobbles were buried.

We buried them gaily, at luncheon time,

All Acts of Parliament spurning;
There were "Kitchens," composed of slate
and slime,
And Wallsend, "dimly burning."

No fussing servants surveyed our cart—
(If they had, we'd have kept them shivering)
—They were busy serving the family tart
At our chosen hour for delivering!

Few and brief the remarks we made;

Not of coals, but of beer, we chattered;
And we thought of the tricks of an opulent
trade

As the coal-dust we liberally scattered.

We thought of our "dealer," our wealthy
boss,

How he's spared by the law just created;
How we carmen are made to suffer the loss
When for fraud by a Court we are "slated."

Lightly they'll talk of his "ha'porth of sack,"
On his weights make unhandsome reflection;
But little he'll reck, as fines fall on our back,
And he's "doubly-screened" from detection!

But half of our "heavy task" was done

When a spy of the Council—drat it!—
Came pushing his nose in our sacks, every one,
Tried our weights, and our bill—looked at
it!

Slowly and sadly we slunk out of sight,

Objecting to get into hobbles;
We breathed no farewell, and we said no
good-night,
But we left him alone with the cobbles!

LAST REPORT.—The Dean and Chapter of Westminster have discharged a Canon. No one was seriously injured.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.—No. 1. ROYAL ACADEMY.



No. 1004. Tally Ho Ho Ho! Going over a Ha! Ha! Ha! Quite the picture of the year, and will probably be presented by subscription to Colney Hatch, Esq., Master of the Hanwell Hounds.



No. 243. The Determined Bather. Temperature so cold that drapery is frozen.

Ought to have been hung together, portraits "en soot."
No. 202. *Ethereal Football*.
No. 224. *Boy and Dog*. BRITON RIVIÈRE, R.A. Dog unmuzzled, boy hears policeman's footstep.



No. 110. Curiosity in Animal Life. Escaped from Barnum's.

No. 5. The First Storey in the Royal Academy Annals is entitled, *The Hungry Messenger*. Good STOREY.

No. 44. Never put off till to MORO PHILLIPS what you can put on to-day. Illustration of an elderly Blue-coat Boy unable to leave off an old habit.

No. 53, with No. 98 and No. 91.



No. 437. Advertisement for Provincial Tour of Griffiths Brothers as "The Blondin Donkey."

No. 235. "*Every dog has his Washing-day*." Pet just been cleaned and brought into drawing-room. Doubtful reception by Papa and other sisters. Hardly up to the usual form of W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

No. 292. Mr. PHIL. A. MORRIS, A. calls this "*La Belle Américaine*." Is she? The tone of this belle is rather loud.

No. 303. A wonderful picture and portrait, by LUKE FILDES, R.A. "LUKE on this picture and on—" any other portrait, and you'll find this hard to beat. Wealth of colour, colour of wealth, *affaire de Luke's*.

No. 318. *Major E. R. Burke*. Admirable portrait, by HUBERT HERKOMER, A. See how the Master of Bushey has dealt with the Hair! As might be expected from a Hair-comber with a brush in his hand. Will be remembered as "*Burke and Hair*."

No. 411. *Mrs. Arthur Sassoon*. Charming. Sweet simplicity.



No. 361. Scene at Dolls Hill.

You'll say this *as soon* as you see it. HUBERT HERKOMER, A(ngore).

No. 463. *Sir Oscar Clayton, C.M.E.* Bravo Mr. F. GOODALL, R.A. Good entirely. Artist was thinking of adapting refrain of popular comic song, "*Ask a P'ke-man*," and writing under portrait legend—

If you want to know who's this,—
"OSCAR CLAYTON."

But it was unnecessary, as the portrait speaks for itself.

No. 473. *D-T-erorization*; or, Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.S.I., commencing as a book-maker, and laying "two to one bar one." "ARNOLD's first exercise" in this character is depicted by JAMES ARCHER.

No. 600. *Tum-Tum The Melancholy.* By JOSEPH MORDECAI. Is HAMAN hung too?

No. 703. "*Nobody looking, Mother. You can prig something out of the Money-box.*" But the vigilant Verger has his eye on them. Such is the story told by BLANDFORD FLETCHER.

No. 744. Coming home late in the Olden Time. By RALPH HEDLEY. No latch-key. Rousing the neighbourhood with pantomime door-knocker. Situation graphically depicted.

No. 759. *By the Linn Pool.* By NOBLE. Charming. Must be of course; *Noblesse oblige.*



No. 487. Primrose Dames.

No. 794. "*Out shooting.*" Very much out, shooting. Nothing to CROWE about.

No. 886. *A Smile.* Delightful. This Miss is as good as her smile. JAN VAN BEERS.

No. 1028. "*Please to remember the Ninth of November.*" Lord Mayor's Procession stopped by photographer. "Now, then—wait—where you are—when I say three!" And as they were taken, so they are cleverly represented by WILLIAM LOGSDAIL.



No. 652. Mrs. Jack-in-the-Green. Tree-mendous!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 28.—Irish Land Purchase Bill again. CHAMBERLAIN lifts debate out of somewhat tedious trough into which it had fallen. Remarkable speech; bold in conception; adroit in arrangement; forcible in argument; lucid in exposition. Spoke for over an hour, and though his discourse, full of intricate points, the marshalling of which was frequently interrupted by angry or scornful cries from below Gangway, JOSEPH had not a scrap of paper in his hand, did not once refer to a note.

"Admirable," said GRANDOLPH, looking on with appreciative, though not loving eyes. "If he had lived in the time of his father JACOB, it would have been no use his brothers putting him in the pit; he would have argued himself clean out before they were half a mile on their way back to the family place in Canaan. Weak part of his position is that he is trying to serve two Bills, BALFOUR's and PARNELL's. Can't recommend BALFOUR's scheme; without belittling PARNELL's; same thing other way about. Reminds me, TOBY, of a passage in WORDSWORTH's prose writings; not so much read as his poetry; but daresay you remember it. There was a Bishop WATSON who began his official career as a Liberal. He was frightened into Conservatism, and WORDSWORTH, then a hot young youth, goes

for him as youth does sometimes gird at Respectability. 'Upon what principle,' he asked the Bishop, 'is your conduct to be explained? In some parts of England it is quaintly said when a drunken man is seen reeling home, that he has business on both sides of the road. Observing your Lordship's tortuous path, the spectators will be far from insinuating that you have partaken of Mr. BOURKE's intoxicating bowl. They will content themselves, shaking their heads as you stagger along, with saying that you have business on both sides of the road.' That's what's the matter with CHAMBERLAIN. He's very smart, very clever, very capable; but in politics, dear TOBY, no one ever succeeds who has business on both sides of the road."

"What do *you* think?" I asked CHRISTOPHER SYKES, who stood looking on with familiar aspect of unutterable wisdom.

"I wasn't thinking of that at all," he answered, gloomily. "Haven't yet got over what GEORGE LEWIS said in Court on Saturday. You've heard or read about it, of course? Took opportunity of observing, that though I was near sixty years of age, I was very innocent. I may be getting on for sixty, but I'll tell you what, TOBY, I'm not nearly so innocent as I look."

CHRISTOPHER really hurt with GEORGE LEWIS's aspersion. Comforted him by hinting that I knew some dreadful things about him.

"We remember your Crabs and Lobsters Bill," I said, soothingly. "There was much more in that than met the eye. You're a crafty old CHRISTOPHER; just the sort of man to take in a fellow like GEORGE LEWIS, who thinks he knows everything."

CHRISTOPHER smiled a deep and wicked smile, and strode off in better spirits. Always like to say a kind word to a man when I can. *Business done.*—Land Purchase Bill again.

Tuesday.—Fight on Land Purchase Bill been going forward again at Morning Sitting; rather dull, though enlivened by speech from



"I'm not nearly so innocent as I look."

crack a bottle of ginger-beer with me. Will certainly proffer the hospitality if I get a chance."

The grand young GARDNER (and his wife; can complete quotation now) back again after wedding trip. Doesn't look quite so brisk as the average bridegroom. "Fact is, old fellow," he said, as I consoled with him, "when I said I would die a bachelor, I never thought I would live to be married, go off on a wedding trip, catch the influenza at Innsbruck, the measles at Milan, the scarlatina at Samarcand, and the malaria at Mentone."

Business done.—Morning Sitting, Irish Land Purchase Bill; Evening, GRANDOLPH'S Licensing Bill read First Time.

Thursday.—Ordinarily amicable proceedings in debate on Irish Land Purchase Bill varied by accidental but unhappy circumstances. Prince ARTHUR in course of speech happened to say, that "under Bill of 1886 Irish Government was supposed to be a buffer between the English Government and the Irish tenant." Mr. G., sitting attentive, suddenly sprang up when this insult fell on his ear. Bill of 1886 not a tempting topic; led to downfall of his Ministry; but to hear it publicly called a "buffer," more than he could stand—or, rather, sit. Leaped to feet, and, with thrilling energy, repudiated gross imputation. Prince ARTHUR taken aback; hadn't meant anything particular. To call a thing or a person a buffer not necessarily a term of opprobrium. Everything depends on inflection of tone. Suppose, now, leaning across the table, he had addressed Mr. G. as "old buffer," that would perhaps have been a little familiar, but not vindictive.

This he tried to make clear. Having, as he thought, averted the thunder, repeated remarks about Bill of 1886 being a buffer. Didn't even put it in that direct form.

"I said," he observed with seraphic smile and deferential manner, "that the Irish Government under the Right Hon. Gentleman's Bill was supposed to occupy the position, more or less, of a buffer between the English Government and the Irish tenant."

Mr. G. up again with catapultic force and suddenness. "Not in the least," he angrily protested. "A buffer is between two things." Expected that would floor Prince ARTHUR; but he came back again, and sheltering himself behind the brass-bound box, called out, "Yes, but a buffer might be between two persons as well as between two things."

Mr. G. angrily shook his head; a Jove-like frown mantled his countenance. But disdained to pursue controversy further, and Prince ARTHUR, carefully avoiding further reference to buffers, went his way. Difference of opinion as to how question was left; Conservatives insist that Prince ARTHUR had best of it; Liberals stand by Mr. G. Many wonder why SPEAKER did not interfere; as he did not, it is assumed that buffer is a Parliamentary word, at least when applied to inanimate creation.

Business done.—Second Reading of Irish Land Purchase Bill carried by 348 Votes against 268.

Friday.—HARTINGTON suddenly, unexpectedly, surprisingly, blossomed into effective speech. Of all subjects in world was Disestablishment of Kirk in Scotland! Calculated to depress most people; brightened HARTINGTON up beyond all knowledge. His little hit at GLADSTONE, sheltering himself behind his (HARTINGTON'S) familiar and convenient declaration, that on Disestablishment Question he would be guided by the opinion of the majority of the Scotch people, neatly and dexterously made. Also his reference to the short time when he had honour of being "at least the nominal Leader of the Liberal Party," and found Mr. G. a somewhat unruly follower. Most excellent. HARTINGTON should try this line again.

Business done.—Motion for Scotch Disestablishment negatived by 256 Votes against 218.

WEEK BY WEEK.

Wednesday, May 7.—Mr. Punch out. Everybody's at home to him.

Friday 9.—Mrs. DUFFER's first dance if she knows the step.

Saturday 10.—Rehearsal of Crystal Palace fireworks, 2 P.M. Admission by entrance gates only.

Monday 12.—Breakfast to Mr. H. M. STANLEY, at whatever time he orders it.

First Meet of H.S. Drags, Serpentine.

Foot-ball in Rotten Row, by kind permission of GEORGE RANGER and the Commissioner of Police.

Mrs. NOODLE's second dance postponed, as she hasn't given her first yet.

Tuesday 13.—Holiday at Zoological Gardens. Cages all open. Admission free. Banquets, Excursions, and Alarums.

LADY HENRIETTA SISKIN'S Charity Dance has been postponed until the following week. A large and distinguished company is expected to grace the mezzotint hall of her ladyship's new mansion in Belgravia on the occasion. No expense is to be spared in the general decoration of the supper-room, which was built, it will be remembered, by her ladyship's great-grandfather in the reign of GEORGE THE THIRD.

A Correspondent furnishes us with the following curious observations:—"I have noticed," he writes, "that those who walk or ride in the Park are, generally speaking, of two sexes, and possess, as a rule, four fingers and a thumb on each hand. By a curious freak of fashion, a frock-coat is not now worn with a muslin skirt; and a moustache may be sought for in vain under a sun-bonnet. Horses are ridden with four legs, and, in some cases, with a tail, although this is not essential."

It is strange to notice how much the tastes of theatre-goers vary at the present day. Some prefer the Haymarket, some the Strand, others flock to the Lyceum, and some are turned away from the Savoy, the Garrick, or the Avenue. Philosophers have, as yet, paid too little attention to this matter. Would Mr. HERBERT SPENCER or Mr. LANG oblige?

It has been calculated by the Society for the Collection of Domestic Data, that if three-fourths of the Cooks of the Metropolis struck work on any given day, exactly nine-twelfths of the resident employers of servants would be seriously inconvenienced.

There is but very slight foundation for the report that, if AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS (first so styled in the burlesque on *Claudian*) should be elected to the Shrievalty, Messrs. HARRY NICHOLLS and HERBERT CAMPBELL will be the Under-Sheriffs.

A Correspondent lately drew Mr. GL-DST-NE's attention to the prevalence of mud after rain, and the consequent injury to carts, collars, and carriages. The veteran Statesman has found time to send the following post-card reply, which will be perused with interest:—

SIR,—The subject to which you direct my attention is no doubt of peculiar interest to those in any way connected with the vehicular traffic by which so much of the commerce and pleasure of the Metropolis is carried on. In view, however, of the pressing exigencies of the Irish Question, I cannot do more than take a note of your objections to mud-spots, leaving to those who may come after me the duty of dealing practically with your recommendations.

I am, faithfully yours, W. E. GL-DST-NE.

On the evening when Mr. STANLEY dines with the Turners' Company, where he is entertained as a Re-Turner, it is hoped that the authorities of the National Gallery will kindly allow all their Turners to attend. The history of the Turners' Company is interesting, commencing as it does with WHITTINGTON, who was the first person (before HENRY IRVING played it) to hear *The Bells*, and to obey their injunction "to turn again."

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

ALL IN PLAY.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Whilst you were feasting in Burlington House amongst the Pictures and the Royal Academicians, I was seated in the Stalls of the St. James's Theatre, lost in astonishment (certainly not in admiration, although of old the two words had the same meaning), at the antics of a minority of the Gallery, who amused themselves by shouting themselves hoarse before the performances commenced; but not satisfied with this, they continued their shrieking further: they howled at the overture of the first piece, they jeered at the scene, they yelled at the actors. However, as it happened, *The Tiger* had been already successfully played on two occasions last year, so a verdict was not required at *their* hands. Had Mr. SOLOMON, the composer, conducted, he would have taken *The Tiger* away, and left the howlers to their howling. Since Saturday the piece has, I am informed, "gone" with what the Americans call a "snap." The music is charming. Mr. CHARLES COLNAGHI made his bow as a professional, and played and sang excellently, as did also Mr. J. G. TAYLOR, in spite of the riotous conduct of the "unfriendlyes."

Then came *Esther Sandraz*. Mrs. LANGTRY looked lovely, and played with great power; but what an unpleasant part! Until the end of the First Act all was right. The sympathy was with the heroine of the hour, or, rather, two hours and a half; but when it was discovered that *Esther* loved but for revenge, and wished to bring sorrow and shame upon the fair head of Miss MARION LEA, then the sentiments of the audience underwent a rapid change. Everyone would have been pleased if Mr. SUGDEN had shot himself in Act II.; nay, some of us would not have complained if he had died in Act I., but the cat-and-mouse-like torture inflicted upon him by *Esther* was the reverse of agreeable. Mr. SUGDEN was only a "Johnnie," but still "Johnnies" have feelings like the rest of us. Mr. BOURCHIER was rather hard as a good young man who does not die, and Mr. EVERILL (steady old stager) kept everything well together. If the play keeps the boards for any length of time, it will be, thanks to the power of Mrs. LANGTRY, the natural pathos of Miss MARION LEA, and the unforced comedy of Mr. EVERILL.

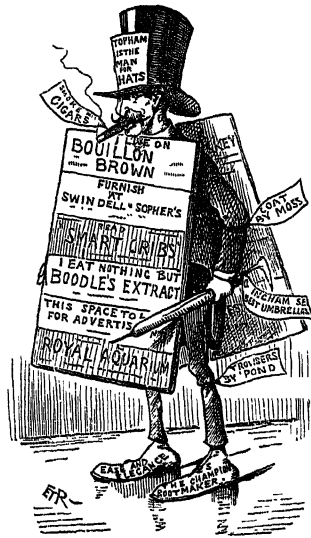
On Monday Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE produced *Theodora* at the Princess's Theatre with some success. It cannot be said, however, that Mlle. SARA BERNHARDT has at length found her rival, but, for all that, the heroine of the moment might have been worse. "SARDON'S masterpiece" (as the programmes have it) was very well staged. The scenery and costumes were excellent, and great relief was afforded to the more tragic tones of the play by entrusting the heavy part of *Andreas* to Mr. LEONARD BOYNE, who is a thorough artist, with just the least taste in life of the brogue that savours more of the Milesian Drama. Mr. W. H. VERNON was the *Justinian* of the evening, and looked the Lawgiver to the life; although I am not quite sure whether a half-concealed moustache was quite the fashion in the days of the Empire. Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN, the adapter of "the masterpiece," introduced several nineteenth century expressions into the dialogue. In the "home of the Gladiators," it was quite pleasant to hear people talking of a "row," and made one wish to have a description of "a merry little mill," in the language of the sporting Press. No doubt, the length of the performances was the reason why so racy a narrative was omitted. For the rest, there are some thirty speaking parts—a good allowance for a play consisting of six Acts and seven *Tableaux*. A "Masterpiece" (in English) is better than a feast, for it is enough—for a lifetime. Believe me, yours faithfully,

ONE WHO HAS TAKEN A DOUBLE "FIRST."

A STIRRING POLE.—A more stirring pianist than PADEREWSKI, who played on Friday afternoon at St. James's Hall for the first time in England, has never been heard. The report that he is a Polish Irishman needs confirmation. The name is suspicious. But there are no sound reasons for supposing that the first two syllables of PADEREWSKI's name are simply a corruption of the Hibernian "Paddy."

CLASSIC MOTTO FOR THOSE WHO SELL AS THE GENUINE ARTICLE TEA UNDER A FALSE BRAND.—"Nomine mutato fabula narratur de Tea."

Mrs. R. wants to know if she can ascertain all about the Law of Libel, &c., in the works which she contemplates purchasing of WALTER SAVAGE SLANDOR.



A CHANGE.

From a Fasting Man to a Sandwich Man. Useful to Advertisers.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

A New Departure, or the "Give-'em-a-hand-all-round" Wrinkle.

ROYAL QUARTPOTARIUM.—THE RENOWNED WORLD FASTING CHAMPION, who is dressed in a READY-MADE SUIT OF TWEED DITTO (38s) supplied by Messrs. LEVI, SOLOMONS & Co., of 293, Houndsditch, and is

SEATED ON THE GENT'S EASY LOUNGE CHAIR, forming one of the articles of the highly-upholstered dining-room set (as advertised) by Messrs. GLUBBINS, KNICKERBOCKER & Co., of Tottenham Court Road, where at any hour he can be seen

SIPPING ALTERNATELY FROM TWO LARGE CUT-GLASS TUMBLERS, furnished by Messrs. WAGBITTER AND GROANS, of New Oxford Street.

BLINKER'S CONCENTRATED COD-LIVER EMULSION MELTED FATS (57s. the dozen pints, bottles included), and

SPARKLING SINGULARIS WATER, bottled in nine-gallon flagons by the Company at their extensive works in the Isle of Dogs, with which, to the satisfaction of his friends, he succeeds in washing down, in turns, hourly,

BINNACLE'S CONDENSED DIGESTIVE BOILED PORK LOZENGES, supplied by all respectable Chemists throughout the United Kingdom, in 1s. 9d., 3s. 9d., 13s. 3d., 27s. 6d., and 105s. Boxes;

SIDES, BREASTS, FORE-QUARTERS, SADDLES, and ENTIRE WHOLE OR HALF-SHEEP OF PRIME BOLIVIAN MUTTON delivered daily by the Company's carts, from their own Refrigerators;

WINKER'S INVALID INFANT'S PICK-ME-UP CORDIAL —(WINKER & Co., the Manufactory, Hoxton-on-Sea);

TINNED AMERICAN OYSTERS. FINE SELECTED THIRDS. Guaranteed by the Blue-Point Company, Wriggleville, Texas, U.S.A.; and

ZWINGERINE, the new marvellous nerve and tone-restoring, and muscle, bone, and fat-producing agency, EACH TEASPOONFUL OF WHICH contains, in a highly-concentrated form, three bottles of port wine, soup, fish, cut off the joint, two entrées, sweet, cheese, and celery, as testified to by a public analyst of standing and repute. Agents, GLUM & Co. Seven Dials.

THE FASTING CHAMPION continues to receive visitors as above from 6 A.M. to 11 P.M. daily, and may be inspected, watched, stared at, pinched, questioned, and examined generally, by his admiring friends, the British Public, in his private sanctum at the Royal Quartpotarium, till further notice.

IN THE KNOW.—(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

CARDINAL RICHELIEU once observed to Madame DE ST. GALTIER, that if Kings could but know the folly of their subjects they would hesitate at nothing. Mr. JEREMY evidently knows thoroughly how stupendously cabbage-headed his readers are, for he never hesitates to put forward the most astounding and muddled theories. For instance, he asks us this week to believe that *Saladin* ought to have won the Shropshire Handicap, because he was known to be a better horse, from two miles up to fifty, than the four other horses who faced the starter. If this stuff had been addressed to an audience of moon-calves and mock-turtles it might have passed muster, but, thank Heaven, we are not all quite so low as that yet. Let me therefore tell Mr. JEREMY, that when a horse like *Saladin*, whose back-bone is like the Himalaya mountains, and his pastern joints like a bottle-nosed whale with a cold in his head, comes to the post with two stone and a beating to his credit, and four hoofs about the size of a soup-tureen to his legs, he can never be expected to get the better of slow roasters like *Carmichael* and *Busby*, to say nothing of *Whatnot* and *Pumblechook*. It is well known, of course, that the latter has been in hard training for a month, and a better horse at cornbin or bran-mash never stepped. *Saladin* won, I know, but it was for reasons very different from those given by Mr. JEREMY. There is nothing new about the Derby horses. I believe they are mostly in training, but I reserve my opinion until I see what the laddle pates who own them mean to do.

"A SELF-MADE MAN," said Mrs. R., thoughtfully, "is the artichoke of his own fortunes."

THE MODERN HERCULES AND THE PYGMIES.

(Extracts from the Diary of an Explorer in the Society Islands.)

From the bears, apes, and foxes with which the thickets of the great forest of Societas abounded, it is but a step to the Pygmy tribes whom we found inhabiting the tract of country between the Uperthen and the Suburban rivers. The Pygmies are as old as Sweldom, as ubiquitous as Boredom, the two secular pests of the earth. You will remember that Hercules once fell asleep in the deserts of Africa, after his conquest of Antæus, and was disturbed in his well-earned rest by an attack of a large army of these troublesome Lilliputians,

who, it is recorded, "discharged their arrows with great fury upon his arms and legs." The hero, it is added, "pleased with their courage, wrapped a great number of them in the skin of the Nemean lion, and carried them to Eurystheus."

I was not "pleased with their courage," but plagued with their importunities. HERODOTUS described the capture of five young explorers from Nassamoves while they were examining some curious trees in the Niger basin, and tells how the little men took them to their villages and showed them about to their fellow Pygmies. So,

THE FIRST FIGHT.

(Between the Seventh Team of Australian Cricketers and an English Eleven, begun at Sheffield Park, on May 8, 1890.)

A HAZE hung over the Surrey Downs
In the early morning; but Nature's frowns
Broke up in smiles as the day advanced.
And the grey mist cleared and the sunbeams glanced
On MURDOCH bold, and his merry men.
When hundreds of optics, and many a pen
Were on the alert, at Sheffield Park.
The valiant deeds (between wickets) to mark
Of the Seventh Australian Cricketing lot.
MURDOCH and LYONS, BARRETT and TROTT,
Lads of their inches in flesh and bones;
TURNER and WALTERS, BLACKHAM and JONES,
GREGORY, CHARLTON and FERRIS too;
A sterling Eleven, second to few.
Whilst "odd men" TRUMBLE and BURN and BOYLE
"Stood out" of the first big match's toil,
'Gainst GRACE and STODDART, NEWHAM and READ,
SHERWIN and SHREWSBURY, stout at need,
LOHMANN and HUMPHREYS, and BRIGGS and PEEL,
And ATTEWELL with the nerves of steel.
No need to tell how they met and fought,
And bowled, and batted, and stumped, and caught;
But *Mr. Punch*, who has seen all six
Of the other Elevens before the "sticks,"
And cheered them victors, or vanquished cheered,
Shoots forth his fist, as the lists are cleared,
To welcome back to an English wicket
These champions fresh of Colonial Cricket.
He will not "butter" you, boys, for *that* you'll hate.
Only he must most sincerely congratulate
His old friend MURDOCH on starting so well.
Go it, Sir, keep it up, W. L. !
Here's wishing the lot of you health and pluck,
Decent weather and level luck.
And when your last "four" to the boundary flashes,
Take all good things home with you—saving those "ashes."



HAPPY THOUGHT.

"SUCCI DOESN'T SEEM ANY THE WORSE FOR HIS LONG ABSTINENCE, MARIA !
DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD THING TO BRING UP A FEW OF OUR
YOUNGER CHILDREN AS FASTING MEN AND WOMEN ? WE MIGHT BEGIN TRAIN-
ING THEM ALREADY, YOU KNOW !"

in a sense, the Pygmies of Societas "captured" me, and showed me about to their fellow denizens of this Land of Lilliput. They "discharged their arrows" (which they called "In-Vites," and each of which was branded with the mystic letters, R.S.V.P.) at me in swarms, and though they rather tickled than hurt, yet after a time their minute but multiplied prickings became no end of a nuisance.

Let us pause a little, and pay such honour as is due for persistence and importunity to these "little people," who have outlived the wise men of Egypt, the prophets of Palestine, the magicians of Persia, and the sages of Greece and Rome. They have actually been able to hold their own from the days of HOMER, through those of HORACE, down even to those of HAGGARD. I have seen the wear and tear of the Pyramids of Egypt (which is nothing to that of a lionised hero in Societas); I can certify that the Sphinx presents a very battered appearance indeed (though not so battered as mine, after the "little people" had done with me), but the Pygmies of to-day in Societas appear to be as plentiful and as perky as those that thousands of years ago swarmed in Æthiopia, built their houses with egg-shells, made war upon the Cranes, and attacked the tired hero Hercules.

You will understand that I, who have always professed to love humanity, even in the form of mannikins, better than beetles and butterflies, was as much interested in these small creatures as was Hercules in the skinful of midgits he carried to the exacting Eurystheus. As I looked at them, and thought how these represented the oldest race on the globe—namely, the Inquisitive Quidnuncs—my admiration really went to greater lengths than scoffing cynics might have expected.

These Pygmies of Societas, though small, are cunning, and wise in their generation. For the most part they toil not (save at pleasure-seeking and lion-hunting), neither do they spin (anything beyond the edifying yarns they call "after-dinner stories"). But they manage to live on the fat of the land. The larger aborigines (called the Whirkirs) are very industrious, and form the clearings and cultivate the various produce of the place. The Pygmies appear to be aware that the plantations and powers of the Whirkirs are practically inexhaustible, and to think that they have as much right to the produce as the aboriginal owners and tillers. Therefore, they cling tightly to these plantations, and make the larger and more laborious natives pay dearly for the honour of their acquaintance. In another manner they perform valuable service by setting fashions, receiving strangers, and assisting in the defence of the settlements; they also hunt game, and supply the larger natives with plenty to do in working for and waiting on them. It appeared to me that the

Pygmies were regarded somewhat as parasites (though highly ornamental ones, like orchids) whose departure would be more welcome—to the aborigines—than their vicinity. But a race which has survived so much and so many things is not easily to be got rid of.

Anyhow, I couldn't get rid of them, though sometimes I felt inclined to imitate Hercules. With their arrows and their unblushing importunities they had me at advantage, and even as *Gulliver* became the victim of the midgits of Lilliput, so did I of the innumerable, inquisitive, imperturbably impertinent Pygmies of Societas.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

READ "As Haggards on the Rock" in *Scribner's* for May. It is a weird tale, but nothing whatever to do with "HAGGARD" ("RIDER" of that ilk), which may or may not be an additional attraction, according to the taste and fancy of the reader. "Never do I see *Scribner's Magazine*," quoth the Baron, "without wishing to change its name, or start a competitor under the style and title of '*Scribbler's Magazine*.' If the latter isn't 'a colourable imitation,' it must be done, and that speedily."

Woman, though appearing weekly, comes out peculiarly strong. "A really entertaining, interesting, and chatty publication," says the Baroness.

One of the best volumes of the Badminton Library series is that on Golf, recently published, written chiefly by HORACE G. HUTCHINSON, with capital contributions on the subject from the great ruler of Home-Rulers, ARTHUR BALFOUR, M.P., and the ubiquitous and universally gifted MERRY ANDREW LANG, to whom no subject, apparently, presents any difficulty whatever, he being, like Father O'FLYNN, able to discourse on Theology or Conchology, or Mythology, and all the other ologies, including, in this instance, Golfology, with equal skill and profundity of wisdom. *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, and the scent of the LANG of LANG, is over all periodical literature generally. Let not the elderly intending student of Golf, on opening the book, be deterred by seeing a chapter headed "*Clubs and Balls*," which may induce him to say, "My dancing days are over." The illustrations, by Messrs. C. L. SHUTE, T. HODEX, and H. FREY FURNISS, are excellent. The vignettes in A. LANG's paper—especially one happily taken from an "Old Miss-all," where several players are represented as not making a hit—are both interesting and amusing. On the whole—on the Golfian Hole—a capital volume. *Mr. Punch* drinks to his Grace of BEAUFORT in a cup of Badminton.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 5.—Next year is my Jubilee—mine and Mr. Punch's. Pup and dog, have known House of Commons for nigh fifty years. Of course not so intimately as within the last eight or nine years; but ever since I took my seat on piles of bound volumes at feet of the MASTER, have kept one eye on Parliament.

Never saw a scene to equal what took place to-night. When House met, good deal of talk about yesterday's Labour Demonstration. Everybody agreed it was enormous, unprecedented, momentous. The Working Man demands a day of eight hours' labour, and will see that he gets it. Still talking about the matter in whispers. Second Reading of Budget Bill under discussion; SHAW-LEFEVRE on legs, protesting against increased expenditure on Army and Navy. Undertakes to show it is absolutely unnecessary. Beginning his demonstration when hand of clock touched hour of Six. SPEAKER rose with cry of "Order! Order!" SHAW-LEFEVRE resumed seat; afraid he had, in exuberance of eloquence, committed some breach of order. Members crowded in to hear what SPEAKER had to say.

"This House," he said, as soon as silence restored, "will now adjourn. At least I must withdraw; and unless it can be shown that Deputy-Speaker has been in bed all day, or otherwise idling his time, you cannot go on. Under ordinary circumstances, House meeting at Three o'clock, we should have adjourned sharp at Eleven to-night; but the fact is, my day's work began at Ten this morning. That is a necessity of my position. With interval of hasty meals, I have been accustomed to work a maximum of twelve hours a day, often running up to fourteen. That, however, now over. Settled by Working Man that Labour Day should not exceed Eight Hours. We will, therefore, now break up. I daresay some of you Hon. Gentlemen, engaged at the Bar or in affairs in the City, commenced your work even earlier than Ten?"

"Sir," said OLD MORALITY, "I do not know whether I am in order in speaking after the clock has struck Six, and so extending our legal day. I will, however, promise to be brief. In fact, I rise merely to confirm your view, Sir, of our position. For my own part, I have been closely engaged in the business that pertains to performance of my duty to the QUEEN and Country, since an hour earlier than Ten this morning, and I think I may say the same for my friends near me on this Bench. [ASHMEAD-BARTLETT: "Hear, hear!"] We were, as usual, prepared to go forward with our work, to sit here till whatever hour was necessary to accomplish it. Without abating one jot or tittle—"

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT: "The Right Hon. Gentleman probably means one jot or tittle."

OLD MORALITY: "In accordance with my habit, Sir, I meant what I said. As I was saying, when perhaps somewhat unnecessarily interrupted by the Right Hon. Gentleman, I do not abate one tit or jottle of my desire to perform my duty where duty is doo; but since our friend the Working Man has declared in favour of a labouring day confined to Eight Hours, we must needs follow him."

OLD MORALITY packed up his papers; JOKIM looked up red box containing papers relating to Budget Scheme; HARCOURT rose to continue discussion; discovered that SPEAKER had gone, and Serjeant-at-Arms removed Mace; so, at a few minutes past Six, got off with plenty of time to enjoy that recreation, and cultivate those family relations, not less dear to a Member of Parliament than to the more 'orny' and son of toil. Odd at this early hour to hear cry of Doorkeeper, "Who goes home?"

"Well," says Member for St. Pancras, "I think I'll be BOLTON." And he bolted. *Business done.*—New Eight Hours' Day arrangement came into operation. Entirely successful.

Tuesday.—RITCHIE a mild-mannered man, six feet high, and of genial temperament. But there are some things he can't stand. One is, to assume that Government Bill dealing with Local Taxation involves Compensation for disestablished publicans.

"I must say," he observed, just now, glaring on CALEB WRIGHT, "that I object to the word Compensation which the Hon. Gentleman has used in his question."

What Government had done was to propose measure for the extinction of licences. Of course, a little money would pass. JOKIM, in Budget Scheme, made provision to enable County Council to buy out publicans. "But to call such a transaction Compensation is," RITCHIE added, his left eye twitching in fearsome manner on CALEB WRIGHT, "preposterous."

That being so, House went into Committee on Allotments Bill, and drummed away till sitting suspended.

At Evening Sitting, BOB REID brought on Motion raising sort of British Land Question. Wants to empower Town Councils and County Councils in England and Scotland to acquire, either by agreement or compulsorily, such land within their district as may be needed for the requirements of the inhabitants. House naturally shocked to find a Member proposing to discuss any phase of Land Question apart from Ireland. Interposition of Great Britain in this connection regarded as impertinence. Compromise arrived at; agreed to leave out Scotland. On these terms Debate went forward.



The Emphatic Noes.

CHAPLIN in charge of case for Government. At last, in his natural position, temporary Leader of the House.

CHAPLIN (*aside*), "Glamis and Thane of Cawdor! the greatest is behind."

How different from ancient days and nights, when he sat below Gangway in corner seat, that is, when he could get it. Couldn't always; sometimes presumptuous person forestalled him. Even when there, with notes of treasured speech in swelling breast pocket, by no means certain he would find opportunity of convincing House. Others step in, and edge him on into ignominious dinner hour. Now a Minister of the Crown, with a new Department created for his control; to-night in charge of Government business. OLD MORALITY off early, full of restful confidence.

"CHAPLIN's looking after things," he said, as he made himself comfortable in his room. "Needn't bother; all will go right. Great thing for a First Minister to have a man he can thoroughly depend on."

"At least, TOBY," CHAPLIN said, "those were his remarks as reported to me. I will not deny that they are gratifying."

At the proper time—at his own time—the Minister for Agriculture rose, and, positively pervading the premises, utterly demolished BOB REID, his supporters, his arguments, and his resolution.

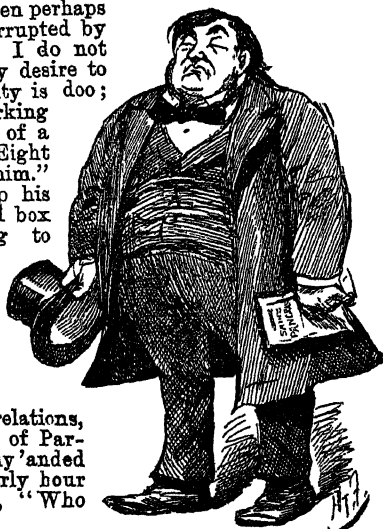
"CHAPLIN," said JOHN MORLEY, watching him with admiring glance, "always reminds me of VICTOR HUGO's description of the *Rev. Ebenezer Caudray*. You remember him in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*? Haven't the book with me, but translation runs something like this:—'He had the gracefulness of a page, mingled with the dignity of a Bishop.' Never knew that VICTOR HUGO was personally acquainted with CHAPLIN; but he certainly here hits off his characteristics in a phrase."

Business done.—Miscellaneous, and not much.

Thursday.—"Where do you put the Cow?"

"Was ever man interrupted with such a question in such circumstances?" asked JESSE COLLINGS, unconsciously quoting *Tristram Shandy's* father.

Circumstances sufficiently strange to make a man quote STERNE, even if he'd never read his masterpiece. House in Committee on Budget Bill. STOREY moved Amendment on Clause 26, dealing with exemption from Inhabited House Duty of tenement buildings. CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER taken part in the Debate. CHARLES RUSSELL said a few words. House in most serious, not to say desperate mood. Subject particularly inviting for JESSE; always advocated welfare of Working Classes; now seized opportunity to descant on theme. Detailed with growing warmth arrangements desirable for perfecting sanitation of houses for Working Classes; when TANNER, crossing arms and legs, and cocking head on one



Bolton bolting.

side, with provoking appearance of keen interest, suddenly submitted this problem:—

"Where do you put the Cow?"

"Opposition laughed. Ministerialists cried, "Order!" Various courses open to JESSE. Might have assumed air of interested inquiry. Cow? What Cow? Why drag in the Cow? Might have slain TANNER with a stony stare, and left him to drag his untimely quadruped off the ground. But JESSE took the Cow seriously. Allowed it to get its horns entangled amid thread of his argument. Glared angrily upon the pachydermatous TANNER, and having thus played into his hands, loftily declared, "I do not propose to take any notice of the insult."

"It makes me smile," said SWIFT MACNELL, walking out for fear GOSCHEN should hear his smile and clap a penny on his Income-Tax.

A long night for JOKIM, wrestling for his Budget. Ominous gathering on Front Bench. Mr. G., not seen lately, comes down. To him foregathers HARCOURT. Assaults on Budget begun from below the Gangway. Proposed to postpone clauses on which Local Budget Bill will be built up. JOKIM shakes his head. Mr. G. amazed at his refusal to listen to reasonable suggestion. HARCOURT rises, meaning to run at JOKIM. Chairman of Committees puts out his foot, nearly trips him up. HARCOURT turns and bends on COURTENAY expressive glance. Never much love lost between these two. Now COURTENAY in official position can snub HARCOURT—and does. Shall HARCOURT go for him? Shall he take

him up in his powerful arms and tear him to pieces with delighted teeth? A moment's pause, whilst HARCOURT, towering at table, toying nervously with eyeglass, looks down on Chairman who has just ruled him out of order. Shall he? Struggles with his suddenly awakened wrath, gulps it down, turns aside to talk of something else.

Not to-night, but some night there will be wigs (especially COURTENAY's) on the green.

Business done.—Budget in Committee.

Friday.—Met MARKISS walking with weary footsteps from Lords. Curiously depressed air. "Anything happened at East Bristol?" I asked. "But you cannot have heard yet," said the MARKISS, with sob in his throat. "It's WEMYSS; touched me to the quick; was to have made speech to-night on Socialistic legislation of last two years. Hadn't slightest idea what he meant. Came down to-night a little late; found House up. WEMYSS wouldn't deliver his speech in my absence; thing didn't come off; so Lords went home. That's what I call personal devotion. Supposed to be hard cynical man, but you see I have my soft places, and WEMYSS has touched me."

Not a dry eye between us as the MARKISS moved off.

Business done.—Pleuro-pneumonia in House of Lords.

CONVERSATION MANUAL. (ANGLO-FRENCH.)

FOR USE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE Aunt, the Uncle, and the Cousin (f.) all desire to go to the top of the tall hill.—There is no road to the top of the tall hill.—Why is there no road?—Because they (on) do not permit it.—Will they permit it to-morrow?—No.—Will they permit it in several (*plusieurs*) days?—Certainly not.—When shall we be able to go to the top of the tall hill?—When Mr. BRYCE's Bill (the Measure of Mr. BRYCE) receives the approval of Parliament.—Is it probable that Parliament will approve of it the day after to-morrow?—It is not probable that Parliament will approve of it the day after to-morrow, or for many years.—I see through the telescope of the neighbour (m.) a man at the top of the tall hill. Why is he there?—He is guarding (he guards) the red deer.—Are the red deer then permitted (do they permit the red deer) on the top of the tall hill?—Yes.—The Aunt, the Uncle, and the Cousin (f.) would like to talk to the beautiful deer.—But the owners (*Messieurs les Propriétaires*) of the tall hill would not like it.—Why would the owners not like it?—Because they desire to shoot the beautiful deer.—Where then may we walk (*promener*)?—We may walk where we will along the high road (*grand chemin*).—But the high road is dusty, and from it there is no

view.—It is sad that there should be no view from the high road.

—We came (are come) to Scotland to climb the tall hills. As we cannot climb the tall hills, we will now leave Scotland. If we now leave Scotland the hotel-keepers (keepers of hotels) will be sorry.—The keepers of hotels must speak to the owners of the tall hill.

—There are now two men on the top of the tall hill; I can see them plainly. One has seized the other by the scruff of the neck (by the neck). Why has the bad man seized somebody by the scruff of the neck?—The man who has been seized (whom they have seized) by the scruff of the neck must be a Tourist.—How has the Tourist done wrong (*faire mal*)?—He has done wrong because he admires the view.—The Aunt, the Uncle, and the Cousin (f.) are now glad that they did not go to the top of the tall hill.

TWO VIEWS OF THE SODGERIES.

NO. I. BY A GENTLEMAN WHO GOT A BAD SEAT AT THE INAUGURATION.

It seems rather a high-handed proceeding to deprive the inhabitants of South Belgravia, Old Chelsea, Pimlico and Battersea, of about half of their recreation grounds. This certainly has been done to find a site for the Sodgeries. Whether the Sodgeries will be worth the trouble is another matter. It may be as well to glance hurriedly at its contents.

Certainly, very hurriedly, when one comes to the Ambulance Department. A most ghastly show! Lay-figures reclining in the most realistic fashion on a field of battle, with surgeons and vultures (!) in attendance. If anything could choke off an intending recruit, it would be this. I consider the display as inimical to the best interests of the Army.

Then the Battle Gallery? Can anything be less interesting? Here and there the portrait of a General! But such portraits! One veteran warrior is actually shown in the act of playing upon a fiddle! As for the pictures of the victories, there is scarcely anything new worth looking at. Same good old Inkermann, by Lady BUTLER, as of yore; and the same good old recollections of Egypt from past Academies. For the rest, the room contains some comfortable chairs. They are more inviting than the relics! Then the remainder of the Exhibition! Well, the advertisers have their share, and the restaurant people are all over the place. There are some figures sent over by nigger chieftains, and a little armour. Finally, the grounds are imperfectly illuminated at night with paper lanterns and the electric light. Plenty of military music for those who like it, but who does?

The arrangements for the comfort of the Press at the opening ceremony (when I was present) were unsatisfactory. But this is a detail.

NO. II. BY A GENTLEMAN WHO GOT A GOOD SEAT AT THE INAUGURATION.

Nothing could have been more judicious than to enclose some of the grounds of Chelsea Hospital for the holding of that excellent exhibition known as "The Sodgeries." The inhabitants of South Belgravia, Old Chelsea, Pimlico, and Battersea must bless the Authorities for their kindness in selecting a site so close to their doors. That the Exhibition may be properly appreciated, it may be worth while to glance hurriedly at its contents. A difficult matter to hurry when one comes to the Ambulance Department. A most interesting display. Here we have the battle-field capably painted, and illustrating how our doctors and nurses do their good work. If anything could confirm an intending recruit to take the Queen's Shilling, it would be this *tableau*, so suggestive of succour to the wounded. I consider the display decidedly in the best interests of the Army.

Then the Battle Gallery! Can anything be more interesting? Numerous portraits of Generals—not only in full uniform, but as they are to be seen at home in the bosoms of their families. Every picture of a victory is full of interest, and the relics are priceless. One case contains the identical cloak worn by the great Duke at Waterloo, and another the celebrated panorama of his funeral. The latter, I fancy, was drawn by that well-known artist, who signs himself, when he drops into literature, "G. A. S." If I am right in my conjecture, I may add that I believe all the numberless figures in the admirable composition are wearing Wellington boots. For the rest, the room contains comfortable chairs, but who cares for chairs when such relics are on view!

Then the remainder of the Exhibition! It would take pages to catalogue its hundreds of interesting exhibits. Arms, figures, manufactures, musical instruments. What not? And the grounds! At night a perfect fairy-land, beautifully illuminated with hundreds of gleaming lanterns, and the electric light. Finally the best military music in the world, for those who like it, and who does not?

The arrangements for the comfort of the Press at the opening ceremony (when I was present) were satisfactory to the last degree. But this is a detail.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"PLEASE LOOK A LITTLE PLEASANT, MISS. I KNOW IT'S HARD; BUT IT'S ONLY FOR A MOMENT!"

"BABY BUNG."

Nurse R-tch-e loquitor :-

WHICH no doubt at the best it's a bothersome babe; though my bounden duty it were to make much of it; I'm free to say, if I had *my way*, it's the dickens a bit I should come within touch of it. [windy; 'Tis a greedy child, and a noisy too, of a colicky turn, and pertikler And, wherever the blessed infant's found, you may bet your boots there'll be stir and shindy.

The family is a rucktious one from their cradles up, and the plague of nusses.

You may cosset and cordial 'em up as you will; though you calls 'em "blessings," you finds 'em cusses.

Many a monthly they've worritted out of her life, almost, with their fractious snarlings, Though it's most as much as *your place* is worth to aggerawate 'em—the little darlings!

And this one—well, it would raise a yell you might fancy came from a fog-horn's throttle,

If it wasn't for that there soothing-syrup I've artfully smuggled into its bottle.

It's strongish stuff, and I've dropped enough in the Babby's gruel to prove a fixer;

For this kid's riot you cannot quiet with LAWSON'S Cordial or CAINE'S Elixir.

Them parties think they can mix a drink as'll take the shine out o' GODFREY or DAFFY,

But they're both mistook, *they* don't know their book, though one is "genial," and t'other chaffy.

They'll raise a row when they find out how I have managed to silence the child, by drugging.

Wot's the use of fuss? Where's the monthly nuss as can manage without a bit of 'umbugging!

And now, havin' fixed the hinfant up, I'm a going to drop him in somebody's doorway.

Hullo! Here's the house of that County Council! I fancies now it is rather in *your way*!

You're up to everythink, you swells are, from "Betterment" to the claims of Cabby.

You've a lot to learn; so jest have a turn—as I hope you'll like—at this Blessed Babby!

It "turns up on a doorstep unbeknown," like the child referred to by DICKENS'S *Sairey*.

Come! Here's the Babby, and there's the Bottle! I'm no monopolist—quite contrary.

Without its Bottle I *couldn't* leave it; the babe might 'unger, wick Evins forbid of it!

But, havin' purvided for it so nicely, I'll shunt it on you, gents,—(aside)—and glad to get rid of it!

"ALLOWED TO STARVE."—The Editor begs to acknowledge remittance from "Miss G. D." and "W. M.," in aid of the Balacava Survivors, which he has handed to the Editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, who is in charge of this Fund.

WARE BRUMMAGEM!

"As sure as a gun" is a worthy old phrase That doesn't quite seem to apply in our days; And that man is a cynic, or talking in fun, Who says he's "as sure as an 'African' gun."

The Birmingham gun-makers loudly protest That their products are good, if they're not quite the best. *Mr. Punch* with the Brummagem boys will not quarrel, But *all* guns should be trustworthy, stock, lock and barrel; Be the game one is after an Arab or pheasant, The chance of a barrel that bursts is not pleasant. Good work brings good pay, as it always has done; That (in the old sense) is "as sure as a gun!"

Mrs. R. has been uncommonly humorous lately. She observed, "What a foolish remark it was of Dr. JOHNSON'S to say that 'who makes a pen would pick a pocket.' Unless," she added, struck with a brilliant idea, "he was thinking of 'steel pens.' But I don't think there were any in his time."



“BABY BUNG.”

NURSE RITCHIE. “THERE YOU ARE, MY LITTLE DEAR,—THEY’LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!”

VOCES POPULI. THE TRAVELLING MENAGERIE.

OUTSIDE.

A crowd is staring stolidly at the gorgeously gilded and painted entrance, with an affectation of superior wisdom to that of the weaker-minded, who sneak apologetically up the steps from time to time. A tall-hatted orchestra have just finished a tune, and hung their brazen instruments up like joints on the hooks above them.

A Woman carrying an infant (to her husband). Will 'ee goo in, JOE?

Joe (who is secretly burning to see the Show). Naw. Sin it arl afor arfen enough. Th' outside's th' best on it, I reckon.

His Wife (disappointed). Saw 'tis, and naw charge for lookin' at 'en neither.

The Proprietor. Ladies and Gentlemen, Re-mem-bar! This is positively the last opportunity of witnessing DENMAN'S Celebrated Menagerie—the largest in the known world! The Lecturer is now describing the animals, after which Mlle. CRAYACHE and ZAMBANGO, the famous African Lion-tamers, will go through their daring feats with forest-bred lions, tigers, bears, and hyenas, for the last time in this town. Re-mem-bar—the last performance this evening!

Joe (to his Wife). If ye'd like to hev a look at 'em, I wun't say nay to et.

His Wife. I dunno as I care partickler 'bout which way 'tis.

Joe (annoyed). Bide where 'ee be then.

His Wife. Theer's th' child, JOE, to be sure.

Joe. Well we baint a gooin' in, and so th' child wunt come to no 'arm, and theer's a hend on it!

His Wife. Nay, she'd lay in my arms as quiet as quiet.

I wur on'y thinkin, JOE, as it 'ud be somethin' to tell her when she wur a big gell, as her daddy took her to see th' wild beasties afor iver she could tark—that's arl I wur meanin', JOE. And they'll let 'er goo in free, too.

Joe. Aye, that'll be fine tellin's fur 'er, sure 'nough. Come arn, Missus, we'll tek th' babby in—happen she'll niver git th' chance again.

[They mount the steps eagerly.]

INSIDE.

Joe's Wife (with a vague sense of being defrauded). I thart theer'd ha' bin moor smell, wi' so many on 'em!

Joe. They doan't git naw toime for it, I reckon, allus on the rord as they be.

The Lecturer. Illov me to request yar kind hattention for a moment. (Stand back there, you boys, and don't beyave in such a silly manner!) We har now arrived at the Haswail, or Sloth Bear, described by BURTON as 'aving 'abits which make it a burden to itself. (Severely.) The Haswail. In the hajoinin' cage observe the Loocoricks, the hony hanimal to oom fear is habsoootly hun-known. When hattaacked by the Lion, he places his 'ed between his fore-legs, and in that position awaits the honset of his would-be destroyer.

Joe's Wife. I thart it wur th' hostridge as hacted that away.

Joe. Ostridges ain't gotten they long twisted harns as iver I heard on.

His Wife (stopping before another den). Oh, my blessed! 'Ere be a queer lookin' critter, do 'ee look at 'en, JOE. What'll he be now?

Joe. How do 'ee suppose as I be gooin' to tell 'ee the name of 'en? He'll likely be a sart of a 'arse.

His Wife. They've a let 'en git wunnerful ontidy fur sure.

'Ere, Mister (to Stranger) can you tell us the name of that theer banimal?

Stranger. That—oh, that's a Gnu.

Joe's Wife. He says it be a noo.

Joe. A noo what?

His Wife. Why, a noo hanimal, I s'pose.

Joe. Well, he baint naw himprovement on th' hold 'uns, as I can see. They'd better ha' left it aloan if they couldn't do naw better nor 'im. Dunno what things be coming to, hinventin' o' noo hanimals at this time o' day!

BEFORE ANOTHER CAGE.

A Boozed and Argumentative Rustic. I sez as that 'un's a fawks, an' I'm ready to prove it on anny man.

A Companion (soothingly). Naw, naw, 'e baint naw fawks. I dunno what 'tis,—but taint naw fawks nawhow.

B. and A. Rustic. I tell 'ee 'tis a fawks, I'm sure on it. (To Mild Visitor.) Baint'e a fawks, Master, eh?

Mild Visitor. Well, really, if you ask me, I should say it was a hyena.

The Rustic's Comp. A hyanna! ah, that's a deal moor like; saw 'tis!

The Rustic. A Pianner? do 'ee take me fur a vool?

I knaws a pianner when I sees 'un. Farmer Brown, 'e's a pianner, and 'tain't like naw fawks! I'll knaack th' 'ed arf o' thee, tryin' to stoof me oop i' that way. Wheer be th' man as said 'twas a pianner? [Mild V. has discreetly lost himself in the crowd.]

ON THE ELEPHANT'S BACK.

Second Boy. Sit a bit moor forrard, BILLY, can't 'ee!

First Boy. Can't, I tell 'ee, I be sittin' on th' scruff of 'is neck as 'tis.

Third Boy. I can see my vaither, I can. 'Ere, vaither, vaither, look at me—see wheer I be!

Fourth Boy (a candid friend). Shoot oop, can't 'ee, ya young gozzle-'ead!

Think ya vaither niver see a hass on a hellyphant afor!

Fifth Boy. These yere hellyphants be main straddlyroidin'. I wish 'e wudn't



AUTOMATIC ARBITRATION.

NO MORE EXORBITANT FEES! NO MORE LAW! NO MORE TRIALS!

waak honly waun haff of 'en at oncest, loike. What do 'ee mean, a kitchen' old o' me behind i' that way, eh, JIMMY PASSONS!

Sixth Boy. You'd ketch 'old o' hanything if you was like me, a slidin' down th' hellyphant's ta-ail.

Fifth Boy. If 'ee doan't let go o' me, I'll job th' hellyphant's ribs and make 'im gallop, I will, so now, JIMMY PASSONS!

IN FRONT OF THE LIONS' DEN DURING PERFORMANCE.

Various Speakers. Wheer be pushin' to? Carl that manners, screougung like that!... I can't see nawthen, I can't, wi' all they 'ats in front... What be gooin' arn, do 'ee know?... A wumman gooin' in along o' they lions and tigerses? Naw, ye niver mane it!... Baint she a leatherin' of 'un too!... Now she be a kissin' of 'un—maakin' it oop, loike... JOHN, you can see better nor me—what be she oop to now?... Puttin' 'er 'ed inside o' th' lion's? Aw, dear me, now—theer's a thing to be doin' of! Well, I'd rather it was 'er nor me, I know that... They wun't do 'er naw 'arm, so long's she kips 'er heye on 'em... What do 'ee taak so voolish vor? How's th' wumman to kip 'er heye on 'em, with 'er 'ed down wan on 'em's throat, eh?... Gracious alive! if iver I did!... Oh, I do 'ope she baint gooin' to let off naw fire-arms, I be moor fear'd o' pistols nor anny tigers... Theer, she's out now! She be bold, fur a female, baint her?... She niver maade 'em joomp through naw bla-azin' 'oops, though... What carl would she hev fur doin' that? Well, they've a drared 'er doin' of it houtside, that's arl I know... An' they've a drared HADAM outside a naamin' of th' hanimals—but ye did'n't expect to see that doon inside, did 'ee?... Bob, do 'ee look at old MUSTER MANDERS ovver theer by th' hellyphant. He's a maakin' of 'issel that familiar—putting biskuts 'tween his lips and lettin' th' hellyphant take 'em out wi' 's troonk!... I see un—let un aloan, th' hold doitlet, happen he thinks he's a feedin' his canary bird!

ROBERT'S STORY ABOUT CHINA.

THE fact is, Sir, that I had got quite tired of hearing Gents all a grumbling at allers having the same kind of wittels at their Citty Bankwets : so I thort as I woud jest take a run hover here, jest to see what they had to hoffer by way of change ; and so here I am, on my voyage of dishcovery.

I passess over that woyage, and my many blunders in trying to make myself hunderstood by the hignerent natives, and at once goes in to describe what was of coarse most hintresting to me, namely, the dinners. I dined wun day at the Shing-Cully Otel, which is a fust-class consern. I was told as all the Swells dined at the top of the house ; so hup stairs I went, and sat myself down at a large tabel, with about 30 Chinese Gents, all drest in their riduklus kostoom of Jackets and pettycotes. They all stared at me as if I was sumthink werry strange, tho' drest in my ushal full hevening dress, with white choker. We only had 1 Maynoo for all of us, and had to chuse our Dishes, so I chose Birds'-nest Soup, Sharks' fins, as they hadn't got no Turbot, lots of frute, and Roast Puppy ! We began with frute ! but, before we ate any, we all took wine with one another ! The Birds'-nest Soup must have been werry carefooly strained, for there wasn't not no twigs nor bits of straw. het setterer, in it. The Sharks' fins wasn't at all bad, but, as we wasn't allowd no knives or forks, but only

2 chop-sticks, as they calls 'em, I hadsum d i fi-culty in heating it. They t h e n

brort me some stewed sumthink, which was that oily that I didn't heat much of it. I arldly xpects to be

bleeved when I says that we had no tabel-cloth or tabel-napkins, but we each had a peace of common brown paper at the side of our plates, with which we all wiped our messy chop-sticks, and our oily mouths. The dux was werry good, so I had about harf a one. The Puppy Dog looked much like a Sucking Pig, but even the strong humion sauce didn't hide the parfume enuff for me to be able to taste it. The wine wasn't anythink werry grand, but, what it wanted in flavior, it made up in strength, and many a eye began for to twinkle afore the dinner was over ; and, judging from what I saw then, and at other times, I should think about the most commical hobjeck on earth is a drunken Chinyman. I was arterwards told that the propper place to get dogs and cats for dinner was in Jack-Poo-Kow. The idear of calling such horrid filth Kow, made me suspishus, so I found the place out, and, who should I see oppersite the winder where the dead dogs and cats is hung up to dry, but your own dog

Toby ! a barking at 'em with such hindignashun that I werrily bleeves that one word of incur-

agement from me woud have made him rush into the restaurant, and ewen praps attack the Hed Waiter ! However, I perswaded him to leave the horrid place, and go home with me ; but, on our way, we came to another of them, where a black cat was hanging up, when in Toby rushed, and, siezing it in his mouth, brort it out to me, and tore it lim from lim ! Out came the Master, and 2 of his Waiters, and, little knowing who I was, seized me, and dragged me into the shop, and demanded 100 sents, or four shillings, for the black cat's body, and tuppence for its pair of eyes, which, it seems, are considerd a speshal lukshury ! Toby, insted of looking ashamed of hisself for his shameful conduct, trotted by my side, barking away, and looking as proud as a Lord Mare's Coachman, till I lost him in the crowd.

I called one day by appintment upon a sillibrated Mandareen with 3 tales, who must therefore have bin a heminent swell. He was not a tone, but the servents showed me into a room where a most bewtiful Chinese Lady was a-lying on a Sofly, with such darling little tooty-putsys as I never seed afore, and which I shoold think woud suttlenly prevent her from ever warking like a Cristian Lady. She wore all her bewtiful hare brushed off her bewtiful face as if she wanted it all to grow backards. I warked boldly up to her and sed, " Maudareeny tomy tomy ? " to which she replied, " Ching-Ching-Changy-Wangy ! " Not quite undstanding a word she said, I was about to take my leave by saying, " Bowy ! Wowy ! " when she got off the Sofly and hobbling along to the door, placed herself against it, and patting my estonished cheeks said, " Oh, how nicey piccy ! " I was that estonished that I thort I shoold have fainted, and ewen Toby, who I had took with me, stared at her with both his eyes, speshally when she



put up her fan, when presently the door was forced open from the howtside, and who shood henter but the three-tailed Mandareen hisself!

He looked fust at the bewtiful Lady, and then at me, and then, harf droring his grate big sword, and sounding the Gong most wierlently, in rushed about $\frac{1}{2}$ a dozen servents, and, after some most angry words of Chinese gibberish from their master, they all siezed me and dragged me to another room, where they took off both my boots and my stockings and laying me down on the flore, tho I had all my best clothes onn, they beat both my souls and my eels with sticks till I skreamed for mersy!

They then left me. I was that hurt both in my feet and my feelinx that I didn't kno what on airth to do. When presently in came one of them quite quietly and said in a whisper: "I spikes ze Inglesh. pore feller! and if you have sum munny I can get you what you calls a sub-sty-booty for the rest of your punnishment." "How much will it be?" says I. "About 10,000 Cash?" says he. "10,000 Cash!" says I. "It's only 2 pound ten of your munny," says he. So, feeling as I shood suttently die if I had to go through the same tortur again, I gave him the munny, and sure enuff he soon returned with a pore seedy-looking Chinaman who took my place, and my new friend took me out of the house by the back-door, and off I set and got home without hinterpupshun!

As soon as my feet got well I went to a verry sillybrated Phizzy-gonomist, I thinks they calls 'em, to have my fortun told. He verry kindly sed that my large mouth and chin, and my furm nose, and my large neck, was all most faverable sines; but added, as he was sorry to have to say, that as my eyes was not long ones, and had no large pewpils, I must most suttently have a grate natteral taste for picking and stealing! Whether sich a rewelation was worth fifteen sents, or $7\frac{1}{2}$ d., I must leave you, Sir, to determine; all I can say is, that I thort it deat at the munny.

I bort wun day a most bewtiful Chinese rapper, and I used offen to go and sit on the steps leading to wun of their little tempels, with



my air verry nicely drest by a air-dres-er, and there, with TOBY by my side, I used to sit and receive the respecfool atenshuns of the estonished parsers-by.

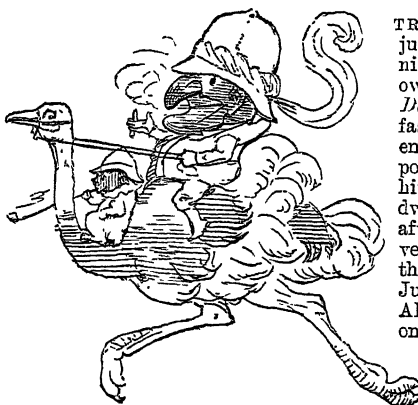
One of the prinpsle emusements of the hupper nobilleity is the flying of most bewtiful kites! I have heard of the same thing being dun in the great City of London, but I never seed it. I bleeves in both cases the kites is made of paper. Everybody smokes in China, Men and Women and Boys and Gals. Sum of the men has bacey-pipes so long that they uses them as Warking-Sticks!

I was rayther surprised to find as they warships the Griffin, jest such a wun as we has on the top of Tempel Bar, but which our peepel, as you kno, don't warship, not by no means. But the Chinese in their dense hignerence calls it a Dragon!

In short, Sir, I arives at the conclushun that the Chinese is about the rummest lot of people in the hole world, and anyboddys as wants plenty of fun had better cum here at wunce, but not stay long, and don't heat dogs or cats, or wisit Mandereen's Wives.

"Thank you, very much," said Mr. Punch, when ROBERT had finished speaking, "but I am afraid I can stay with you no longer. I wish to pay a flying visit to the Colonies. But first I must show Mr. STANLEY that great Discoverer though he may be, I can yet over-explore him!" Then, accompanied by his faithful TOBY, he wished that they should be in Central Africa. Urged by his companion, in this instance, he took some copious notes. He preserved them, and they are thus able to be embodied in this veracious chronicle.

MR. PUNCH AND TOBY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.



TRUGGLE through th^e jungle; hardships begining. Black-legs, engaged owing to strike amongst *Dokkas*, or native porters, fast dwindling. owing to energetic picketing with poisoned arrows from behind trees by small brown dwarfs. Pursued one. and after boxing his ears severely. dismissed him with threat of telling his mother. Jungle almost impassable. All heavier baggage sent on to Central Africa by Parcels Delivery. After four days' wandering, the Lady Guide, who had been represented as "thoroughly conversant with the district," began to cry and said she had

lost the path. Dismissed her on the spot, paying her return fare, though under no *legal* obligation to do so. Really *too* ridiculous to attempt to conduct a party through the Dark Continent with nothing but an ordnance map of Epping Forest! Long and fruitless search for track; fortunately, just as despair reached climax, met a *Koppah* (or native policeman) and asked him—turned out to be only just round the corner.

On the main road again; Passed a native caravan of nomad *Djipsis*. Bought a hearth-brush and door-mat. At mid-day, took the sun with portable camera. Sun moved and spoilt negative. Made some observations.

Reached native village—N'yutoihigama. Much struck by native method of ascending palms for cocoa-nuts, carrying letters, wrestling, &c. Visited King MAHBUL of Pigzinklovaland. Much interested by efforts of King with his three favourite wives, all under influence of *Pombé* or palm-beer, to roll into royal kraal.

On again; progress obstructed by the *Nekkids* of Nuffintowara, who seemed bent on giving battle. Sent messenger to King with present of shirt-studs, after which allowed to pass unharmed. Further on, stopped by band of *Grimi-Grubbas*, who evidently meant being nasty. Called to them pleasantly in native tongue. "*Cheke-bobo-nangu-yanci-teorali?*" (Good-morning, have you used Scours' Soap?) Found they hadn't, and presented them with a packet, also with brushes and other articles of the toilette, of which they were in great need.

Came to open space near N'yumarkiti. Saw some *Dankorsis* running in and out of brushwood in highly suspicious manner. Found on inquiry that they were only "out for an airing" not "on the job." Much relieved. Conference with King M'rorra of the Wezijiji tribe; trumpets sounded as soon as he was done.

Discovered large river of colour of strong green tea. Named it the Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Entered territory of the Rumboozi people. Their king, MOPZANBRUMZI, offering his services as guide. MOPZANBRUMZI most cordial, but much too drunk to be of any material assistance. Once powerful intellect now, alas! degraded. Made a long speech in the Ikkupi dialect—quite unintelligible. MOPZANBRUMZI presented with a small tin of Royal Mail Red Paint, with which, when the expedition left, he was proceeding to decorate the vicinity.

On the lagoon. An adventure befell TOBY, which, but for prompt action, might have had fatal termination; TOBY mistook open mouth of hippopotamus for drain, and rushed down in search of rat. Hippopotamus closed mouth, with expression intimating plainly that "No contributions can be returned unless accompanied by stamps and directed wrapper." TOBY's barking inside fainter. At length remembered having brought Report of Parnell Commission for private reading. Read Report to Hippopotamus slowly, until symptoms of weariness observable in huge pachydeim. Read on, and hippopotamus yawned; whereupon whistled to TOBY, who ran up, not much the worse, except that frill had lost every vestige of colour.

Engaged native interpreter, as no conversation-manuals published for countries in this district. Excellent fellow—clean, strictly honest, total abstainer; only one blemish—not discovered till later—a bit of a cannibal when he got the chance. Sent him on to announce our arrival to the Dilli-dillis, but found none in the neighbourhood when we came up—only some things which he *said* were fossils. Made no comment, but resolved to send them to Professor HUXLEY, and see what *his* opinion is.

Among the Bong Booshis; despatched Cannibal Interpreter to re-

NEW GALLERY NOVELTIES.



No. 237. THE HARMONIOUS FAMILY.

Gentleman Amateur (looking at music, aside to himself). That's the note she ought to be singing.

Lady Amateur (thinks to herself). I can sing without music. Rather! I'll give it 'em!

Little Boy Amateur (laying low with violin, to himself). Yah! Go on! I'll cut in presently with my fiddle. That'll make 'em squirm!



No. 186. Eminent Solicitor disturbed at work by anxious and indiscriminate public. (Vide Letterpress.)

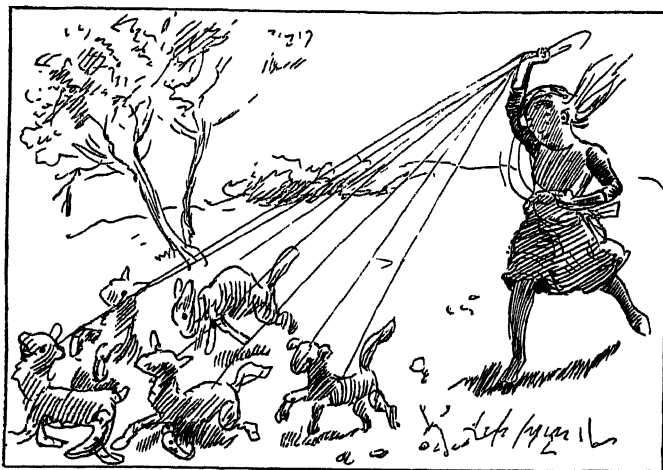


No. 392. A Blow Out; or, Pipes in a Small Room after Dinner. Mr. G. is arguing the question with fair hostess. Lord Rosebery is regarding the Piper with ill-disguised horror.

No. 8. Symbolical Theatrical Picture. Production of *The Tiger* at St. James's Theatre. Tiger coming out strong, suddenly finds himself in presence of furiously antagonistic Gallery audience,



No. 141. Il Cigaretto; or, Should Women Smoke? After her first attempt.



No. 105. "How It's Done;" or, Her First Toys. Worked with strings.

No. 1,146. Sale of Stanhope Forbes' effects. Artistic effects excellent. Should fetch high price.



No. 113. "Will It Bite?" What does she see? A white mouse? Delightful this. Mr. Boughton, A.R.A.

represented by a venomous hissing snake, which has been waiting for him, like *Chevy Chyme*, round the corner. Snake also emblematic of "reptile press." Situation portrayed by J. T. NETTLESHIP.



No. 213. John Burns as the Italian Tenor, Signor Masharoni.



No. 98. Small and Early Architecture. Showing how to set up a boxful of the new building toy bricks.



No. 82. Evidently a Female Succé, or Fasting Woman.

Nos. 39 and 43. Admirable portrait of Sir JOHN PENDER (43) severely lecturing THOMAS HAWKSLEY, Esq. (39) and evidently telling the latter that he ought to be more careful. Both admirable portraits, by Professor HERKOMER, A.R.A., Master of Bushey, F.A.S., M.A., Oxon.

No. 66. "Good morning, Ma'am! Have you used SQUEERS's soap? No. I thought not. Try it." Suggested for Advertisement by EDWIN WARD.

No. 76. *Undisguised Alarm*. "What have I sat on!" Perhaps you can tell us, Mr. R. W. MADDOX.

No. 99. "My Eye!—I mean my left eye!" J. J. SHANNON.

No. 108. *Dog Stealing*; or, *what will they do with it?* R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

No. 114. "Out! Out! Damp Spot!" HERBERT DALZIEL.

No. 119. *Raised under Glass*. Preserved Pheasant to be wound up and go off with a whirr-r. Can't make game of this. Your health, Sir JOHN MILLAIS, Bart., R.A.

No. 122. Question of taste. "Do these trousers go well with my Academicals? No. So I'll only show just a little bit of 'em, *knee plus ultra*. That'll please the artist." J. J. SHANNON.

No. 144. "When Earthly Shapes are wrapped in Gloom." Miss A. ALMA-TADEMA.

No. 160. "I blacked my face last night to play the part of a female Christy Minstrel, and I haven't quite succeeded in getting it off this morning. Isn't it a pity, eh, Mr. EDWIN WARD?"

No. 162. *The Playful Monster*. C. N. KENNEDY.

No. 164. "Coming a Quiet Chuckle." Old Gentleman thinking over a good story, on which he calculates being asked out for the entire season. PERCY BIGLAND.

No. 185. *The Ferry*. Charming! Ferry much so. G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

No. 186. Dialogue overheard in front of this:—

He. Is that a portrait? *She*. Yes; I think so. *He*. Whose?

She (after referring to catalogue). GEORGE LEWIS.

He (suddenly, after a pause). Who's GEORGE LEWIS?!!!!

What the reply was we don't know,—the question was too much for us, and we were caught in an attendant's arms, taken upstairs tenderly, and treated with care in the refreshment room. Who could imagine such ignorance possible in this "so-called Nineteenth Century!" "Who is GEORGE LEWIS!" . . . "Ask a policeman."

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

JOURNALISTIC CRITICISM.

"This piece must come off at once;" i.e., "I've got one which would just come in nicely, and could let 'em have it cheap."

"The dialogue is poor, the plot badly constructed;" i.e., "These are the two things for which everybody is going to praise this dramatic author. So I'll have my knife into him."

"The music is pretty enough, though some of the principal melodies irresistibly call to mind the popular works of other composers;" i.e., "He'll be praised for his originality. Bah! I've written things just as good as these."

"A most amusing Article, but a little of it goes a long way;" i.e., "Is tired of his subject, and wants to turn his attention to something else."

SOCIAL.

"It's a very curious fact;" i.e., "Now to pile on the embroidery."

"Now, do drop all formality, and look in to dinner quite in a friendly way. But you must take us just as you find us;" i.e., "It counts as a formal invitation, and he's sure not to come."

"You can't come! Oh, I'm so sorry!" i.e., "Didn't even know I'd asked her."

PLATFORMULARS.

"If at any time, by one jot, or one tittle, or one hair's breadth, or in the very slightest degree, or in the least;" i.e., "What, oh, what was I going to say? Can't go on like this for ever."

"Never was the country menaced with a more critical danger; never was our Party more enthusiastically united in confronting it;" i.e., "It won't make a bad cry, and may pull the stragglers together a bit."

"An oration which for a splendid combination of close reasoning and moving eloquence, is scarcely paralleled even among the many masterpieces of the illustrious speaker;" i.e., "An average speech from the point of view of the speaker's journalistic supporters."

"Its loose logic, ineffective rhetoric, and undignified petulance, furnishes a pitiful proof of the intellectual and moral decadence of a once great name;" i.e., "The same oration seen from the other side."

FRIENDLY COMMENTS ON CHARACTER AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"His knowledge of music is something quite phenomenal;" i.e., "He knows, and can talk about, absolutely nothing else."

"Would be quite lovely, but for a certain je ne sais quoi which

repels most people;" i.e., "Beautiful beyond all criticism that is not vaguely venomous."

"You dear thing!" i.e., "You inconsequent little noodle!"

CURIOMANIA.

"How quite too weirdly quaint!" i.e., "What an uncanny horror of archaic ugliness!"

"How quite too awfully kind of you to take all this trouble!" i.e., "Foolish old faddist! What is bliss to him is boredom to me."

"How fearful you must be of fire!" i.e., "Oh, for a lucky conflagration!"

RAILROAD AMENITIES.

"Oh, I'm sure I shall enjoy it immensely;" i.e., "He can't talk any more than a semaphore, and looks as sleepy as an owl."

"What! You go right on to-day without changing?" That is nice;" i.e., "Confound it! I thought there would be a chance of a cigar after the Junction."

"Oh yes, plenty of room, and pleased to have you;" i.e., "Old nuisance! will quite spoil my promising tête-à-tête."

PREPARING FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

"You see you have just the figure—slim and graceful you know—for Signor Dumcramboni, which is the great thing;" i.e., "Must flatter him a little, or he'll kick at the one-speech part."

"Oh, I leave myself entirely in your hands;" i.e., "Wait till I'm fairly in, and I'll show him!"

"Really, the prodigious passion that Mr. Elderberrie throws into the declaration-scene quite disconcerts me;" i.e., "Preposterous old pump-handle!"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what we should do without You! You put us all right;" i.e., "Fussy old idiot! Once spoke to MACREADY, and fancies himself no end of a Manager."

TRADE EMBELLISHMENTS.

"Champagne. Grand Vin. Special Brand. Cuvée Réservee, 1874. Offered at 28s. the Dozen. Only a few dozen of this magnificent wine are left;" i.e., "A dangerous home-manufactured compound of apple and gooseberry, that could not be safely offered even at a funeral."

"The 'Indian Sunrise' Rheumatic Vinegar, distilled in the far East from the choicest Oriental herbs;" i.e., "Some stuff made in Shoreditch of common blue vitriol and turpentine."

OVER THE BABY.

"Oh, how like!" i.e., "Like?—Yes, like every other baby."

WEEK BY WEEK.

Wednesday.—Mr. Punch appears. Up and out early. Rejoicings. Banquets to Mr. STANLEY generally.

Thursday.—Old Half-Quarter Day. New Style. Anniversary Dinner, at the Goose and Serpent, of First Night Theatrical-Wreckers Club. Mrs. SNOOKS' Dinner, to meet Mr. STANLEY.

Friday.—Nothing particular, except meeting Mr. STANLEY.

Saturday.—Close time for Salmon in Serpentine begins. Mrs. NEMO's first dance with Mr. STANLEY.

Sunday.—Everyone in Hyde Park to meet Mr. STANLEY. Rev. Dr. HONEYMAN's Sermon to Mr. STANLEY. Museums closed. Flowers open, free.

Monday and Tuesday.—Much as usual. To meet Mr. STANLEY.

General Forecast.—Weather unsettled at first. More so afterwards. N.E.E. Gales to meet Mr. STANLEY. Snow, followed by violent Cyclones, unless dry, warm, and 91° in the shade. Depression over the whole of the British Dominions.

Wednesday.—Depression entirely relieved by appearance of Mr. Punch. Rejoicings all day. Squibs, Fireworks at night. In the evening, Somebody meets Mr. STANLEY.

Lady HENRIETTA SHIMMERS' long-talked-of Dance came off yesterday evening, at her *recherché* little mansion in North-west Bayswater, and was a great success. A handsome second-hand slip

SUGGESTIONS FOR PICTORIAL DIRECTORY.



Cromwell Row'd S.W.

of Dutch carpet was laid down on the pavement outside the Hall-door, and from an early hour in the afternoon afforded a theme for much favourable comment in the immediate neighbourhood. The staircase had been, with the aid of half-a-dozen night-lights and a profusion of home-made paper flowers, turned into a perfect

fairlyland, the illusion becoming the more perfect the further the spectator receded. The one purple and green Hungarian, who attended with his trombone to represent that celebrated band of musicians, supplied the dance music with much spirit, while those noted *viveurs*, capable of expressing an opinion on the subject of supper, declare that the South-American tinned oysters, and the seventeen-shilling Roumanian champagne, with which they washed them down, were both, in their way, respectively, in the shape of refreshment, quite the most remarkable things they had met with anywhere this season. The company was select and distinguished. Mrs. JIPPLING, who brought her two chubby-faced, pretty daughters, both in ditch-water-coloured cotton, was a simple blaze of Birmingham paste and green-glass emeralds, and with her *pompadour* of yellow satin bed curtain, trimmed with *chiffons* of scarlet bell-ropes, looped up tastefully with bunches of *cordons d'onions d'Espagne à la blanchisseuse*, was the centre of pleasurable astonishment wherever she went. LADY PICKOVER also created quite a sensation, being a perfect dream in orange worsted. Miss MUGGALLOW attracted a good deal of notice, wearing the celebrated heavily enamelled plated

STATE OF MARKETS ILLUSTRATED.



JUNE.—A quiet feeling, with small Sales.

family Holly-hooks, and several *débutantes* in bright arsenical Emerald Green, who had not much to recommend them in the way of good looks, came in for a fair amount of cynically disagreeable comment. The dance terminated at an early hour in the morning, it being eventually brought to a conclusion by a little riot in the hall, caused by the linkman (who, owing to his potatoes, had not been very steady after midnight) endeavouring

to make off with the hat-and-umbrella-stand, a feat which brought the police on to the premises with a suggestion, that "as things seemed getting a bit lively inside, perhaps the concern had better come to a finish." The proceedings shortly after this, were brought to an abrupt conclusion.

Two young men of aristocratic appearance, and otherwise faultless

dress, were observed in the Park on Monday, in boots of ordinary leather. This breach of the *convenances* has excited much comment in the fashionable world to which they belong.

A curious sight was yesterday witnessed in Piccadilly. A gentleman well known in Society and in Politics lost his hat, which was run over, but not otherwise damaged, by a passing omnibus. The Honourable Gentleman's exclamation has been the subject of considerable remark in the Lobby of the House.

A careful investigator has been occupied in calculating the amount of roof accommodation available for the cats of the Metropolis. Dividing London according to Parliamentary districts, and subdividing these parochially and by streets (due allowance being, of course, made for wear and tear and removals), he has reached the remarkable conclusion, that every cat can command exactly one two-hundredth part of a roof. In this calculation kittens have been neglected.

What is this I hear about the Officers of the Sheriff of a County not a hundred miles from the Metropolis, refusing to be present at Mrs. LEO HUNTER's grand reception in Lower Chelsea, to meet the youngest son of His Highness the Rajah of Jamjam, ALIKHAN INDOORE? Was it because Mrs. H. forgot to ask their wives?

The great feature of Mrs. DUIT CHEEPELEY's Fancy Dress Pic-nic at Burnham Beeches will be, that every guest will bring his own hamper. The hostess herself, as Ceres, the Goddess of Plenty, will provide the corkscrews only.

Lieut.-Colonel CONTRE JUMPERE, of the 28th Volunteer Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment (Shoreditch Sharpshooters), on Saturday last entertained the officers under his command at a *déjeuner d deux plats* in the palatial restaurant of which he is Managing Director.

Messrs. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON have met Mr. STANLEY. Mr. STANLEY is reported to have said that he will *not* meet them again.

At the last moment it is reported that the engagement of the great African Explorer with Mrs. SNOOKES to meet at five o'clock tea Sir JOSEPH and Lady SMUGGINGS is indefinitely postponed.

"ROBERT" writes to us about "The Events of the Week." He says:—

"The City Academy, which it's on the Teme Embankment, opened on Toosday, and I'm told as about a thousand pupils went a scam-

SUGGESTIONS FOR PICTORIAL DIRECTORY.



"May Fare, W." Lamb Salad and New Peas. A picture of Still Life.

bling in there, as hurly as 9 a clock, with their shiny morning faces, and with their scratchels on their backs, as the Poet says, and with their lunches in 'em, as praps the Poet didn't kno of; and arterwards, the LORD MARE and his Sherryffs went to Epping Forest and dined at a Pick Nick with a lot of Werderers, whatever they may be, and some common Counselsen, but, strange to say, they didn't have no Wenson! so they made Game of one another.

They didn't ask that Mr. PERCY LINDLEY, who's allers a finding fault with 'em for cutting so many trees down and then cutting 'em up. They ort to have known from their long xperience, that a jolly good dinner woud most likely have made him hopen his mouth, and shut his eyes, and hold his Tung, like a gennelman."

"At a meeting at 'Good Old Bethnal Green,' as a werry lowd voiced gennelman called it, it was enounced that Mr. PASSMORE EDWARDS, the howner of the howdacious hapenny 'Hecko,' had promised to give 'em £20,000 to bild 'em a new Library with! when the lowd voiced gennelman ginerosly enounced that he woud buy a copy of that paper the werry next day! If that isn't grattitude, what is?"

A Cambridge Mathematician of repute has just concluded a careful and exhaustive calculation, by which he maintains that if all the pork-chops eaten in London in a week were placed in a row, they would reach from Camberwell to the Isle of Wight; and if piled in a heap on each other, would form a mound half as high again as Primrose Hill.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. XI.—THE RIVAL DOLLS.

"Miss JENNY and POLLY Had each a new dolly."—*Vide Poem.*

CHARACTERS.

Miss Jenny	}	By the Sisters LEAMAR.
Miss Polly		
The Soldier Doll		
The Sailor Doll	}	By the Two ARMSTRONGS.

SCENE—A Nursery. Enter Miss JENNY and Miss POLLY, who perform a blameless step-dance with an improving chorus.

Oh, isn't it jolly! we've each a new dolly,
And one is a Soldier, the other's a Tar!
We're fully contented with what's been presented,
Such good little children we both of us are!

[They dance up to a cupboard, from which they bring out two large Dolls, which they place on chairs.]

Miss J. Don't they look nice! Come, POLLY, let us strive
To make ourselves believe that they're alive!Miss P. (addressing Sailor D.). I'm glad you're mine. I dote on
all that's nautical.The Sailor D. (opening his eyes suddenly). Excuse me, Miss, your
sister's more my sort o' gal![Kisses his hand to Miss J., who shrinks back, shocked and
alarmed.]

Miss J. Oh, POLLY, did you hear? I feel so shy!

The Soldier D. (with mild self-assertion). I can
say "Pa" and "Ma"—and wink my eye.[Does so at Miss P., who runs in terror to
Miss J.'s side.]Miss J. Why, both are showing signs of anima-
tion!Miss P. Who'd think we had such strong ima-
gination!The Soldier Doll (aside to the Sailor D.). I say,
old fellow, we have caught their fancy—

In each of us they now a real man see!

Let's keep it up!

The Sailor D. (dubiously). D'ye think as we
can do it?The Soldier D. You stick by me, and I will see
you through it.

Sit up, and turn your toes out,—don't you loll;

Put on the Man, and drop the bloomin' Doll!

[The Sailor Doll pulls himself together, and
rises from chair importantly.]The Sailor D. (in the manner of a Music-hall
Chairman)—

Ladies, with your kind leave, this gallant gent

Will now his military sketch present.

[Miss J. and P. applaud; the Soldier D.,
after feebly expostulating, is induced to
sing.]

Song, by the Soldier Doll.

When I used to be displayed In the Burlington Arcade, With
artillery arrayed Underneath. Shoulder Hump!
I imagine that I made All the Lady Dolls afraid, I should draw my
battle-blade From its sheath, Shoulder Hump!
For I'm Mars's gallant son, And my back I've shown to none, Nor
was ever seen to run From the strife! &c.
Oh, the battles I'd have won, And the dashing deeds have done, If
I'd ever fired a gun In my life! &c.

Refrain (to be sung marching round Stage).

By your right flank, Wheel! Let the front rank kneel! With the
bristle of the steel To the foe.
Till their regiments reel, At our rattling peal, And the military zeal
We show!

[Repeat, with the whole company marching round after him.]

The Soldier Doll. My friend will next oblige—this jolly Jack Tar
Will give his song and chorus in charack-tar!

[Same business with Sailor D.]

Song, by the Sailor Doll.

In costume I'm So maritime, You'd never suppose the fact is,
That with the Fleet In Regent Street, I'd precious little naval
practice!

There was saucy craft, Rigged fore an' aft, Inside o' Mr. CRE-MER's.
From Noah's Arks to Clipper-built barques, Like-wise mechanical
stea-mers.

But to navigate the Serpentine, Yeo-ho, my lads, ahoy!
With clockwork, sails, or spirits of wine, Yeo-ho, my lads, ahoy!
I did respectfully decline, So I was left in port to pine,
Which wasn't azactly the line Of a rollicking Sailor Boy,
Yeo-ho! Of a rollicking Sailor Bo-oy!

Yes, there was lots Of boats and yachts, Of timber and of tin, too;
But one and all Was far too small For a doll o' my size to get into!
I was too big On any brig To ship without disas-ter,
And it wouldn't never do When the cap'n and the crew Were a set
o' little swabs all plas-ter!

Chorus—So to navigate the Serpentine, &c.

An Ark is p'raps The berth for chaps As is fond o' Natural Hist'ry.
But I sez to SHEM And the rest o' them, "How you get along at
all's a myst'ry!

With a Wild Beast Show Let loose below, And four fe-males on
deck too!

I never could agree With your happy fami-lee, And your lubberly
ways I object to."

[Chorus. Hornpipe by the company, after which the Soldier
Doll advances condescendingly to Miss JENNY.]

The Sold. D. Invincible I'm reckoned by the Ladies.

But yield to you—though conquering my trade is!

Miss J. (repulsing him). Oh, go away, you great conceited thing, you!

[The Sold. D. persists in offering her attentions.]

Miss P. (watching them bitterly). To be deserted by one's doll does
sting you!

[The Sailor D. approaches.]

The Sailor D. (to Miss P.) Let me console you, Miss, a Sailor Doll

As swears his 'art was ever true to POLLY!

(N.B.—Good opportunity for Song here.)

Miss P. (indignantly to Miss J.) Your Sailor's teasing me to be
his idol!

Do make him stop—(spitefully)—When you've
quite done with my doll!

Miss J. (scornfully). If you suppose I want your
wretched warrior,

I'm sorry for you!

Miss P. I for you am sorrier.

Miss J. (weeping, R.). POLLY preferred to me—

what ignominy!

Miss P. (weeping, L.). My horrid Sailor jilting

me for JENNY!

[The two Dolls face one another, c.]

Sailor D. (to Soldier D.). You've made her sluice

her skylights now, you swab!

Soldier D. (to Sailor D.). As you have broke her

heart, I'll break your nob! [Hits him.]

Sailor D. (in a pale fury). This insult must be

blotted out in bran!

Soldier D. (fiercely). Come on, I'll shed your

sawdust—if I can!

[Miss J. and P. throw themselves between the

combatants.]

Miss J. For any mess you make we shall be

So wait until a drugget we've unfolded!

[They lay down drugget on Stage.]

The Soldier D. (politely). No hurry, Miss, we

don't object to waiting.

The Sailor D. (aside). His valour—like my

own—'s evaporating!

[Defiantly to Soldier D.). On guard! You'll see how soon I'll run

you through!

[Confidentially]. (If you will not prod me, I won't pink you.)

The Soldier D. Through your false kid my deadly blade I'll pass!

[Confidentially]. (Look here, old fellow, don't you be a hass.)

[They exchange passes at a considerable distance.]

The Sailor D. (aside). Don't lose your temper now!

Sold. D. Don't get excited.

Do keep a little farther off!

Sail. D.

Delighted!

[Wounds Soldier D. by misadventure.]

Sold. D. (annoyed). There now, you've gone and made upon my wax

Sail. D. Excuse me, it was really quite an accident. [a dent!]

Sold. D. (savagely). Such clumsiness would irritate a saint!

[Stabs Sailor Doll.]

Miss J. and P. (imploringly). Oh, stop! the sight of sawdust turns

us faint!

[They drop into chairs, swooning.]

The Sailor D. I'll pay you out for that!

[Stabs Soldier D.]

Sold. D. Right through you've poked me!

Sailor D. So you have me!

Sold. D. You shouldn't have provoked me!

[They fall transfixed.]

Sailor D. (faintly). Alas, we have been led away by vanity.

Dolls shouldn't try to imitate humanity!

[Dies.]

Soldier D. For, if they do, they'll end like us, unpitied,

Each on the other's sword absurdly spitted!

[Dies. Miss J. and P. revive, and bend sadly over the corpses.]

Miss Jenny. From their untimely end we draw this moral,

How wrong it is, even for dolls, to quarrel!

Miss Polly. Yes, JENNY, in the fate of these poor fellows see

What sad results may spring from female jealousy!

[They embrace penitently as Curtain falls.]



THE ROSE-WATER CURE.

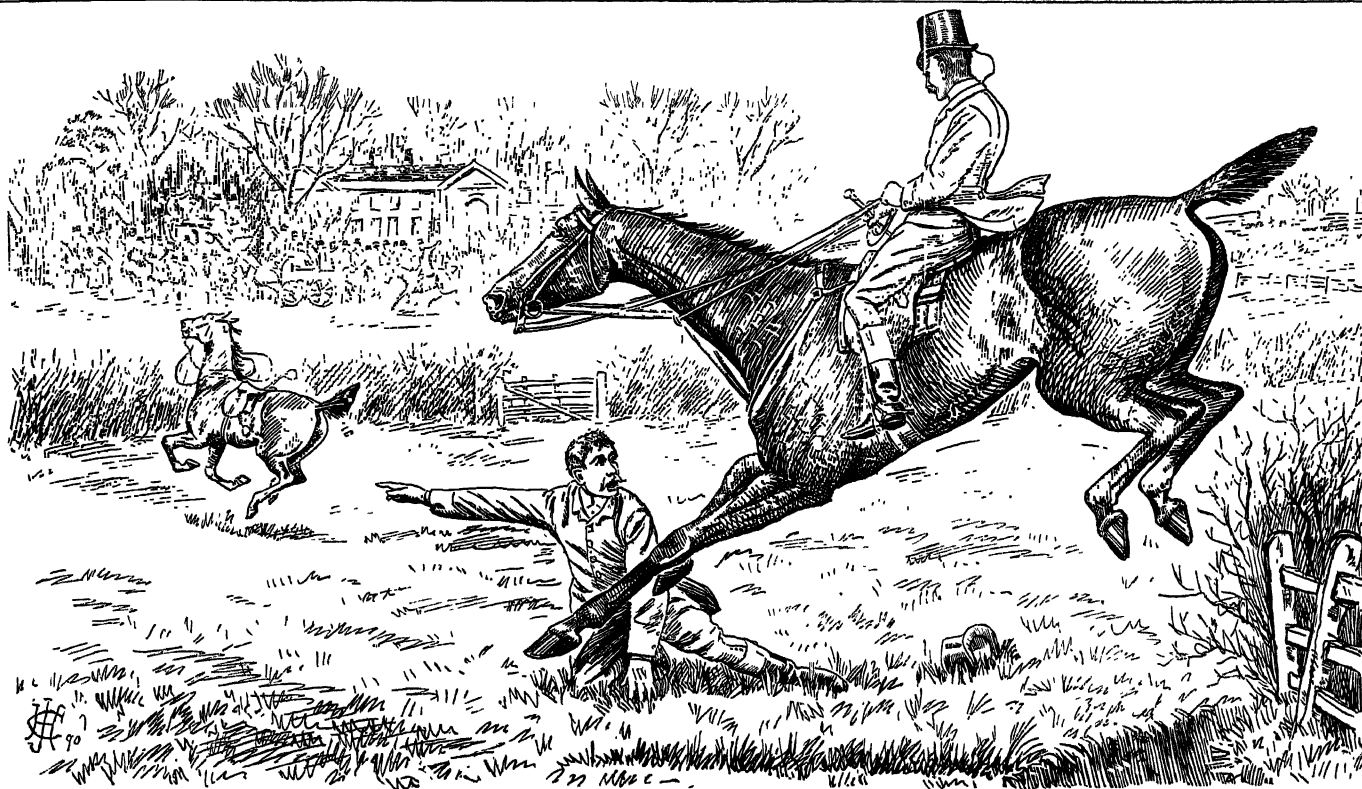


[The Report of the Sweating Committee says that "the inefficiency of many of the lower class of workers, early marriages, and the tendency of the residuum of the population in large towns to form a helpless community, together with a low standard of life and the excessive supply of unskilled labour are the chief factors in producing sweating." The Committee's chief "recommendations" in respect of the evils of Sweating seem to be, the lime-washing of work-places and the multiplication of sanitary inspectors.]

SEVENTY-ONE Sittings, a many months' run,
Witnesses Two Hundred, Ninety and One:
Clergymen, guardians, factors, physicians,
Middlemen, labourers, smart statisticians,
Journalists, managers, Gentiles and Jews,
And this is the issue! A thing to amuse
A cynic, the chat of this precious Committee,
But moving kind hearts to despair blent with
pity.

CANTUAR., DERBY, and mild ABERDEEN,
Such anti-climax sure never was seen!
ONSLOW and ROTHSCHILD and MONKSWEIL
and THRING,
Are you content with the pitiful thing?
DUNRAVEN out of it; lucky, my lad! [fad]
(Though your retirement seemed caused by a
Was the inquiry in earnest or sport?
What is the pith of this precious Report?

Sweating—which all the world joined to
abuse—
Is not the fault of poor Russians or Jews;
'Tisn't the middleman more than the factor,
'Tisn't, no 'tisn't, the sub-contractor;
'Tisn't machinery. No! In fact,
What Sweating is, in a manner exact,
After much thinking we cannot define.
Who is to blame for it? Well, we incline



HARDLY LIKELY.

(An Incident in a "Point to Point" Race.)

Fallen Competitor (to his Bosom Friend, who now has the Race in hand). "HI, GEORGE, OLD MAN! JUST CATCH MY HORSE, THERE'S A GOOD CHAP!"

To think that the Sweated (improvident elves!)

Are, at the bottom, to blame themselves!
But let it be done in a lime-washed shop!
They're poor of spirit, and weak of will,
They marry early, have little skill;
They herd together, all sexes and ages,
And take too tamely starvation wages;
And if they will do so, much to their shame,
How can the Capitalist be to blame?
Remedies? Humph! We really regret
We don't see our way to them. People must sweat,
Must stitch and starve till they almost drop;
But let it be done in a lime-washed shop!
To drudge in these dens is their destined fate,
But keep the dens in a decent state.
More inspectors, fewer bad smells,
These be our cures for the Sweaters' Hells!

Revolutions with rose-water cannot be made!
So it was said. But the horrors of Trade.
Competition's accursed fruit,
The woman a drudge, and the man a brute,
These, our Committee of Lordlings are sure,
Can only be met by the Rose-water Cure!
The Sweating Demon to exorcise
Exceeds the skill of the wealthy wise.
Still he must "grind the face of the poor."
(Though some of us have a faint hope, to be sure,
That the highly respectable Capitalist
To the Lords' mild lispsings will kindly list.)
No; the Demon must work his will
On his ill-paid suffering victims still;
But—he'd better look with a little less dirt,
So sprinkle the brute with our Rose-water
Squirt!!!

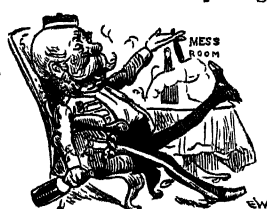
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF A GOOD STAMP.—
The Penny Postage Jubilee Exhibition at the Guildhall.

SONG SENTIMENTIANA.

(A delightful "All-the-Year-Round" Resort for the Fashionable Composer.)

EXAMPLE IV.—Treating of a passion which, in the well-meant process of making the best of it, unconsciously saddles its object with the somewhat harassing responsibility of competing with the Universal Provider.

Thou art all the world to me, love,
Thou art everything in one,



To my festive London *Punch*.

Thou art all in all to me, love,—
Thou art bread and meat and drink;
Thou art air and land and sea, love,—
Thou art paper, pens, and ink.
Thou art all of which I'm fond, love:
Thou art Whitstables from RULE'S,—
"Little drops" with SPIERS AND POND,
love,—

Measures sweet at Mr. POOLE'S.
Thou art everything I lack, love,
From a month at Brighton gay
(Bar the journey there and back, love)
To the joys of Derby Day—
From the start from my abode, love,
With a team of frisky browns,
To the driving "on the road," love,
And the dry *vin* on the Downs!

Thou art all the world to me, love,—
Thou art all the thing contains;
Thou art honey from the bee, love,—
Thou art sugar from the canes.
Thou art—stay! I've made a miss,
love;
I'm forgetting, on my life!
Thou art all—excepting *this*, love,—
Your devoted servant's wife!

CHARLES THE FIRST.

SIR,—Did CHARLES THE FIRST walk and talk half an hour after his head was cut off, or not?
Yours,

A VERIFIER OF FACTS.

SIR,—CHARLES THE FIRST walked and talked *one quarter of an hour*, not half, as is erroneously supposed, after his decollation. We know this by two Dutch pictures which I had in my possession until only the other day, when I couldn't find them anywhere.

Yours, HISTORIAN.

SIR,—King CHARLES THE FIRST lost his head long before he came to the scaffold. I have the block now by me. From it the well-known wood-cut was taken.

CONSULE PLAUCO.

SIR,—It is a very curious thing, but all the trouble was taken out of CHARLES'S head and put into mine years ago by one of the greatest CHARLESSES that ever lived, whose name was DICKENS; and mine, without the "ENS," is

Yours truly, "Mr. DICK."

P.S.—"Mr. DICK sets us all right," said My Aunt, quietly."

A CHAPTER OF DICKENS UP TO DATE.

(In which Mrs. Harris, assisted by a Carpet, is the cause of a division between Friends.)

MRS. GAMP's apartment wore, metaphorically speaking, a Bab-Balladish aspect, being considerably topsy-turvey, as rooms have a habit of being after any unusual ebullition of temper on the part of their occupants. It was certainly not swept and garnished, although



its owner was preparing for the reception of a visitor. That visitor was BETSEY PRIG.

Mrs. GAMP's chimney-piece was ornamented with three photographs: one of herself, looking somewhat severe; one of her friend and bosom companion, Mrs. PRIG, of far more amiable aspect; and one of a mysterious personage supposed to be Mrs. HARRIS.

"There! Now, drat you, BETSEY, don't be long!" said Mrs. GAMP, apostrophising her absent friend. "For I'm in no mood for waiting, I do assure you. I'm easy pleased, but I must have my own way (as is always the best and wisest), and have it directly minit, when the fancy strikes me, else we shall part, and that not friendly, as I could wish, but bearin' malice in our arts."

"BETSEY," said Mrs. GAMP, "I will now propoge a (toast. My frequent pardner, BETSEY PRIG!)"

"Which, altering the name to SAIKRAH GAMP, I drink," said Mrs. PRIG, "with love and tenderness!"

"Now, SAIKRAH," said Mrs. PRIG, "jining business with pleasure, as so often we've done afore, wot is this bothersome affair about which you wants to consult me? Are you a-goin' to call me over the Carpet once more, SAIKRAH?"

"Drat the Carpet!" exclaimed Mrs. GAMP, with a vehement explosiveness whose utter unexpectedness quite disconcerted her friend. "Is it Mrs. HARRIS?" inquired Mrs. PRIG, solemnly.

"Yes, BETSEY PRIG, it is," snapped Mrs. GAMP, angrily, "that very person herself, and no other, which, after twenty years of trust, I never know'd nor never expected to, which it 'urts a feeling 'art even to name her name as henceforth shall be nameless betwixt us twain."

"Oh, shall it?" retorted Mrs. PRIG, shortly. "Why bless the woman, if I'd said that, you'd ha' bitten the nose off my face, as is your nature to, as the poick says."

"Don't you say nothink against poicks, BETSEY, and I'll say nothink against musicians," retorted Mrs. GAMP, mysteriously.

"Oh! then it was to call me over the Carpet that you sent for me so sudden and peremptory?" rejoined Mrs. PRIG, with a smile.

"DRAT THE CARPET!!!" again ejaculated Mrs. GAMP, with astonishing fierceness. "Wot do you know about the Carpet, BETSEY?"

"Why nothink at all, my dear; nor don't want to," replied Mrs. PRIG, with surprise.

"Oh!" retorted Mrs. GAMP, "you don't, don't you? Well, then, I do, and it's time you did likewise, if pardners we are to remain who 'ave pardners been so long."

Mrs. PRIG muttered something not quite audible, but which sounded suspiciously like, "Ard wuck!"

"Which share and share alike is my mortar," continued Mrs. GAMP; "that as bin my princeple, and I've found it pay. But Injin Carpets for our mutual 'ome, of goldiun lustre and super-fiuos shine, as tho' we was Arabian Knights, I cannot and I will not stand. It is the last stor as camels could not forgive. No, BETSEY," added Mr. GAMP, in a violent burst of feeling, "nor crokydiles forget!"

"Bother your camels, and your crokydiles too!" retorted Mrs. PRIG, with indifference. "Wy, SAIKREY, wot a tempest in a teapot, to be sure!"

Mrs. GAMP looked at her with amazement, incredulity, and indignation. "Wot!" she with difficulty ejaculated. "A—tempest—in—a—Teapot!! And does BETSEY PRIG, my pardner for so many years, call her friend a Teapot, and decline to take up SAIKREY's righteous quarrel with a Mrs. HARRIS?"

Then Mrs. PRIG, smiling more scornfully, and folding her arms still tighter, uttered these memorable and tremendous words,—

"Wy, certainly she does, SAIKREY GAMP; most certainly she does. Wich I don't believe there's either rhyme or reason in sech an absurd quarrel!" After the utterance of which expressions she leaned forward, and snapped her fingers, and then rose to put on her bonnet, as one who felt that there was now a gulf between them, which nothing could ever bridge across.

THE PATIENT AT PLAY.

Adviser. Have you ever been present at a performance of *The Dead Heart*?

Patient. No; and I know nothing of a *Tale of Two Cities*.

A. Then surely you are well acquainted with *All for Her*?

P. I regret to reply in the negative.

A. Perhaps, you have seen the vision in *The Bells*, or the *Corsican Brothers*?

P. Alas! I am forced to confess I am familiar with neither!

A. Dear me! This is very sad! Strange! I will give you a prescription. Go to *Paul Kaurar*. You will then be provided with a thoroughly enjoyable mixture.

[Exit Patient to Drury Lane, where he passes a delightful evening.]

NELLIE AT THE SODGERIES.

(Another Legend of the Royal Military Exhibition.)

THE Lady once more left her frame in the Club Morning Room.

"So I was wrong," she murmured, as she wended her way towards the now familiar spot. "Poor NELLIE, after all, was not forgotten. I am glad of it,—very glad indeed!"

And the flesh tints of Sir PETER LELY's paint-brush brightened, as a smile played across the canvas features.

"I'faith! the Military gentlemen are gallants, one and all! To be sure! Then how would it be possible that the foundress of a hospital should be overlooked? And one as comely as myself!"

So, well pleased, she journeyed on. As she reached the river, there was quite a crowd,—people were coming by rail, and boat, and omnibus. It was quite like the olden days of the Exhibitions at South Kensington. She passed through the turnstiles, and then found the cause of the excitement. There were all sorts of good things. A gallery full of pictures, and relics of battles ancient and modern, a museum of industrial work, a collection of everything interesting to a soldier. In the grounds were balloons, and fireworks, assaults at arms, and the best military bands. At length the Lady from the frame in the Club Morning Room stood before a portrait showing a good-natured face and a comely presence.

"And so there I am! And in my hands a model of the Hospital hard-by! 'Gad zooks!' as poor dear ROWLEY used to say, I have no cause for complaint! I thank those kind hearts who can find good in everything,—even in poor NELLIE!"

And, thoroughly satisfied at the treatment she had received at the Sodgeries, Mistress NELL GWYNNE returned to her haunt in the Club Morning Room.

A GLEE QUARTETTE.—Welcome to the Meister Glee Singers. Mr. SAXON, in spite of his name, is by no means brutal, though he might be pardoned for being so when he sees his colleague Mr. SAXTON suiting everybody to a T. Mr. HAST has just as much speed as is necessary, and the fourth gentleman should be neither angry NORCROSS, since he always sings in tune. 'Tis a mad world, my Meisters, but, mad or not, we shall always be glad to hear your glees.

AT THE DENTIST'S.—"It won't hurt you in the least, and it will be out before you know where you are;" i.e., "You will suffer in the one minute and thirty-nine seconds I am tugging at your jaw, all the concentrated agony of forty-eight continuous hours of wrenching your crushed and tortured body off your staring and staggered head."



WEEK BY WEEK.

Wednesday.—Great Day everywhere. *Mr. Punch* appears. Crowds in Fleet Street. The Numbers up in the Office Window. Receptions, alarms, (eight day) excursions (there and back) to meet H. M. STANLEY. Curfew at dusk. No followers allowed.

Thursday.—Crowds out to meet H. M. STANLEY. Mrs. NEMO's sixth and last dance to meet Mr. H. M. STANLEY, as he hasn't been to any of the others.

Friday.—Lecture by Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM on "the block system," in the time of CHARLES THE FIRST. Admission by entrances only.

Saturday.—Centenary Celebration of a lot of things. Review of the events of the past month in Hyde Park, by the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, to meet Mr. STANLEY. Ceremony of conferring the Order of the Adelphi on H. M. STANLEY, by Messrs. GATTI.

Sunday.—Short services from Dover to Calais. No sermon. Collection in Hyde Park. H. M. STANLEY goes to meet somebody else for a change.

Monday.—Expedition to find H. M. STANLEY.

Tuesday.—Readings of the Barometer, and lecture on hot-house plants and French grapes, by Sir SOMERS VINE. At Tattersall's, Lecture on the approaching "Eve of the Derby," and the female dark races.

It has been finally settled that Mr. PHIL GORMAN, who will be remembered in connection with the catering department at all the public dinners held of late years in Sloshfield, is to be the next incumbent of the highest municipal office in that prosperous borough. Mrs. GORMAN is a daughter of the celebrated local poet, JAMES POSH, whose verse still occasionally adorns the *Sloshfield Standard*.

A remarkable incident is stated to have taken place at Lady B—'s fancy dress ball. A gentleman, wearing the gorgeous costume of a Venetian Senator of the *renaissance* period, somewhat awkwardly entangled his spurs in the flowing train of a beautiful *débutante*, dressed to represent Diana the Huntress. Some of those in the immediate vicinity of the ill-used goddess aver that she was distinctly heard to say, "Pig!" Those who know her better declare, however, that, with her usual politeness, she merely remarked, "I beg your pardon." Hence the misconception, which is certainly pardonable.

The trees in the Park are now assuming their brightest verdure. It is interesting to note that the number of sparrows shows no signs of diminution.

Excellent subject Sir ARTHUR has chosen for his serious opera—*Ivanhoe*. It is now finally settled that the part of *Rowena* will not be entrusted to Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL. It is whispered that the great effect will be the song of *Isaac of York*, magnificently orchestrated for fifteen Jews' harps, played by lads all under the age of twelve. They have already commenced practice under the eye of Sir ARTHUR, who himself is no unskilled performer on the ancient lyre of JUBAL.

A RUM CUSTOMER.

THEY have bin so jolly busy lately at the "Grand Hotel," and a reel grand Hotel it is too, that they wanted sum assistance in the werry himportant line of Waiters; so they werry naterally sent for me, and in course I went, and a werry nice cumferal place it is for ewerybody, both Waiters and Wisiters, and I can trewly say as I aint had not a singel complaint since I have been here.

Well, one day a young Swell came a sauntering in, about 4 o'clock, and wanted to know if he cood have a lunch for a gentleman, and in the hansomest room as there was in the house. Of course I was eal to the ocahshun, and told him, yes, he cood, and not only in the hansomest room in that house but in the hansomest room in London, and I at wunce showed him into our Marble Pillow Room, which I cood see at a glance made a werry deep impression on his mind, which I was not at all surprized at, for it is about as near a approach to Paradise as you can reasonably expect so werry near the Strand.

So I sets him down at a sweet little round table, and I puts a lovely gold candlestick on it, with two darling little cherubs a chiming up it, jest as if they was a going for to lite the candle, and then he horders his simple luncheon, which it was jest a cup of our shupperior chocolate and two exquisite little beef and am sandwiches, and wile he eat and drank 'em he arsked me seeh lots of questyuns as



THE MODERN PISTOL.

"BASE IS THE SLAVE THAT PAYS!"

farely estonished me. Such as, How much did the four Marbel Pillows cost? So I said, about 200 pound, for I allers thinks as an hed Waiter should be reddy to anser any question as he is arsked, weather he knos anythink about it or not.

Then he wanted to know where we got all our bewtiful flowers from, and I told him as we had 'em in fresh ewery morning from the South of France along with our Champagne, which was made a purpose for us by the most sellebrated makers, and consisted of two sorts, wiz.: dry for the higneramuses and rich for the connysewers. So he ordered a bottle of the latter, and drunk two glasses of it, and then achshally made me drink one two, and sed as it was the finest as he had ewer tasted. He then asked me what made us line all the room with such bewtiful looking glass, and I told him as it was by order of most of the most bewtifullest Ladys in London, who came to dine there wunce or twice ewery week. So he said as how he shoold drop in now and then to see 'em, for he thort as they gave a sort of relish to a good dinner. He then got up, and saying as he didn't want not no Bill, he throwed down a soverain and saying, "I shall allus know where to cum to when I wants a reelly elegant lunch, in a reelly elegant room, and to be waited on by a reelly respectful Waiter," went away.

And now cums the strangest part of the hole affair, for presently in rushes our most gentlemanly Manager, and he says, says he, "Do you know, ROBERT, who that was as you've bin a waiting on?" "No, Sir!" says I; "why it's no other than the young ——" But wild hosses shan't tear the name and title from me, as I was forbid to menshun it; but all I can say is, that if it was known when he was a coming next time, there woud be sich a crowd to see him as ewen our bewtiful Marble Pillow Room woudn't hold.

ROBERT.

REPORTED ACCIDENT TO A COLONEL AND AN ALDERMAN.—Members of the Ancient Corporation will 'do well to open their Royal Academy Guide very cautiously, at least when they come to the Sculpture Department, as, if come upon suddenly, their nervous system would receive a severe shock from the following announcement:—"2023. Colonel W. H. WILKIN—bust." We are glad to say that the worthy and gallant Alderman has pulled himself together, and is uncommonly well. By the way, it is but fair to the sculptor to state that his name is—ahem!—"WALKER."



AN ANTEDILUVIAN SURVIVAL.

Aesthetic Party (looking over Furnished House). "A—I'M AFRAID, MY LOVE, THAT THIS IS THE KIND OF DINING-ROOM—A—IN WHICH ONE WOULD FEEL THAT ONE OUGHT TO DINE AT SIX O'CLOCK!!!"

"NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS."

Leo Britannicus, loquitur ;—

Good Gentlemen both, you're on opposite tacks!

Well, your plans you are perfectly welcome to try on.

They talk of the patience of lambs, or park hacks;

They're not in it, my lads, with an elderly Lion.

A Lion, I mean, of the genuine breed,

And not a thin-skinned and upstart adolescent.

Dear me! did I let everybody succeed

In stirring me up, or in making things pleasant,

By smoothing me down in a flattering style,

I'd have, there's no doubt, a delectable time of it.

You think I look drowsy, and smile a fat smile;

Well, what if I do? Where's the very great crime of it?

A Lion, you know, is not all roar and ramp,

So, STANLEY my hero, why worry and chivey?

Mere blarney won't blind me; I'm not of that stamp;

So don't hope to hypnotise me, good CAPRIVI.

Why, bless you, my boys, long before you were cubbed

I was charged, by your betters, with being too lazy;

But rivals have found, when outwitted or drubbed,

That a calm waiting game is not always so crazy.

In Indian jungles, American plains,

And far Eastern wilds, they have fancied me "bested,"

Because, when hot rivals were hungry for gains,

I kept my eyes open, and patiently rested.

A stolid and sleepy expression *will* steal

At times, I'm aware, o'er my leonine features;

But, when the time's ripe, my opponents may feel

I'm *not* the most easily humbugged of creatures.

In North as in South, in the East as the West,

Opponents *have* planted their paws down before me.

But where are they now, boys? *J'y suis, et j'y reste!*

Staying power is the thing; so don't bully and bore me.

I hear you, my STANLEY, I hear you and mark;

To snub you for patriot zeal were ungracious;

But—well, after all, on your Continent Dark

My footprints are plain, and my realm's pretty spacious.

I don't mean to say that a purblind content

My power should paley, my policy dominate,

And Congos and Khartoums that pay cent. per cent.

Are tempting, but arrogant haste I abominate.

My "prancing proconsuls" not *always* are right,

Whose first and last word for old Leo is "collar!"

I'm not going to flare up like fury and fight

Every time someone else wins an acre or dollar.

But if you imagine I'm out of the hunt

Every time I take breath, you are vastly mistaken:

I know you're a brick, and like language that's blunt;

Well, Lions sleep lightly, and readily waken!

For you, friend CAPRIVI, your manners are nice,

Your style of caressing is verily charming;

How soothingly sweet is your placid advice,

Your mild deprecation is *almost* disarming;

Almost, but not quite, for 'tis true Teuton law

That unflinching defence is the root of the matter;

And Leo is fully aware tooth and claw

Must not be *talked off* e'en by friendlies who flatter.

Your prod, my good STANLEY, CAPRIVI, your pat,

Are politic both; I've an eye upon each of you.

The lids may look lazy, but don't trust to that;

I watch, and I wait, and I weigh the 'cute speech of you.

I do not mind learning from both of your books,

But though you may think Leo given to slumber,

He may not be quite such a slug as he looks,

As rivals have found, dear boys, times out of number!

AMONGST Cambridge cricketers Mr. GOSLING and Mr. HENFREY may be trusted to avoid duck's eggs. Mr. ROWELL prefers to bat well; and Mr. LEESE wishes he had a freehold when he is at the wickets. With WOODS, a HILL, a (STREET)FIELD, a (BERES)FORD and a (COTTE)-BILT, there's plenty of variety about FENNER'S ground at present.



“NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS!”

H. M. STANLEY. “NOW THEN, STUPID! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!”

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's own Type Writer.)

No. XII.—THE POOR LADY BOUNTIFUL.

POVERTY is commonly supposed to be a bar to all generosity and enjoyment of life. Perhaps this may be true of a certain class. But there is a kind of genteel and not unfashionable poverty with regard to which it is mainly false. A poor lady, for instance, who is afflicted with an overmastering charitable impulse, and is blessed with energy, will use this bar of poverty as a lever with which to move the bounty of her friends, in order that she herself may appear bountiful, and, as a rule, her efforts in this direction will be crowned with a success that would be phenomenal, if it were not so common. The history of her earlier years is easily written. Whilst still a child, she begins a collecting career, by being entrusted, on behalf of a church building fund, with a card divided into "bricks," each brick being valued at the price of half-a-crown. Her triumphs in inducing her relations and their friends to become purchasers of these minute and valueless squares of cardboard are great, and the consideration she acquires on all hands as a precocious charitable agent is very acceptable even to her childish mind.

Her profession having thus been determined, she devotes herself with an unflagging ardour to the task of diminishing the available assets of those with whom she may be brought in contact. Her parents, who are not overburdened with riches, look on at first with amusement, and afterwards with the dismay which any excess of zeal always arouses in the British breast. Their protests, however, fall upon deaf ears, and they adopt an attitude of severe neutrality, in the hope that years and a husband may bring wisdom to their daughter.

This does not save them from being made involuntary sharers in her charitable iniquities. Her father wakes one morning to find himself famous to the amount of one pound ten, contributed under the name of "A Cruel Parent," to the Amalgamated Society for the Reform of Rag-pickers, and his wife at the same time is made indignant by the discovery that she figures for twelve-and-sixpence, as "A Mother who ought to be Proud," in the balance-sheet of the United Charwomen's Home Reading Association. Further inquiry reveals the fact that the former sum resulted from the sale by the daughter to an advertising Old Clothes' Merchant of two of her father's suits, which, although they had seen service, he had not yet resolved to discard; and the result is the dismissal of the family butler, who had connived in the transaction. The twelve-and-sixpence had been formed gradually by the accumulation of stray coppers and postage-stamps, which her mother was accustomed to leave about on her writing-table, without the least intention that they should be devoted to charity. The parents expostulate in vain. The consciousness that she has diverted to objects, which she believes to be admirable, money that might have been unworthily spent, steals the heart of their daughter against their remonstrances, nor can she be induced to believe that, in thus taking upon herself to interpret or to correct the intentions of her parents, she has done wrong.

Matters, however, are thus brought to a crisis. Her home becomes unendurable to her, and she accepts the offer of marriage made by a subordinate, and not very highly paid official, in one of the Departments of the Civil Service. Her parents pronounce their blessing, and rejoice in an event which promises them an immunity from many annoyances.

The marriage duly takes place, but it is soon evident that the poor Lady Bountiful will not allow her change of condition to make any difference to the vigour and persistency of her charitable appeals. She continues the old firm and the old business under a new name, and takes advantage of her independence to enlarge immensely the field of her operations. No bazaar can be organised without her and as a stall-holder she is absolutely unrivalled. Missions, teas, treats, penny dinners, sea-side excursions, the building of halls, the endowment of a bishopric, the foundation of a flannel club, all depend upon her inexhaustible energy in begging. Nor is she satisfied with public institutions. Private applicants of all kinds gather about her. Destitute but undeserving widows, orphans who have brought the grey hairs of their parents to the grave, old soldiers and stranded foreigners batten upon her capacity for taking advantage of her friends. For it must be well understood that the restricted limits of her husband's means and his parsimony prevent her from contributing anything herself to her innumerable schemes except a lavish expenditure of pens and ink and paper with which to set forth her appeals.

Yet in this she is a true altruist. For she knows and tells everybody how delightful and blessed it is to give, and accordingly in the purest spirit of self-denial she permits her friends to dispense the cash, whilst she herself is satisfied with the credit.

Like a mighty river, she receives the offerings of innumerable tributary streams, which lose their identity in hers, and are swept away under her name, to be finally merged in the great ocean of charitable effort. Who does not know, that it was mainly owing to her indefatigable efforts, that the new wing was added to the Disabled District Visitors' Refuge, and who has not seen at least one of the many subscription lists to which "per Mrs. So-and-So" invariably contributed the largest amount? Is it not also on record that at the reception which followed the public opening of this wing, when the collecting ladies advanced to deposit their collections at the feet of presiding Royalty, it was the Poor Lady Bountiful who brought the largest, the most beautifully embroidered and the fullest purse? It was felt on all hands, that "the dear Princess" had only done what an English Princess might properly be expected to do, when she afterwards, under the inspiration of the cunning Vicar, showered a few words of golden public praise into the palpitating bosom of the champion purse-bearer.

And thus her time is spent. When she is not organising a refuge she is 'setting on its legs a dinner fund, when she has exhausted the patience of her friends on behalf of her particular tame widow, she can always begin afresh with a poverty-stricken refugee, and if the delights of the ordinary subscription-card should ever pall, she can fly for relaxation to the seductive method of the snowball, which conceals under a cloak of geometrical progression and accuracy, the most comprehensive uncertainty in its results. One painful incident in her career must be chronicled. Fired by her example, but without her knowledge, a friend of hers from whom she is accustomed to solicit subscriptions, steps down to do battle on her own account in the charitable arena. And thus, when next the Poor Lady Bountiful makes an appeal in this quarter on behalf of a Siberian Count, whom she declares to be quite a gentleman in his own country, she is met by the declaration, that further relief is impossible, as her friend has a Bulgarian of her own to attend to. Thus there is an end of friendship, and both parties scatter dreadful insinuations as to the necessity for an audit of accounts. Eventually it happens that a rich and distant relation of her husband dies, and leaves him unexpectedly an income of several thousands a-year. Having thus lost all her poverty, she retires from the fitful fever of charitable life to the serene enjoyment of a substantial income, and awaits, with a fortitude that no collector is suffered to disturb, the approach of a non-subscribing and peaceful old age.



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Hard Luck, by ARTHUR ABCKERT, begins a trifle slow, but works up to an exciting climax, of which the secret is so profoundly kept, up till the very last moment, that not the most experienced in sensational plots would discover it. Capitally managed. It is one of the Arrowsmith Series, and a genuinely artistic shilling shocker.

A Black Business. By HAWLEY SMART. Uncommonly smart of him bringing it out just at this time, when the talk everywhere is about the Slave Trade, the struggle for Colonial life, STANLEY, and the Very Darkest Africa. There's Black Business enough about. Smart chap HAWLEY.

The only thing I've to say against the *Remarks of Bill Nye*, in one volume, says the Baron, is the size of the book, which is as big as a family Bible. Nowadays, when busy men can only snatch a few seconds *en route*, the handy volume is the only really practicable form of literature. I'd rather have three small pocketable volumes of BILL NYE's essays and stories than this one cumbersome work, which, once on the shelf, runs a pretty good chance of being left there. The majority of BILL NYE's sayings are very amusing, and one of his short papers shows that the humorist can be pathetic on occasion without falling into mock sentiment. It is published by NEELY, of New York, and, if reduced in bulk, the *Remarks of Bill Nye* ought to do very well here, even among those who, for want of familiarity with American slang, do not keenly appreciate American humour. The Baron does appreciate it when it is genuine American humour, but when the peculiar style is only copied by a journalistic 'ARRY, with whom the stupidest and most vulgar Yankeeisms pass for the highest wit, simply because they are Yankeeisms, then for this sort of imitation the Baron has no criticism sufficiently severe.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.—ROYAL ACADEMY.



No. 551. Two Tales of a Tiger. Advertisement for new Romance by Rider Laggard and Andrew Hang.



"HANSOM!"
No. 1,962 hailing the Cab of the Desert (No. 1,958).



No. 779. The Timid Hare and the Terrible Tortoise.



No. 216. "Walk up! Walk up! Just a goin' to begin!" [Probably from a contemporary wood engraving of Whitehall, 1649, which settles the question as to whether there was a "block" or not.]



No. 24. "You naughty boy! You've been making a snowball, and then tumbled down and hurt yourself!"

OUT AND ABOUT.

SIR, — I have been about, according to your instructions, and I have come back with a mixed notion that somewhere in the dawn of history the Queen of SHEBA, scantily dressed, and attended by her black Chamberlain, drove out on a four-horse parcel-post van to see an exhibition of paintings on china at Messrs. HOWELL AND JAMES'S. It is perfectly true that in the course of my wanderings I had some champagne, but not a drop of chicken. Consequently, I have brought my critical faculty home with me entirely unimpaired. But to business.

Mr. E. J. POYNTER has painted a noble picture of the meeting of SOLOMON and the Queen of SHEBA, and Mr. T. MCLEAN exhibits it at 7, Haymarket. I once saw a picture of this Queen on an ancient corner-cupboard; that was in early childhood, and the Queen of those days was a very Dutch Lady. Mr. POYNTER's is quite unlike that one; in fact, she is extremely beautiful. But why is she overcome? SOLOMON might have been pardoned for blushing when he saw her, but he takes it quite as a matter of course. The black Chamberlain is evidently not a lord, otherwise he would have been more careful about his Queen's dress. There are harps, peacocks, golden lions, luscious fruits, monkeys, marble steps, and gorgeous pillars, to complete the picture. Curiously enough, the other ladies do not seem to care for the newly-arrived Queen. Bravo, POYNTER! A great picture!

After this I hurried to the painted China Exhibition at HOWELL AND JAMES'S; very delicate, very graceful, and very refined. "A Wild Corner" by G. LEONCE, "Blue Tits" by Miss

SALISBURY—sure to make her Mark(is),—two landscapes by A. FISHER (who needs no rod) struck me particularly, but did not hurt me much. And so to the wilds of Finsbury (14, Castle Street) where Messrs. MCNAMARA were exhibiting the Postal Vehicles to be used at the Penny Postage Jubilee Celebration. I've already ordered two four-horse parcel vans, three two-horse, and two one-horse mail-carts for my private use, and have told Messrs. M. to put them down to you, Sir. I couldn't resist it. They said it would be all right. Please make it so. I am told, that no females are employed in these vehicles. Another injustice. I should like to ride in a lovely red carriage for ever.

Yours,

LE PETIT SHOWS.

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

THERE has been lately some racing at Kempton and various other places, as to which, I ought perhaps to say a few words. Not that I acknowledge a right in anyone to dictate to me how and when I shall notice matters connected with the turf. The Bedlamites who mouth and gibber about horses and their owners, as if they were in the constant habit of living on terms of familiar intimacy with the aristocracy, instead of being, as they probably are, the dumpling-headed parasites of touts and stable-boys, are entitled only to the contempt of every decent man who knows anything about what he professes to understand. At any rate, they have mine. My knowledge of the Kempton Course dates back at least fifty years. To be sure, it was not at that time a race-course, but was mostly ploughed fields and thickets. But if the anserous and asinine mooncalves, whose high priest is Mr. JEREMY, suppose that that fact in any way weakens the authority with which I may claim to speak on the subject, I can only assure them, that they prove themselves fit inmates for the various asylums from which they ought never to have been withdrawn. I never thought much of *Philomel*. Ten years ago, I observed, with regard to this animal, "*Philomel* must be watched. There is no knowing what a course of podophyllin and ginger might not do. Failing that, I should feel inclined to say, buncombe." Mr. J. says, this was a different mare. What of that? In turf matters the name is everything, and I am therefore justified in citing this as one of the most extraordinary instances of prescience known to the turf world.

Megatherium, I notice, has many admirers. As a horizontal bar, or possibly as a clothes-line, he might have merits, but as a horse, I must confess, he has little to recommend him. When *Loblolly Boy* cantered home for the East End Weight-for-age Welter Handicap, I said that the son of *Rattlesnake* could make mincemeat of all his rivals. Since then he has made for his owner \$5,000,000 in added money, at an initial expense of twopence halfpenny for saveloys and onions, a combination of which this splendid animal is particularly fond. *Loblolly Boy* was by *Roudy* out of *Hoyden*, and his pedigree mounts up to *Sallycomeup*, *Kissmequick*, and *Curate on Toast*, whilst in the collateral line he can claim kinship with *Artazerzes* and *Devil's Dustpan*. In the Margate Open Sweepstakes, he ran second to *Daddy*, when the sea was as smooth as an old halferown. If there had been wind enough to blow out a wooden match, he must have won in a common hand-gallop.



FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Maud (on crossing the boundary between Hertfordshire and the neighbouring county, in which the Muzzling Order does not prevail). "THAT'S RIGHT! OFF WITH HIS MUZZLE! SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 12.—"If a shutter be closed in the daytime," said OLD MORALITY, a little abruptly, as we walked down to House to-day, "the stream of light piercing through the crevice seems to be in constant agitation. Why is this?"

Hadn't slightest idea. Suggested Right Hon. Gentleman had better give notice of question.

"I can tell you why," he proceeded, with unwonted perturbation. "Because little motes and particles of dust, thrown into agitation by the convective currents of the air, are made visible by the strong beam of light thrown into the room through the crevice of the shutter. That's just the way with us, dear TOBY; *a* is the hatred of Government by the Opposition, the strong desire to take our places; *b* is the convective currents of air which agitate the political atmosphere; *c* is the Compensation Bill, the strong beam of light which, thrown into House through crevice opened by JOKIM, makes the whole thing clear. Don't know whether I am; but if you reflect on the situation, you'll find there is much in what I say. We were going along moderately well. Irish Land Bill, of course, a rock ahead; everyone takes that into account. Suddenly JOKIM, spoiling for a fight, goes and invents this Compensation Bill, quietly hands it over to RITCHIE to work through, and all the greasy compound is in the devouring element. Seems a pity we could not leave the tolerably satisfactory undisturbed. Now we're in for it. Meetings out-of-doors; opposition in-doors; prospect of getting on with ordinary work of Session receding into distance."



"Can't a-bear verbosity." sit down I shall show you that the view I take is correct."

Good deal of truth in what OLD MORALITY says. House crowded to-night; full of seething excitement. RITCHIE moved Second Reading of Compensation Bill; CAINE moved Amendment, eliminating principle of compensation. Capital speech; would have been better if it had been half an hour shorter. Between them, RITCHIE and CAINE occupied nearly three hours of sitting, leaving five hours for the remaining 668 Members.

"This is not debate," protested SHAW-LEFEVRE, sternly! "it is preaching; why cannot a man be concise? Concision, if I may coin a word, is the soul of argument. My old friend DIZZY used to say to me, 'SHAW, what I admire about LEFEVRE is his terseness. If you want a man to say in twenty minutes everything that, from his point of view, is to be spoken on a given subject, SHAW-LEFEVRE is the man.' That was, perhaps, a too flattering view to take; but there's something in it, and it makes me, perhaps naturally, impatient of a man who wanders round his subject for an hour and a half."

Business done.—Debate on Compensation opened.

Tuesday.—"Heard something about good man struggling with adversity," said Member for Sark, looking at RATHBONE. "Nothing to goody goody man struggling with manuscript of his speech."

RATHBONE certainly a melancholy spectacle. Evidently had spent his nights and days in preparation of speech on Compensation Bill; brought it down in large quarto notes. OLD MORALITY glanced across House with sudden access of interest; thought it was a copy-book; Speech evidently highly prized at rehearsals in family circle.

"I think," said RATHBONE, complacently, "before I sit down I shall show you that the view I take is correct."

This remark interjected early in speech; proved rather a favourite. Whenever RATHBONE got more than usually muddled, looked round nervously at empty Benches, nodded confidentially to Mace, and remarked, "Before I sit down I think I shall show you—" What it was he meant to show, no one quite certain. ELLIOT LEEES, who followed, assumed with reckless light-heartedness of youth, that he meant to show before he sat down, that the more public-houses licensed, the less drunkenness.



"That," said RATHBONE, with unaccustomed flash of intelligent speech, "was exactly the reverse of what I undertook to show the House."

Would have gone on pretty well only for (1) the Accountant, and (2) SINCLAIR. Whatever it was RATHBONE was going to show before he sat down, he had fortified himself in his position by opinion of a sworn Accountant. Conversations with this Accountant set forth at length. RATHBONE appears to have been kept by the Accountant in state of constant surprise. "Let's take two places in the country," he said, in one of the more lucid passages. "Well, there are only 360 public-houses in Leeds. Sheffield has 400 public-houses in proportion to population, whereas Bradford hasn't 160. Well, I was so much struck with this, that I wanted to know whether there were any reasons for it. So I applied to the Accountant—without telling him my object—which really was," he added, nodding quite briskly at the Mace, "to know whether there was more drunkenness in Leeds or Sheffield. He said at once, that Leeds was the most. Then I said to the Accountant 'I don't care about your individual cases, let's take the average. Let's take Birmingham.'"

"—but not clear." your individual cases, let's take the average. Let's take Birmingham."

Afterwards Blackburn and Stockport were "taken"—"As if they were goes of gin," said the Member for Sark; RATHBONE turning over papers, which appeared to have got upside down, recited heaps of figures. These struck him the more he studied them. Anonymous Accountant seemed to have brought him completely under a spell. His highly respectable appearance, his evident earnestness, his accumulated mass of figures, his engagement of the Accountant, the tone of his voice, his general attitude, all conveyed impression that he was really saying something intelligible and useful. The few Members present honestly endeavoured to follow him; might have got a clue only for SINCLAIR.

At end of first half-hour RATHBONE began to show signs of distress. SINCLAIR thought he was signalling for water; prepared to go for glass; something wrong; RATHBONE violently agitated; nodding and winking and pointing to recess under bench before him. House now really excited. Began to think that perhaps the Accountant was hidden down there. If he could be only got up, might explain matters. SINCLAIR sharing general agitation, dived under seat; reappeared attempting to secrete small medicine bottle, apparently containing milk-punch; drew cork with difficulty; poured out dose, handed it to RATHBONE. RATHBONE gulped it down; smacked his lips; much refreshed; evidently good for another hour.

"I said to the Accountant," he continued, "if the Magistrates of Sheffield had indicted these lorcences—I mean endorsed those licences—"

Off again, wading with the Accountant knee-deep in figures from Leeds to Sheffield, back to Birmingham, across to Liverpool, on to York, with occasional sips of milk-punch. A wonderful performance that held in breathless attention few Members present to hear it.

"It is magnificent," said the Member for Sark; "but it isn't clear."

Business done.—RATHBONE'S great speech on the Licensing Question.

Wednesday.—Quite lively for Wednesday afternoon. At outset, apparently nothing particular in wind. Irish Members had first three places on Agenda, but that nothing unusual. Prospect was, that Debate on their first Bill, appropriating Irish Church Fund to provide Dwellings for Agricultural Labourers, would occupy whole of Sitting; be divided on just before half-past five. To make sure, AKERS-DOUGLAS issued Whip to Ministerialists, urging them to be in their places as early as four.

"Never know what the Boys will do," he said, sagely. "Like to be on the safe side. Division at five, so be here at four."

The Boys came down in great force at one o'clock; only a score or so of Ministerialists visible. FOX rose to move Second Reading of Bill. Good for an hour if necessary. Long JOHN O'CONNOR, that

Eiffel Tower of patriotism, ready to Second Motion, in a discourse of ninety minutes.

"May as well make an afternoon of it," he says, gazing round the expectant but empty Benches opposite.

FOX just started, when happy thought struck Irish Members. If they divided at once, before Ministerial majority arrived, could carry Second Reading; so Brer FOX doubled, and in ten minutes got back home. Long JOHN folded himself up, till casual passer-by might have mistaken him for PICRON. Conservatives, not ready for this manœuvre, dumfounded. Division imminent; only thing to be done was to make speeches till four o'clock and majority arrived. Everybody available pressed into service. CHARLES LEWIS, coming up breathless, declared that "promoters of Bill, wished by a side-stab in the wind of the Government"—he meant by a side-wind—"to stab the Measure on the same subject the Government had brought forward."

That was better; though how you stab by a side-wind not explained. Prince ARTHUR threw himself languidly into fray. Talked up to quarter past three; majority beginning to trickle in. T. W. RUSSELL moved Adjournment of Debate. Defeated by 94 votes against 68. Irish Members evidently in majority of 26. Prince ARTHUR, with eye nervously watching door, wished that night or BUTCHER would come. Neither arriving, stepped aside, letting Irish Members carry their Bill; which they did, amid tumultuous cheering.

"It's of no consequence, I assure you," Prince ARTHUR said, quoting *Mr. Toots* when he inadvertently sat down on *Florence Dombey's* best bonnet. "They may carry their Bill, but we'll take the money."

Business done.—Irish Members out-manœuvre Government.

Friday.—Second Reading of Compensation Bill carried at early hour this morning, after dull debate. Morning Sitting to-day for Supply. Duller than ever. Dullest of all, JOKIM on Treasury Bench in charge of Estimates.

"Yes, TOBY," he said, in reply to sympathetic greeting, "I am a little hipped; situation growing too heavy for me. Patriotism all very well; public spirit desirable; self-abnegation, as OLD MORALITY says, is the seed of virtue. But you may carry spirit of self-sacrifice too far. Read my speech at dinner to HARTINGTON, of course? Put it in the right light, don't you think? We Dissident Liberals, as they call us, are the Paschal Lambs of politics; except that, instead of being offered up as sacrifice, we offer up ourselves. Still there are degrees. HARTINGTON given up something; CHAMBERLAIN chucked himself away; JAMES might have been on the Woolsack. But think of me, dear TOBY, and all I've sacrificed. Four years ago a private Member, adrift from my Party; no chance of reinstatement; not even sure of a seat. Now Chancellor of the Exchequer, with £5000 a-year, and a pick of safe seats. Too much to expect of me, TOBY; sometimes more than I can bear;" and JOKIM hid his face in his copy of the Orders of the Day, whilst THEODORE FRY looking on, was dissolved in tears.

Business done.—Supply.

COMPLAINTS are often made as to the non-appreciation of jokes by those to whom they are addressed. A Correspondent sends us on this subject the following interesting remarks:—"I have made on an average ten jokes a day for the last six years. Being in possession of a large independent income, I could have afforded to make more, but I think ten a day a reasonable number. I find that, as a rule, the wealthy and highly-placed have absolutely no appreciation of humour. The necessitous, however, show a keen taste for it. The other day a gentleman, whom I had only seen once, asked me for the loan of a sovereign. I immediately made six jokes running, and was rewarded by six successive peals of laughter. I then informed him I had no money with me, and left him chuckling to himself something about an Eastern coin of small value, called, I believe, a dam."

NARROW ESCAPE OF AN R.A.!—Everyone knows that a Critic is one, who would, professionally, roast and cut up his own father; but that some Critics go beyond this, may be gathered from the fact of the Art-Critic of the *Observer*, in one of his recent reviews of the Academy, having thus expressed himself:—

"Mr. POYNTER'S flesh is never quite to our liking,"—

Heavens! What a dainty cannibal is this Critic! But how lucky for Mr. POYNTER.



Sympathy.

VOCES POPULI.

IN THE MALL ON DRAWING-ROOM DAY.

The line of carriages bound for Buckingham Palace is moving by slow stages down the Drive. A curious but not uncritical crowd, consisting largely of females, peer into the carriages as they pass, and derive an occult pleasure from a glimpse of a satin train and a bouquet. Other spectators circulate behind them, roving from carriage to carriage, straining and staring in at the occupants with the childlike interest of South Sea Islanders. The coachmen and footmen gaze impassively before them, ignoring the crowd to the best of their ability. The ladies in the carriages bear the ordeal of popular inspection with either haughty resignation, elaborate unconsciousness, or amused tolerance, and it is difficult to say which demeanour provokes the greatest resentment in the democratic breast.

Chorus of Female Spectators. We shall see better here than what we did last Droring-Room. Law, 'ow it did come down, too, pouring the 'ole day. I was that sorry for the poor 'orses!... Oh, that one was nice, MARIE! Did you see 'er train?—all flame-coloured satting—lovely! Ain't them flowers beautiful? Oh, LIZA, 'ere's a pore skinny-lookin' thing coming next—look at 'er pore dear arms, all bare! But dressed 'andsome enough... That's a Ginerall in there, see? He's 'olding his cocked 'at on his knee to save the feathers—him and her have been 'aving words, apparently... Oh, I do like this one. I s'pose that's her Mother with her—well, yes, o' course it may be her Aunt?

A Sardonic Loafer. 'Ullo, 'ere's a 'aughty one! layin' back and puttin' up 'er glorses! Know us agen, Mum, won't you? You may well look—you ain't seen so much in yer ole life as what you're seein' to-day, I'll lay! Ah, you ought to feel honoured, too, all of us comin' out to look at yer. Drored 'er blind down, this one 'as, yer see—knew she wasn't wuth looking at!

[A carriage passes; the footman on the box is adorned by an enormous nosegay, over which he can just see.]

First Comic Cockney. Ow, I s'y—you 'ave come out in bloom, JOHNNY!

Second C.C. Ah, they've bin forcin' 'im under glorse, they 'ave! 'Is Missis 'll never find 'im under all them flowers. Ow, 'e smoled at me through the bronzches!

[Another carriage passes, the coachman and footmen of which are undecorated.]

First C.C. Shime!—they might ha' stood yer a penny bunch o' violets between yer, that they might!

The Sardonic L. 'Ere's a swell turn-out and no mistake—with a couple o' bloomin' beadies standin' be'ind! There's a full-fed 'un inside of it too,—look at the dimonds all over 'er bloomin' old nut. My eye! *(The elderly dowager inside produces a cut-glass scent-bottle of goodly size.)* Ah, she's got a drop o' the right sort in there—see her sniffin' at it—it won't take 'er long to mop up that little lot!

James (behind the carriage, to CHAWLES). Our old geeser's per-doooin' the custumary amount o' sensation, eh, CHAWLEY?

Chawles (under notice). Well, thank 'Eving, I shan't have to share the responsibility of her much longer!

Arriet (to ARRY). I wonder they don't get tired o' being stared at like they are.

Arry. Bless your 'art—they don't mind—they like it. They 'll go 'ome and s'y *(in falsetto)* "Ow, Pa, all the bloomin' crowd kep' on a lookin' at us through the winder—it was prime!"

Arriet (giggling admiringly). 'Ow do you know the w'y they tork?

Arry (superior). Why, they don't tork partickler different from what you and me tork—do they?

First Mechanic. See all them old blokes in red with the rum 'ats, BILL? They're Beefeaters goin' to the Pallis, they are.

Second M. What do they do when they git there?

First M. Do? oh, mind the bloomin' stair-case, and chuck out them as don't beyave themselves.

A Restless Lady (to her husband). HARRY, I don't like this place

at all. I'm sure we could see better somewhere else. Do let's try and squeeze in somewhere lower down... No, this is worse—that horrid tobacco! Suppose we cross over to the Palace? *[They do so.]*

A Policeman. Too late to cross now, Sir—go back please.

[They go back and take up a position in front of the crowd on the curbstone.]

The R. L. There, we shall see beautifully here, HARRY.

A Crusty Matron (talking at the R. L. and her husband.) Well, I'm sure, some persons have got a cheek, coming in at the last minnit and standing in front of those that have stood here hours—that's ladylike, I don't think! Nor yet, I didn't come here to have my eye poked out by other parties' pairosols.

[Continues in this strain until the R. L. can stand it no longer, and urges her husband to depart.]

Chorus of Policemen. Pass along there, please, one way or the other—keep moving there, Sir.

The R. L. But where are we to go—we must stand somewhere?

A Policeman. Can't stand anywhere 'ere, Mum.

[The unhappy couple are passed on from point to point, until they are finally hemmed in at a spot from which it is impossible to see anything whatever.]

Harry. If you had only been content to stay where you were at first, we should have been all right!

The R. L. Nonsense, it is all your fault, you are the most hopeless person to go anywhere with. Why didn't you tell one of those policemen who we were?

Harry. Why? Well, because I didn't see one who looked as if it would interest him, if you want to know.

THE ROYAL CARRIAGES ARE APPROACHING.

Chorus of Loyal Ladies of Various Ages. There—they're clearing the way—the Prince and Princess won't be long now. Here's the Life Guards' Band—don't they look byootiful in those dresses? Won't that poor drummer's arms ache to—morrow? This is the escort coming now... 'Ere come the Royalties. Don't push so, POLLY, you can see without that!... There, that was the Prince in the first one—did yer see him, POLLY? Oh, yes, leastwise I see the end of a cocked 'at, which I took to be 'im. Yes, that was 'im right enough... There goes the Princess—wasn't she looking nice? I couldn't exactly make out which was her and which was the two young Princesses, they went by all in a flash like, but they did look nice!... 'Ere's another Royalty in this kerridge—'oo will she be, I wonder? Oh, I expect it would be the old Duchess of— No, I don't think it was 'er,—she wasn't looking pleasant enough,—and she's dead, too... Now they have got inside—'ark at them playing bits of "God Save the Queen." Well, I'm glad I've seen it.

A Son (to cheery old Lady). 'Ow are you gettin' on, Mother, eh?

Ch. O. L. First-rate, thankee, JOHN, my boy.

Son. You ain't tired standing about so long?

Ch. O. L. Lor' bless you, no. Don't you worry about me.

Son. Could you see 'em from where you was?

Ch. O. L. I could see all the coachmen's 'ats beautiful. We'll wait and see 'em all come out, JOHN, won't we? They won't be more than an hour and a half in there, I dessey.

A Person with a Florid Vocabulary. Well, if I'd ha' known all I was goin' to see was a set o' blanky nob's shut up in their blank-dash kerridges, blank my blanky eyes if I'd ha' stirred a blanky foot, s'elp me Dash, I wouldn't!

A Vendor (persuasively). The kerrect lengwidge of hevery flower that blows—one penny!

"ALLOWED TO STARVE."—Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge contribution from "PAISLEY" to "The Light Brigade Fund," which has been forwarded to the Editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, who has charge of this Fund.



EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

THE AUTOCRAT.

"Here is my last request and legacy! After we are executed, and while the impression of this epilogue of all these horrors is still fresh in the minds of the people, do your utmost to make this new example of the unparalleled cruelty of Russian despotism known to the whole world... This is a great task well worth accomplishing; and if you succeed, the losses we suffered in that terrible butchery will be redeemed."—From the last letter, written just before his execution, of Nicholas Zotoff, one of the victims of the Yakoutsik massacre.

Let it be known! Poor soul, of unshaken trust,
So done to death in the gloom of the Kara waste,

'Midst a myriad nameless victims of fear and lust,
Your cry comes, borne on the chainless winds that haste

In shuddering flight away from that frozen hell,
That pestilent prison for all things free and fair,
Where the raven's croak is the patriot's only knell
On the tainted air.

Let it be known! Aye! the cruel secret crawls,
Despite the vigilant watch of tyranny's hounds,
From the scaffold's screen, from the kamara's sombre walls;
Away, as you wished, o'er enfranchised lands it sounds,
And shocks the gentle, and stirs the blood of the strong;
But he, the Autocrat, sits, with a shaken mind,
And a palsied heart; to the tale of horror and wrong
He's deaf and blind!

Pale ladies lashed, at the word of a drunken brute, ["plet!"
To the death they welcome e'en from the torturing
And his eyes are blind, and his trembling lips are mute,
Whilst the eyes of a world of shuddering men are wet.
Chained gangs of patriot captives stabbed or shot
At the scared caprice of a bully, craven-souled!
And the Autocrat, whilst all hearts with shame wax hot,
Sits still and cold!

Ust-Kara's far, and the hasty scaffold reared
In the grey of the early morning bore—a fool,
Who had not learned that Law must be blindly feared,
Though sent to the stern Siberian wastes to school.
The unconvicted exile who dares to lift
A voice, a hand, is a proven "Terrorist,"
And if, in Yakoutsk, he is given a shortish shrift,
Need the White Tzar list?

The White Tzar sits on his gorgeous seat, alone;
Blindfold and deaf, in his realm the veriest slave,
Though the seat he fills is the rack men call a Throne,
And the Tzar is a stalwart Titan, strong and brave.
Strong—yet helpless as yon slain woman's hand;
Brave—but shaken through with a haunting Fear.
Of all his myrmidons' devilries done in the land
The last to hear!

Let it be known! Poor ZOTOFF's legacy wakes
A living echo in every ear humane.
E'en the Autocrat in his lonely splendour quakes
At the vague vast sounds of menace no bonds restrain.
But there, in the heart of horrors, he sits and sighs,
Blindfold Injustice bound to a joyless throne;
Whilst far the voice of his fallen victim flies—
"Let it be known!"



A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

"NOW WHAT ARE THE PECULIAR DISTINCTIONS OF THE QUAKERS? FOR INSTANCE, HOW DO THEY SPEAK DIFFERENTLY FROM YOU AND ME?"
"PLEASE, SIR, THEY DON'T SWEAR!"

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"Just want five minutes' chat with you;" i.e., "He'll give me a cigar and something to drink, and as I've nothing to do for half an hour, this will occupy me pleasantly."

"Yes; I quite understand;" i.e., "I don't know what he is talking about, but he's a bore."

"Wouldn't tell it to anyone but you;" i.e., "This will ensure its circulation."

PLATFORMULARS.

"As the Laureate well puts it, in lines that will live for ever;" i.e., "I'm perfectly dead certain I've forgotten the third line of the verse."

"The clock warns me that I am trespassing too long on your patience;" i.e., "Haven't said half of what I meant to say. Why the dickens don't they say, 'Go on!'"

FRIENDLY COMMENTS ON CHARACTER AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"She is the most domesticated darling imaginable;" i.e., "A dull, sock-darning dowdy."

"Quite a beauty-man, and nice—to those who like that sort of thing;" i.e., "An awfully handsome fellow, who won't worship me."

"Grim rather at first, but grows upon one wonderfully;" i.e., "He is softening a little beneath my blandishments."

RAILROAD AMENITIES.

"Would you like the window up?" i.e., "Hope to goodness she won't, for her patchouli is simply suffocating."

"If you feel inclined for a snack, don't mind me;" "The scent of sherry and sandwiches in a close carriage is simply sickening."

PREPARING FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

"I defer to your superior knowledge of stage-effect;" i.e., "Stack-up know-all! I could play his head off!"

"Well, I fear it's a little out of my line; still if I can do anything to help you, I shall be delighted;" i.e., "What I've longed for for years. Now I shall have a chance of showing what's in me!"

"Bravo, Buffins, dear boy! That little bit of business was really first-rate;" i.e., "If he plays like that I shall shine, if only by contrast."

QUITE A LITTLE BANCROFT HOLIDAY!

MRS. BANCROFT'S "Little Play" is very good work. It is called *The Riverside*; it drew a big *Matinée* house at the Haymarket last Thursday, and drew big tears. The ladies did enjoy themselves! They were in full cry all the time. Capitally acted. It is rumoured that the gifted authoress, manageress, and actress (all in one), is going to take a company up the river in a House-boat fitted as a Theatre. It is to be called *The Thespis*, and will visit all the principal places on the river during the Season, and ought to do uncommonly well. The idea is novel. The Company will be called "The Bancroft Water-Babies." *A propos* of the Busy B's, we are authorised to contradict the report that, in consequence of his great success as an arbitrator. Mr. BANCROFT is to be made a Deputy-Assistant County Court Judge. This is not so.

THE FIRST ROZE OF SUMMER.—Our Chirruping Critic off the hearth went to Madame MARIE ROZE's Concert the other day—advertised as "Grand Morning Concert"—well, it was a "Grand Morning" for the late firm of year—but why was the Concert "Grand?"—and was delighted. The Chirruper heartily welcomed Miss GRACE DAMIAN—more graceful than ever—she sang grandly—of course everyone did on this "grand" occasion—and he nearly split a pair of gloves applauding Mr. LEO STERN in his Grand Violoncello act, for which he was recalled three times, till he was quite tired of bowing and "boogieing." But the Chirruper would not have it otherwise, "Touch not a single bow," as the song says. And then the flowers! five bouquets for Madame MARIE ROZE. "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la!" as the late firm of GILBERT and SULLIVAN used to sing and play. *A propos* of Mr. GILBERT, his protégée, Miss NELSON, whom he was the first to bring out in Brantingham Hall, St. James's, S.W., gave a recitation which made a decided hit; and then she sang a song—accomplished young lady is Miss JULIA—which made another hit. The Chirruper wishes to record that—to a quartette "specially arranged for the Meister Glee Singers, called *Dinah Doe*, and excellently sung, no names were given of either the Shakspearian Librettist, or the Composer, J. L. MOLLOY, who wrote it for the GERMAN REEDS many years ago. It's as fresh as ever, and at this grand concert came out grandly. The Steinway piano was of course a grand.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 19. — OLD MORALITY in new and charming mood to-night; turned over a fresh leaf in his copy-book; entered upon the chapter headed "Banter;" not only enjoyed himself, but was cause of enjoyment in others. ESSLEMONT began it; doled out, as if it were ounce of tea or yard and quarter of calico, ponderous joke about having no Holiday at Whitsuntide, and adding three days to Recess at end of Session. "I will take a note of the Hon. Member's recommendation," said OLD MORALITY.



Nobody laughs when I tell this; yet, I remember, House roared whilst OLD MORALITY, resuming seat, sat with pursed-up lips and furrowed brow, fearful lest he should spoil situation by smiling. Must have told the joke wrong; look up Parliamentary Reports. No, there it is, the very words; also his retort to TIM HEALY; his turning the flank of HARCOURT; his triumphant knocking over of TIM, when, after brief pause, he came up again.

"Such badinage!" said CHARLES WILSON, "such persiflage!" So it seemed at time. Everyone roared with delight.

"Quite in DIZZY's style," said the admiring STANHOPE.

"Only better," added the ecstatic GEORGEY HAMILTON.

Thought so too at the time; but when I come to write down the jokes, the fun has gone, the flavour escaped, the bloom shed. Wonder what it was we all laughed at?

"Such badinage! such persiflage!"

is to us on your written page. His voice, his looks, his way of getting up and of sitting down, his throwing back his head and thrusting forward his chin as he mouths his apophthegm, his nervous glance round the House, his assumption of a stern official aspect, breaking presently into a smile when the House laughs; his apologetic way of sitting on the edge of the seat when he has snubbed HARCOURT; all his goodness, his littleness, his honest intention, and his occasional lapses into crooked paths; his 'Certainly, Sir,' when the thing is quite otherwise, his blush when he discovers himself dealing with facts in a Pickwickian sense, his constitutional modesty, and his spasmodic aggressiveness, the look in his eye as of a wounded hare when COURTNEY refuses to put the Closure he has moved,—all these are things, little in themselves, momentary in their passage, which you, dear TOBY, can no more transfer to your folios than you can illuminate them with the glow of sunset, or perfume them with the scent of country lanes in this sweet spring-time. OLD MORALITY belongs to us. He is a peculiar growth of the House of Commons, unique, unprecedented, unapproachable, never fully to be understood of, or appreciated by, the people."

Business done.—Battling round Budget Bill; sat all night, and far into morning.

Tuesday.—CADOGAN in good time at House of Lords to-day. DENMAN got first place with Motion for Second Reading of his Bill extending Municipal Franchise in Ireland. CADOGAN to move rejection of Measure in name of Government.

"I must be firm," he said, as he turned up his trousers over his white spats. "DENMAN a terrible fellow when he's roused."

House pretty full when DENMAN appeared at table in position of Leader of Opposition. An ordinary Member not connected with either present or late Government, usually speaks from Bench on which he is accustomed to sit. DENMAN preferred conveniences of table. Most interesting speech, what could be heard of it. Good deal about Sir ROBERT PEEL; occasional reference to PALMERSTON; some reminiscences of early journey in railway-carriage in STEPHENSON's time; a passing remark as to the weather, and probable state of the crops on this day six months. But, as CADOGAN subsequently remarked, nothing whatever about the Bill. Lords in an awkward

position. Had the scene been in the Commons, and the elderly grey-haired gentleman at the table been merely returned by a constituency, the case would have been different. Might have been howled down in a few moments. But with a Peer of the Realm, a hereditary legislator, a personage whose vote might in certain conceivable circumstances suffice to throw out a Bill which had received sanction of House of Commons, it is, as GRANVILLE says, *une autre paire de manches*. If anyone whispered that DENMAN had a tile off, whither would the admission lead us? A Peer is a man—or rather, a Being—of a special, superlative order. Admitted within that order, he becomes, *ipso facto*, a person of extraordinary intelligence, keen intellect, ripe judgment, irreproachable character.

A little awkward that DENMAN should seem to be rambling. If he were a Commoner, might even be called incoherent. Being a Peer, some forty or fifty other Peers sat through twenty minutes with polite assumption of listening. But there is a substratum of human nature even in the Peerage. When DENMAN, *à propos* of the Municipal Franchise in Ireland, began to talk about COLUMBUS's egg, there was a murmur of impatience; when he slid into the Panama Canal the murmur grew to a shout. Awhile, amid stormy cries for the Division, the House of Lords resembled the House of Commons.

After brief struggle with unwonted elements, DENMAN resumed seat; Bill thrown out, and with regained equanimity noble Lords turned to next business. To their horror, DENMAN up again at table; forgotten to mention a particular circumstance connected with COLUMBUS's egg. "Perhaps their Lordships—" But this too much. At whatever risk to Peerage as a body, DENMAN must be shouted down. So they roared at him with cries of "Order!" he standing regarding them with looks of pained surprise. Was it possible they declined to hear more about COLUMBUS's egg? "Order! Order!" they roared, BATH leading the onslaught.

"It is you, my Lords, who are disorderly," said DENMAN, and with head erect, and tall figure carried with pathetic dignity, he strode back to Cross Benches, and sat down in seat of PRINCE OF WALES.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Commons.

Thursday.—All the blood of his great predecessor in spoliation, HENRY THE EIGHTH, just now swelled in the bosom of JAMES STUART ALLANSON TUDOR PICTON. Prince ARTHUR responsible for the flood. Question about meeting announced to be held in Mid-Tipperary next Sunday. Prince ARTHUR has, it seems, prohibited it. JOHN MORLEY wants to know why? There was, he says, public meeting held in same place last month, addressed by English Members; that not proclaimed. What was the difference between meeting addressed by Irish Members, and another by English Members, that one should be taken and the other left?

"The difference is," said Prince ARTHUR, speaking with embarrassed air, as if the distinction was dragged out of him, "that the result of the meeting addressed by Irish Members was to produce intimidation, whilst the result of the other was, I should say, *nil*."

If JAMES STUART ALLANSON TUDOR PICTON had only lived in the times of his great predecessor, and wielded his power, Prince ARTHUR would forthwith have been conducted to Tower Hill, and shortened by a head. Why he (JAMES, &c.) was at this meeting at Mid-Tipperary last month! He, standing on a butter-tub, had addressed the men of Tipperary; the echo of his eloquence still filled the dales, whilst the hills reverberated with the cheers of the men of Tipperary. For this insolent hireling of a Coercionist Government to speak in tones of studied slight of such a demonstration was more than J. S. A. T. P. could stand. If our two giants, JOHN O'CONNOR and HENRY PEASE had not joined hands and held him back, gore would have sprinkled the precincts of the Treasury Bench. As it was, the subject dropped, and House proceeded to discuss Budget Bill.

Business done.—A good lead.

Friday.—House adjourned for holidays. "When we come back," says OLD MORALITY, "we must really begin work. Playtime up to now; left most of the work over; must buckle to. We've been in some danger, and there may be more ahead. Why are persons sometimes killed by leaning over beer-vats? Because vats, when beer has been made, contain large quantities of carbonic acid gas, produced by the vinous fermentation of the beer; and when a man incautiously leans over a beer-vat and inhales the carbonic acid, he is killed thereby. It is, of course, not quite the same in respect of



Pease (with Honour).



Going down to the House.

spirits. Still, when a Chancellor of Exchequer has clapped on sixpence a gallon on whiskey, it is as well for his colleagues to avoid looking a Scotch hoghead or an Irish puncheon in the face. *Au plaisir, cher TOBY.* Come along, JACKSON!

The two Right Honourables go off together, JACKSON evidently turning over in his mind OLD MORALITY'S observations on the beer-vat. "A wonderful man," he says, "his mind stored with odd bits of information, which he draws upon for enlightenment upon ordinary events of daily life. Don't exactly see, though, how he rolled in that beer-vat. Must think it over during the Recess."

Everyone glad to hail JACKSON "Right Honourable." A proud title, as yet not spoiled by indiscriminate distribution. Suffices for GLADSTONE, as it did for PEELE; suits JACKSON exactly.

Business done.—Winding up for Whitsuntide. Adjourn for holidays till Monday, June 2nd.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

From the Note-book of Mr. Pips Senior.—Monday, May 19.—To the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. First night of the Season. The house infinite full, and the Prince of WALES and the Princess, and the Princesses their daughters, there in a box, pretty to see. DRURIO-LANUS OPERATICUS ET COUNTICOUNCILLARIUS mightily pleased at



"Harmony in Black and White."

what I hear is the biggest subscription to this class of entertainment ever known. Many fine faces here to-day. The sight of the ladies exceeding noble. A new wench, Mlle. NUOVINA, to sing for the first time, taking the part of *Marguerite* in the Opera of *Faust*, which she did prettily and quietly. Curious to see a *Marguerite* with jet-black hair and a white face; yet comely and with much grace.

Everyone extraordinarily content with MONS. JEAN DE RESZKÉ, the best *Faust* that did ever sing and play this part. But vexed to see one M. ORME DARRALL act *Mephistopheles* in the room of EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ, who, poor man, is sick. The scenes and the chorus all very fine indeed. All of us pretty merry at the droll mimicry of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Martha*, who makes this part go most rarely.

Pleased to see Madame SCALCHI dressed as a boy for the part of *Siebel*. The house mightily content, and wishing her to sing one song twice over, which she would not. In which matter she did wisely, as also the others.

Went out before the last Act began, to find it raining heavily, and, good lack! not a *Commissionnaire* to be met with for a quarter of an hour. Whereat mightily troubled to get a coach, till one did fetch me a four-wheeler, which I entered, in great disorder, after much strife and contention. Cost me sixpence. To RULE'S, in Maiden Lane, being mighty thirsty, where had supper on excellent lobster and fresh salad, with eggs of the plover, and a draught of the best stout, which did much content me. Comes young SILLIGREW, who makes merry about "sticking to Rules for supper and no exception," or some such nonsense, which I have forgot, though we laughed heartily at his manner of saying it. Drank to the success of the Italian Opera and of DRURIO-LANUS. After paying the reckoning, took cab, and so home to bed.

From Note-book of Mr. Pips Junior.—Tuesday.—PIPS Senior doesn't go to Opera to-night. PIPS Junior does. Think PIPS Senior, as an Admiralty official, will be at the Court Ball with Madame PIPS. Glad, therefore, to take his stall at the Opera. *Carmen* always delightful. Tuneful, melodious, and bright. Good Bizet-ness. Mlle. ZÉLIE DE LUSAN as *Carmen* mighty difficult to beat, and she sings and plays the part with all the diabolical waywardness of this impudent Spanish baggage, as PIPS Senior would call her. Pity that MAGGIE MCINTYRE is indisposed to play *Michaela*; she used to do it so prettily and so innocently that she shone out as just the very contrast intended by the author. Instead of MAGGIE, Mlle. COLOMBATI sings the part to-night. She is very graciously received, as is also Signor FERNANDO VALERO (from several Opera Houses abroad) who makes his *début* here as that vacillating tenor, DON JOSÉ. Clever Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as frisky *Frasquita*, and Mlle. LONGHI as *Mercedes*, both excellent Bohemian Girls. To see them going nap was a treat! Which wins? One excellent Irish-Italian, DAN DRADY, as the *Toréador*, first-rate. What a song it is! *Encores* refused all round, of course. In spite of State Ball, House very

nearly as full as on first night. Brilliant effect of some ladies who are "going on," and who can't of course "go on anyhow," but are obliged to appear in their diamonds.

Pretty to see little Mlle. PALLADINO dancing. Very short life and a merry one has the *première danseuse* in this Opera. Just a few steps, and then she "steps it," and is not seen again. There is too little of PALLADINO at any time, and in this case, as she only comes on for five minutes at the commencement of Act II., and then "*bon soir!*" she may be described as "Small and Early."

Thursday.—*Rentrée* of Mlle. ELLA RUSSELL as *Leila* in BIZET'S *I Pescatori di Perle*, another version of *The Diversions of Purley*, a work now more or less forgotten. Signor VALERO better as *Nadir* (isn't this the name of a well-known photographer?) than as *Don José*. Not unlike the lamented GAYARRE. The more like he can become to that tenor the better. M. DUFRICHE came from Madrid to play *Zurga*. A long journey; almost sorry he gave himself the trouble, but there's more than this for him to do. Lovely finish to First Act, but after that the Opera is not a stirring one, the story being so idiotically undramatic. ELLA fresher than ever.

Friday.—*Lohengrin*. Wagnerian worshippers in their thousands. What shall she do who comes after ALBANI in the part of *Elsa*? That is the question, and MAGGIE MCINTYRE supplies the answer, which is Uncommonly well. A sweet picture in a gentle frame of mind, so Macintyre pure and simple. A trying, very trying, part. How grand are the DE RESZKÉS—JEAN and EDOUARD—or more familiarly as we come to know them better, JACK and NED. NED looking well, and singing so too, in spite of recent chill. Warmth of reception to-night would thaw any chill. But what a couple of bores are the characters of *Ortruda* and *Telramondo*, even when superbly played as to-night, by Madame FURSCH-MADY—(the real Mahdi at last!)—and Signor DAN DRADY, bedad! Fortunately the Opera is considerably curtailed, or we should never hear the last of it.

Saturday.—*Il Trovatore*. Great night for "the big, big D,"—that is, for "the high D," on which the new tenor, M. RAWNER, alights with a sudden bound that electrifies the house. His "high D" is quite an *Eiffel tour de force*. Henceforth M. RAWNER must be known as "the High D-iddle-diddle" tenor, and His Highness will be expected to sustain his high reputation. Vocal effort almost eclipsed by wonderful physical force, which enables him to burst through the prison walls and bow to audience, who are enthusiastically applauding the *Miserere*. Unfortunately M. RAWNER, being a stranger in these parts, cannot find his way back again, and so is unavoidably prevented from being present at his own execution, which, in his absence, takes place without him. Madame TETRAZZINI—her first appearance here—not so great, perhaps, as she is good and graceful. DAN DRADY and Madame SCALCHI as "per usual," which is the highest praise. End of first week. General satisfaction.

THE PLEASURE-SEEKER'S VADE MECUM.

Q. I trust you have had a delightful time recently?

A. Indeed I have, with the assistance of Private Views, Special Performances, and Second-rate First Nights.

Q. Did you assist at the *première* of *Gretna Green*, the new "Comedy Opera" at the Opéra Comique?

A. An Act of it. It had already been played on a previous occasion, when I fancy one of the principal performers, finding that his part was dragging, introduced imitations of popular modern actors. As the period of *Gretna Green* is the eighteenth century, this innovation must have been at once pleasing and appropriate.

Q. I think you have also been present at the first performance of the "Wild East," at the Earl's Court Exhibition?

A. I have had that advantage, and am now thoroughly conversant with the manners and customs of our lively neighbours in some parts of Africa.

Q. Are those manners and customs what may be termed—quaint?

A. They are very quaint. Still I am not sure that I have not seen something very like them before. As for the Exhibition itself, there is as little doubt about its being French, as there was about last year's display being Spanish.

Q. Have you been to the Flower Show at the Aquarium?

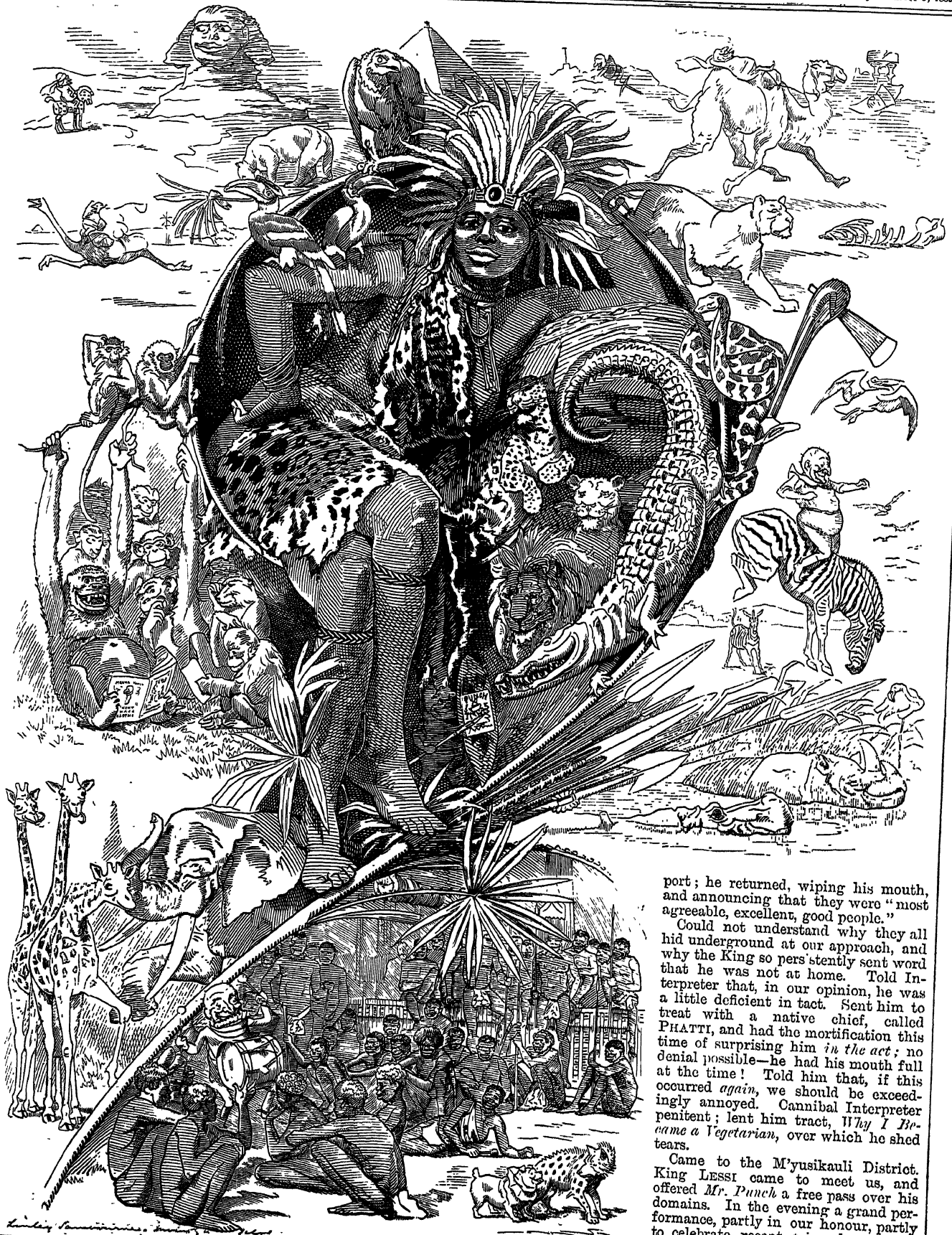
A. I have; but did not find that home of scientific research quite so full as it was when the Directors were testing the powers of endurance of the Fastening Man.

Q. Do you consider the Westminster Aquarium of material assistance in developing the latent civilisation of the nineteenth century?

A. Indeed, I do; especially now that "the Royal Bears" are a feature in the daily programme.

Q. Did you pass the Bank Holiday pleasantly?

A. When I tell you that I seized the opportunity to go to Calais and back third-class excursion with a number of anti-temperance-movement fellow passengers, you will see at once that the festival must have been to me a source of unmixed enjoyment!



port; he returned, wiping his mouth, and announcing that they were "most agreeable, excellent, good people."

Could not understand why they all hid underground at our approach, and why the King so persistently sent word that he was not at home. Told Interpreter that, in our opinion, he was a little deficient in tact. Sent him to treat with a native chief, called PHATTI, and had the mortification this time of surprising him *in the act*; no denial possible—he had his mouth full at the time! Told him that, if this occurred *again*, we should be exceedingly annoyed. Cannibal Interpreter penitent; lent him tract, *Why I Became a Vegetarian*, over which he shed tears.

Came to the M'yusikauli District. King LESSI came to meet us, and offered Mr. Punch a free pass over his domains. In the evening a grand performance, partly in our honour, partly to celebrate recent triumph over the G'yudi-g'yudis, who, under their chief MARKDOOGALLA, had been waging war

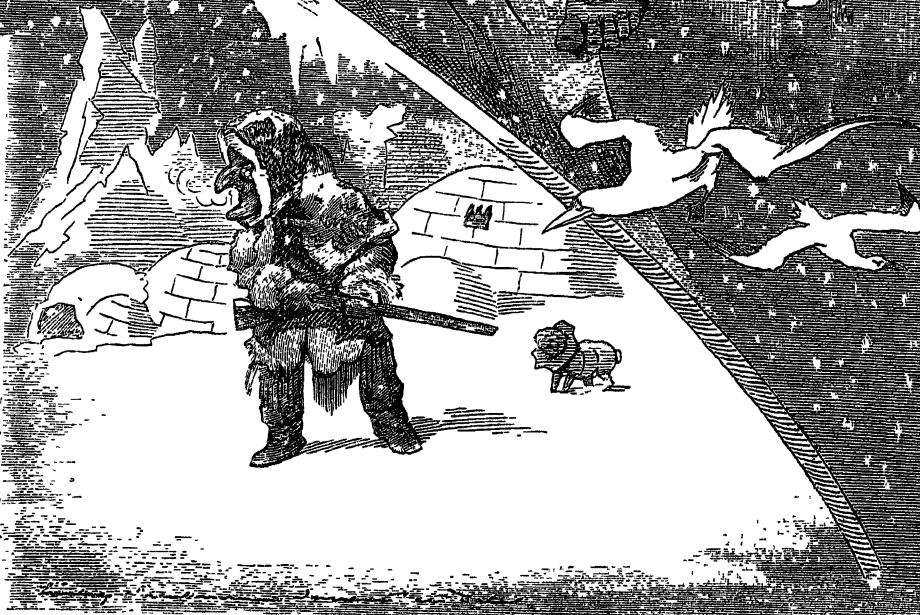


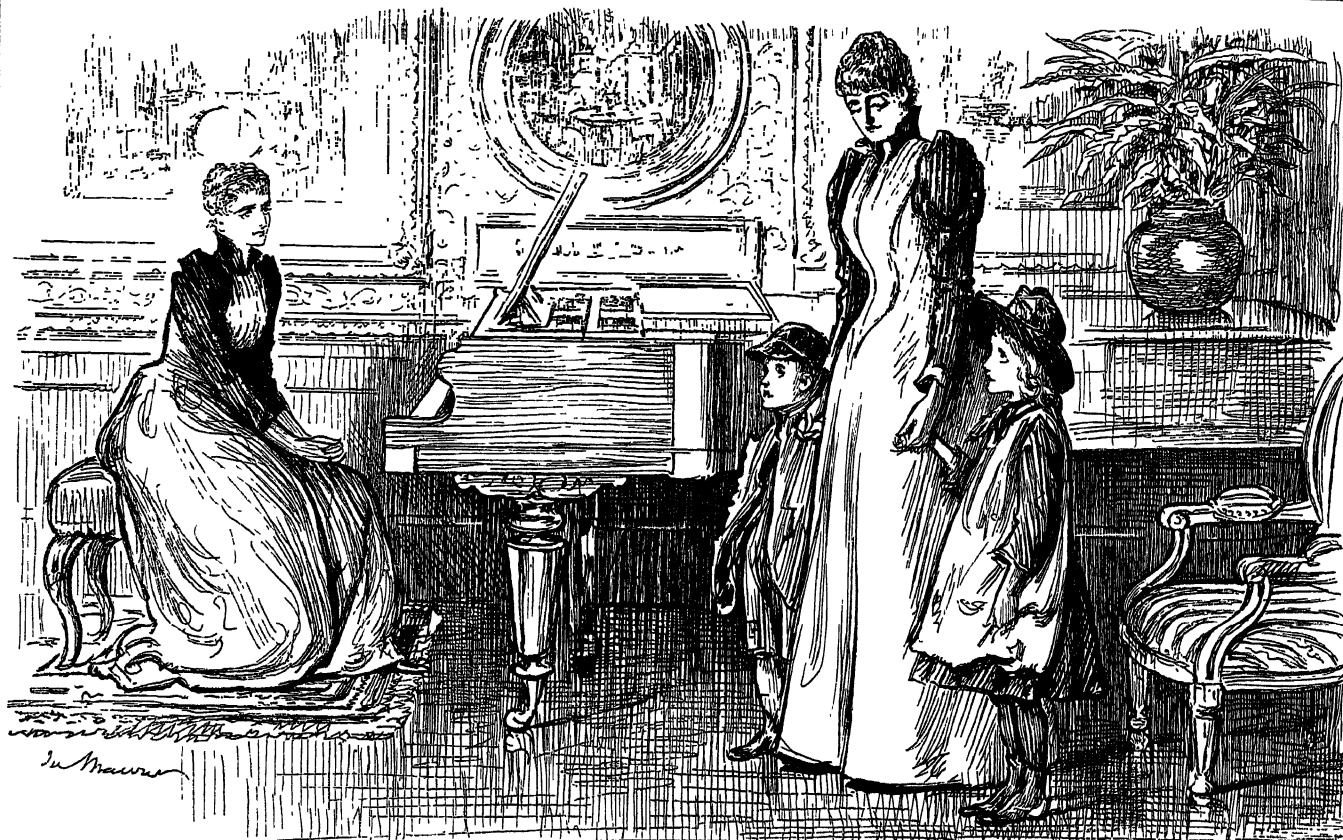
against the M'yusi-kaulis on the pretext that they were assuming an offensive demeanour. Heard afterwards that both sides claimed victory, but truce declared for a year. Performance magnificent—but much too long. Native dances by *Iku* girls in pairs. *T'serikomiks* and *T'songandanzas* also gave curious exhibitions of their powers. *Hackirbats* and *Kunjerars* (or native magicians) performed. A wild, weird, lurid scene, strange and fascinating—but a trifle slow.

In Ugoweh; met some Gitalongdo girls, but could not succeed in persuading them to enter into conversation.

On the River; saw *Krús* practicing in long canoes, and got out of their way. Descended cataracts; shot several rapids, and sent them home to be stuffed.

Came to Desert, and hired camel to go across on. (N.B. These animals are styled "Back-tryin"—which they are.) Only eighteen-pence an hour, which would have been reasonable enough, but





THE ARGUMENT BY ANALOGY.

Mariar Ann. "WHAT A BEAUTIFUL 'OUSE, MISS! WHAT A LOT O' RENT YOU MUST 'AVE TO PAY! I SUPPOSE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN DO PAY RENT?" *Daughter of the House.* "OF COURSE THEY DO."
Mariar Ann. "WHAT A DEAL O' TROUBLE YOUR FATHER MUST 'AVE, TO GET IT TOGETHER EVERY WEEK!"

"COUNTRY AND DUTY."

OLD MORALITY (*in flannels*) sings; —

OUT! Free from their "howlings and whinings" awhile,
 (Which, as the *Times* tells us, are frightful—are frightful.)
 But here Nature smiles, a true Smithian smile,
 And the change from the House is delightful—delightful!
 A smile which, as GOSCHEN would say, one can hear;
 A *susurrus* sweeps over the river—the river.
 Oh, Henley in May to my heart is as dear
 As to Spaniards the gay Guadalquivir—dalquivir!
 No doubt they are yelping and yapping like mad;
 In such hobbles cantankerous spleen lands—rous spleen lands.
 I peacefully sprawl on the turf, and am glad;
 The Blue Devils never reach Greenlands—reach Greenlands.
 By Jove, they have led me a doose of a life!
 Their conduct is sheer criminality—nality.
 Here, though, thank Heaven, I'm far from the strife,
 Here the wicked won't vex OLD MORALITY—RALITY!
 True, 'tish't for long, a clear week at the most.
 They would worry us out of our Whitsuntide—Whitsuntide.
 But still we all feel, though I don't want to boast,
 Like Park-hacks in paddock, or "tits" untied—"tits" untied.
 They mock my wide smile, and my scantness of thatch;
 I think, though, in managing skill I am—skill I am,
 All things considered, much more than a match
 For swaggering, swashing Sir WILLIAM—WILL-I-AM!

Lawks! this is lovely! But, SMITHY my lad,
 In the midst of Arcadian beauty—an beauty,
 You mustn't forget (the reflection is sad)
 What is due to your Country and Duty—and Duty.
 That's why I have brought down this Holiday Task.
 Though slumber-inviting the weather—the weather,
 I'll turn my true hands, whilst in sunshine I bask,
 To the use of the brush and wash-leather—wash-leather!

It's got a bit rusty from sheer want of use;
 Though they tell me I'm promptish at pouncing—at
 pouncing.

Ah me! E'en an angel comes in for abuse,
 Or *me* they would not be denouncing—denouncing.
 A crocodile's sure to be down on the Gag,
 And HARCOURT's a fair alligator—ligator;
 He's awfully wide in the jaw, for a wag,
 But I'll tie up the would-be dictator—dictator!

They're out without muzzles, the whole noisy pack,
 (I wish some sharp Bobby would run 'em in—run 'em in,)
 But I'll be prepared for them when they come back.
 The fight for free jaw I have done 'em in—done 'em in.
 Good gracious! One's duty to Country and Queen
 Cannot be well done, as all know, by a—know, by a
 Man amidst yelpings of furious spleen,
 Suggestive of sheer hydrophobia—phobia!

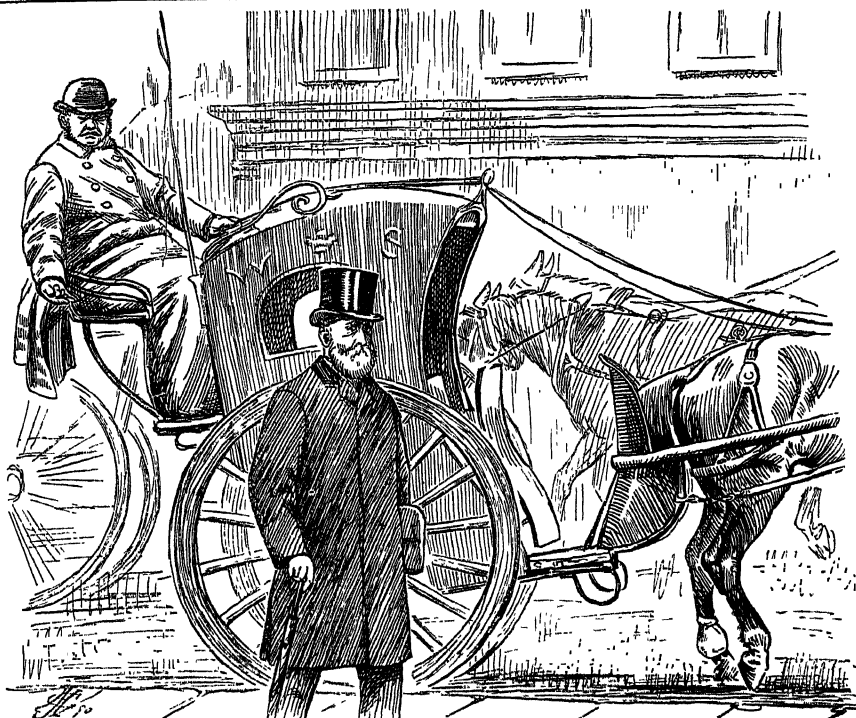
And so, whilst *sub tegmine fagi* I sit,
 And pass in May sunshine a jolly day—jolly day,
 I think I'll just brush up this weapon a bit,
 And so make a good use of my holiday—holiday.
 They're bound to come back, and if barking they come,
 I'll be ready—and willing—to muzzle 'em—muzzle 'em.
 Dumb dogs may bite, but when *this* makes 'em dumb,
 To bite us, I fancy, will puzzle 'em—puzzle 'em!
 [Left smiling and scrubbing.]

MR. DUNTHORNE of Vigo Street is exhibiting a collection of "Atmospheric Notes," which are not, as Esoteric Buddhists might conclude, missives forwarded by astral current from a Mahatma, but a series of very charming pastels, by Mr. GEORGE HITCHCOCK. They are records of land, sea, and sky effects in Holland, characterised by a poetry and feeling, and a subtlety of colour that give equal pleasure to mind and eye. *Mr. Punch* predicts, that the fortunate possessor of any one of these Notes, will be in no hurry to change it.



“COUNTRY AND DUTY.”

MR. W. H. S. “IT’S GOT A LITTLE RUSTY,—BUT I’LL HAVE IT READY IN TIME!”



AN UNKIND SUGGESTION.

Cabby (who has been paid his legal fare in threepenny bits and coppers). "WHERE DID YER GET THIS LOT FROM, EH? BEEN A ROBBIN' THE CHILD'S MONEY-BOX?"

ROBERT AT GUILDHALL.

WELL, if we aint bin and had a fine time of it at Guildhall this last week or two, it's a pitty! What the pore harf-starved County Counsellors must have thort of it all, it isn't for me to say, and how they all felt when the ginerous old Copperashun tossed 'em a few dozen tickets to skrambel for, when the great Mr. STANLEY came to supper, of course I carnt tell, but them few as I knowed seemed to find their way to my refreshment department as if by hinstinkt. I didn't, of course, hear the grate Traweller's grand speech, but I'm told as my pore namesake, Sir ROBERT FOWLER M.P.'s face was a site to see while he listened to sitch a descriphshun of his Quaker Friends as he probably never heard afore.

There was grate complaints made about the want of enuff wittles and drink, but anyone who seed, as I did, the fust rush for 'em by the hungry mob, couldn't have been much surprised at that. Why, I myself seed, with my two astonished eyes, one gent, as I spose he called himself, take up a hole dish of most lovely Hoyster Pattys, and scoop out all the Hoysters with a spoon, and then return the hemty Pattys from whence they came! Feeling as I couldn't be of no more use after there was nothink left for me to hand to the fresh mob as kept on arriving, I quietly warked off, and made my way to the supper-room, where the hement Traweller was aswaging the pangs of hunger with reel Turtel Soup and setterer. Ah! what a contrast! Plenty of everythink, and plenty of room to enjoy it.

With that abundant kindness as so distinguishes him, the LORD MARE aeshally hintroduced me to the Ero of the Heavening, who kindly shook hands with me, and hoped as how as we shood meet again, which I can quite bleeve if he thinks as it allers includes reel Turtel Soup, and setterer. Rayther different living to what he has bin accustomed to for

3 years parst, pore Feller! They tell me as he as bin to the Mountins of the Moon. Evins! ow did he get back? By balloon. But I don't kwite bleeve horl I eers.

But on the following Friday there wasn't not no xceptions to anythink, and everybody, from the Prince of WALES hisself, down to the werry umblest Postman or Sorter, left that nobel old Hall, estonished, and delited, and appy.

And no wunder, for, by the combined efforts of the hole Copperashun and its werry numerus Staff, and the hole Army of Postmen, and Tellacram Men, and all manner of Sorters, and Stampers, St. Martin's-le-Grand was removed boddily to Gildall, and everything that was ever done in the one place was dun in the other before the estonished eyes of sum two thousand of us, ewen includin four-horse Male Coaches, with sacks of letters, and reel Garda with reel Horns, which they blowed most butifully. It was a gloraus Jewbelee! I'm that bizzy I hardly noes wich way to turn first, so no more at pressunt from yores trewly,

ROBERT.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PICTORIAL DIRECTORY.



Regent's Circus.

OUR NEW DUKE.

AIR — "*The Widdy Malone.*"

DID ye hear of the Duke of ATHLONE?
Ohone!

He's a son of the Heir to the Throne
Full grown.

Of a prince quite a pictur',
Is young ALBERT VICTOR,
Who'll now as the Duke of ATHLONE
Be known,
He'll be the Great Gun of Athlone!

A MID-DAY MEAL-LENNIUM.

(*With Salutation to the "Society for the Promotion of Enjoyment during Luncheon Hours, specially in the City."*)

LUNCHING AS IT IS.

No, I certainly did *not* order Irish Stew; but as you have now brought it, and I have been waiting a quarter of an hour for a cut from the joint, I prefer to take it.

This room is very stuffy and crowded. Is that purple-faced gentleman in the corner suffering from an apoplectic stroke?

No; but *he* has been waiting *half* an hour for the Irish Stew which I have just annexed. He seems angry about it.

Waiter, would you try not to kick my chair and knock the back of my head every time you pass with a dish?

Yes, I know it's a narrow gangway, and that everybody in this dark and confined crib which you call a City Restaurant is cramped for room; still, I *do* object to collisions between my best hat and somebody else's victuals.

Would you mind talking to me in the Deaf and Dumb Alphabet? In this maddening clatter it is impossible to hear a word you say.

That young man three from me is evidently training as the Champion Express Eater of the World. He has got through joint, potatoes, rhubarb tart, and Cheddar cheese in seven minutes, and is now putting on his hat to go.

AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

Is this spacious airy hall, with a fountain playing in the middle of shrubs, and abundant light coming in through painted windows, really the "Apple-pie Restaurant" in its new form?

And this neat-handed Phyllis, who respectfully awaits my orders as soon as I have taken my very comfortable seat, *can* she be the substitute for the over-worked and distracted City waiter of the past?

I see that especial care is taken to prevent the room being filled with more lunchers than it can hold with comfort to each individual customer, by an apparatus which automatically closes the door when every seat is full.

What! No shooting down of one's plate before one as if fired from a catapult, and no tedious waiting for dishes never ordered! This is a Luncher's Paradise.

It seems possible that I may now escape the dyspepsia which, in the old days, was the unfailing legacy of lunch.

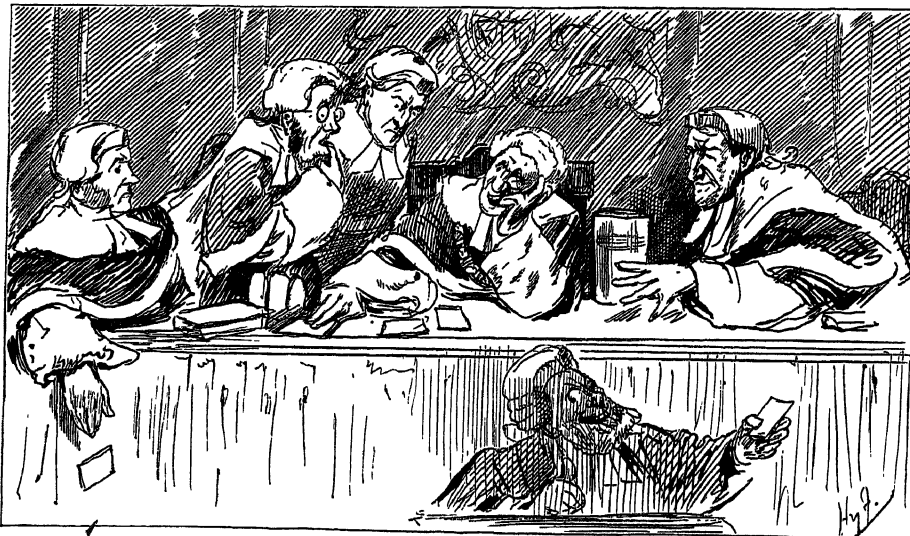
"TOUJOURS 'GAY.'"—On an exit of Mrs. LANGTRY, as *Esther Sandraz*, at the St. James's Theatre:—

"Adieu! she cried, and waw'd her Lily hand."

[How is it that Messrs. Transparent Soap & Co. have never hit on this? Presented gratis.]

FORTHCOMING NEW WORK to be expected in about six weeks' time, *Newton's Principia*, revised and corrected by Mr. JUSTICE CAVE.

GROSVENOR GEMS. (FIRST VISIT.)



No. 150. The Old Hand teaching "Blind Hookey" to his Young Friends.



No. 26. "Sail or Return."



No. 190. Lottie and Stottie of Oldham.



No. 381. "Sich a gettin' up Stairs!" "How shall we get on to landing of the Gallery from here without a trapèze?"



No. 92. Photography under Difficulties.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Not much time for books this week, says the Baron; just been able to glance at W. S. LILLY'S *Right and Wrong*: verdict—so far, all right, nothing wrong. Sharp chapter on journalism—severe, but not unjust. Picked up small book, for which inquire at W. H. SMITH'S bookstalls, *Four Thousand Years After*, by HELEN L. CHEVALIER. Baroness having read it, highly recommends it in hot weather, as being a weird, mystical legend, of a soothing and interesting character, commencing a few years before "ADAM delved and EVE span," and finishing in the time of steam yachts; so that it is brought right up to date. It is full of incident and picturesque description. I see Mr. FARJEON has been at it again with the *Mystery of M. Felix*. *Felix*—Happy Thought. Mr. HARRY FURNISS'S *Academy Antics* is entertaining reading, and some of the earlier illustrations are quite Gilrayish in their breadth of style, not of subject.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

PHENOMENON IN NATURAL HISTORY (by an observant Cricketer).—Obtaining a Duck's Egg from a Bat.

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

EVERY jackass who ever was seen in the pig-skin knows perfectly well, or ought to know, unless his brain has gone barnacle-hunting in one of Mr. J.'s journalistic bum-boats, that a race is to take place at Epsom in the early part of next month. It has been customary to speak of this race as the Derby, and to imagine that the owner whose horse wins it gains possession of the Blue ribbon of the turf. As if, forsooth, in a matter like this, the colour mattered in the very least. But I have a further objection to this hugger-mugger, three-cornered, rag-and-bone, vermilion-faced, grog-blossomed, hash-headed fashion of describing things, and it is this. If a two-year-old, provided with one of Mrs. PARTINGTON's patent range-finding, rectangular brooms, can beat an unbroken four-year-old over the Nose-bag Handicap Course by fourteen shoe-nails in a hundred, how in the name of all that is lop-sided can a three-masted frigate in full sail keep up with a Chinese Junk on Southampton Water? I pause for a reply, but knowing the anserous, venomous imbecility of the vermin who infest the turf, I think it will be a long time before I get one.

Crimson Jack is a good horse—no thanks to the puddling and pilfering slop-shop proprietors who manage him. When he used to draw a dust-cart in Grosvenor Square he accustomed himself to the sound of the saddling bell, and now knows when luncheon time has arrived. A year ago, I wouldn't have given a copper shirt-stud for him, never having even heard of him. Now I believe him to be worth even more than the £10 given for him by the Ropes Contingent. But I have got my eye on them, and they know it. The mooncalves *** gruel-brains *** puddling simpletons *** muddy and pernicious rascals *** dolts, dumplings and dunder-heads *** poisonous, pestilential, crawling, goose-faced reptiles *** rely on it I know.

[There has been no time to send this proof for correction, and it has, therefore, been printed as it was received, gaps and all.—ED. *Punch*.]



A LITTLE PARTY IN EAST AFRICA ONLY GOING TO COLLECT A FEW BUTTERFLIES AND FLOWERS FOR THE DEAR KAISER, THAT IS ALL!!

"We came very near to having Kiliwa-Njaro attached to the British Empire, only the German Emperor said he would very much like it, because he was so fond of the *flora* and *fauna* of the place . . . Would the English have expected to get any territory on account of their great interest in the *flora* and *fauna* here."—Stanley speaking at Chamber of Commerce, May 21.

WEEK BY WEEK.

Monday and Tuesday.—Nothing particular, except meeting Mr. STANLEY.

Wednesday.—Mr. *Punch* comes out. General rejoicings.

Thursday.—Milk Adulteration Contest at Wormwood Scrubs. Cat-shooting in Eaton Square commences. Treacle-makers' Company insist on presenting their Bicentenary Gold Medal to Mr. STANLEY.

Friday.—Private Eclipse of the Sun, invisible to everybody, except Mr. STANLEY.

Saturday.—Banquet of the Bargain-Drivers' Benevolent Association. Song by Mr. STANLEY, *Meet me by Moonlight*.

Sunday.—Festival of the Five Quires for a Shilling. Everybody in "Go-to-Meeting-STANLEY Costume."

Monday.—Afternoon Firework Display at the People's Palace.

SOME amusement was created at the Anniversary Dinner of the United Crossing-Sweepers' Provident Association, held last night, by the Noble Chairman's reference to his early experiences on a West End crossing. What he saw then had led him to believe, he said, that the lot of one who preserves the boots of the public from mud is not all beer and skittles. He had, however, formed a very exalted idea of the dignity of the calling to which they all belonged. It is, of course, well known that the Noble Earl owed his rise from the position of broom-holder to an opportune legacy from an old lady, whom he saved, at the risk of his own life, from being ground to powder by a runaway costermonger's barrow.

A Correspondent sends us some interesting notes of meteorological observations during the past month. "I have noticed," he writes, "that under certain atmospheric conditions the streets and pavements of the Metropolis are invariably damp. This phenomenon is generally preceded by the withdrawal of the sun, followed almost immediately by a prevalence of *imber*. After this has lasted for some time, it is usual for the water-carts to make their appearance."

"A MANCHESTER MOTHER" makes the following pertinent observations on the fashions prevailing amongst men at the present day. "Why," she asks, "should some men prefer boots with buttons, while others like their boots laced? Why again should it be considered right for some men to wear dark blue overcoats, and for

others to wear black? Finally, if a man standing six foot two in his stocking-feet is to a bank holiday as a six-inch collar is to a pork-pie, how comes it that a tartan waistcoat and a pair of green plush trousers cost five shillings and sixpence per square inch?" We confess that we are unable to find answers to these questions.

Two Policemen were yesterday observed in earnest conversation with a well-known member of the Bermondsey Bull-pup Club. Eventually the three Gentlemen departed for an adjacent police-station, their proceedings forming a subject for animated comment amongst the juvenile population of the neighbourhood.

Four receptions, six public dinners, five evening parties, and eight dances were given in different parts of London yesterday, "to meet Mr. H. M. STANLEY." We are glad to know that the great explorer maintains his imperturbable good humour.

It is computed that the number of pretty women in London this Season is just double of what it was last year.

SHORT MATHEMATICAL PAPER.

1. Solve the short equation $(a + \sigma + \sigma + a + v + \lambda + \tau) \times 2 = 14$ days.
2. Given log. .321 and density $\gamma \lambda \nu \epsilon$, how much Port would you deduce from this?
3. Show under what circumstances P'liceman $x^2 = \text{Two-and-sixpence}$.
4. What is the probability of two blue eyes becoming black if A, a stranger, wins half-a-crown three times running at a baccarat-table in Tottenham Court Road? Calculate to five places of decimals the chances of A's appearance as prosecutor at Bow Street next morning.
5. Construct a set of Tables showing how the interest increases in a geometrical progression as the principal is paid off. A., a flat, goes to B., a money-lender, to raise £100. A. receives £7 10s. 6d. in gold; what balance will he receive in grand old sherry and real Havana Bremerhaven cigars?
6. Show how to re-construct a series of Companies (on the square), with a million capital, within two months of formation, in such a way that the Shareholders get nothing, and still remain liable for future calls. Is the root of the above operation to be found in defective legislation?

THE ART OF BLACKING BOOTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You 'll be glad most likely to hear what's going on in the boot-blackin' world, of which I'm now a honorary member, havin' bin thirty-five years at it come next Christmas, and now retired to Camberwell to do the rest of my life easy. Fact is, Sir, there's a many young 'uns come on, and scarcely sufficient boots for 'em to get a livin out of, more partikler with them new yaller boots, which is pison to the honest boot-black. So thinks I to myself, I've bin polishin' a long time and knows all the tricks of it, why shouldn't I lend a 'and to them as is startin'. I'll write down what I knows myself, and I'll get all the best blackers of the day to tell me what they knows about it, and then I'll set the lot together and get it printed. Fact is, I got put on the job by a feller who come to see me 'tother day—a tidy young sprig, full of all them new notions. Says 'e to me, "BILL,"

'e says, "'ow do you walk?" "Why," I say, "on two legs like the rest of 'em; what do you think?" "No," 'e says, "that ain't what I mean, you Juggins" (there's a pretty word to use to one old enough to be his father); "what is the process you go through in walking?" "Well," I says, "if that's what you're up to, I mostly puts one foot in front of 'tother, and arterwards brings the back foot forrard and leaves 'tother behind." "Ah," says 'e, "that's jest where you make a bloom in' error. Your brain sends a message through your nerves, and then you set to work, movin' the extenser mussels and the glutus maksimus, and there you are." Well, I thought about that a lot, and on the top of it I got 'old of a book called the Art of Authorship, by Mister GEORGE BAINTON, who's agoin' to teach everybody 'ow to write things pretty and proper, and make no end of money out of it. Pr'aps, thinks I to myself, there's more in blackin' boots than meets the eye. I'll write about that on the same plan, gettin' all the fellers I know to 'elp me. Fust, I drew up a lot of questions, and I sent 'em round. Then when the ansers come in I got a young chap, who writes for the *Camberwell Star*, to polish 'em up a bit with grammar and spellin', asking 'im to do it like Mister GEORGE BAINTON. I've jest dropped in a word or two of my own 'ere and there, to show what I mean. So 'ere they are, Sir, and quite at your servis; and I knows if you prints 'em, there's many a boot-black unborn, as 'll bless your name, not forgettin'.

Yours truly, the Author, BILL THE BOOTBLACK.

INTRODUCTION.

In putting these notes together, I have been animated solely by the desire to enable those, whom motives of self-interest, or of ambition, or the irresistible impulse of innate genius, may induce to enter upon the profession of blacking, to acquire by living examples of acknowledged ability, a true and genuine perfection in the art. For art it is. Let nobody undertake it lightly. There is no room in the busy throng of ardent blackers for the idler or the fribble. Such men may write books, they cannot black boots. Style is everything, style which colours the boots, roots itself in them, and uplifts them to the highest pinnacle of Art. (N.B.—I took this sentens nearly strait from GEORGE BAINTON.—*B. the B.*) Therefore, my young friends, study style. Whenever you see a well-blacked boot in the street, in the counting-house, or in the sanctity of home, fix your eyes upon it. Thus you will learn, and may in time black boots as well as I do myself.

(N.B.—GEORGE writes the most extronery fine English, I'm told, and o' course 'e wants the young 'uns to do the same. Same with me and the boots.—*B. the B.*)

My first answer is from JAMES HUGGINS, who as is well-known, polishes the foot-coverings of the innumerable visitors who throng to the Transcontinental Hotel. He says, "You ask me how I acquired my unquestioned ability as a blacker. I answer, 'By constantly studying the best models.' When I was quite a small boy I used to polish all the boots within reach, and I well remember my father humorously remonstrating with me, when he found me blacking an old pair of worsted slippers given him by my mother. There is a method of breathing on some boots and of spitting on others, which can only be acquired by long practice. A large boot with many knobs, is best for a beginner."

Next I addressed my inquiries to GEORGE BREWSHER, more generally known under his nick-name of DANDY GEORDIE. No man has a wider reputation. His reply is instructive. "It is useless," he says, "to study models. I tried that, and the result was that I used to black all the patent leathers, and varnish the ordinary ones. So I gave up study and relied upon my own talents. At the present day, nobody in the whole world can put a truer shine on the dampest boot. I scarcely know how I do it. I only know I do it. I always

keep my brushes in good order, drink a toothful of gin at bed-time, and never let a single day pass without blacking something."

My next reply was from LEMUEL D. DODGE, of New York, a boot-polisher whose delicate and refined style has won him admirers in this country as well as his own. "Character," he observes, "is everything. I always analyse my blacking three times over, and then lay it on thin with a camel's hair-brush. I find this method much more satisfactory and less tiring than the rough and ungainly scrubbing so much in vogue with your English artists."

Miss SALLY PIPPIN, who officiates in The Metropolitan Ladies' Boot Emporium, kindly sends me the following notes. "I have had no education at all. I find it quite useless. All you require is to make a shine. It's as easy as shelling peas. By the way, I always wear my hair brought up at the back. This hint may be useful to intending bootblacks."

(That's enough for one go, I rayther fancy. There's lots more o' the same sort all 'ekally valuable, but I mustn't let you have it all at once.—*B. the B.*)

EARLY GREEN PEAS.

A Gourmand's Ditty.

THERE'S a pleasure in Rhubarb, fresh, early and red,
When it comes with the flush of the newly born year,
There's a joy in the tasty Asparagus head
That is met with in soup, be it thick,—be it clear!
There's delight in the oyster; a peace that ne'er fails
In the placid enjoyment the Plover's egg brings,
A sense of calm peace in your nicely cooked quails,
But oh! there's one dish that will crown all these things;
For what, with such rapture the palate can please
As the first welcome helping of Early Green Peas!

You may bring me Clyde salmon, three shillings the pound,
Red mullet in envelope, done to a turn,
The young spring potatoe, dug fresh from the ground,
The daintiest cream from a Devonshire churn:
You may offer me salad that's almost divine,
With a chicken so plump it should gladden the heart;
You may say, "Wash that down with the best brands of wine,
And follow it up with young gooseberry tart!"
My reply is but this, "Ah! withhold all of these!
But yield me the rapture of Early Green Peas!"

THE FIVE O'CLOCK TEA BONNET COMPANY.—Under the above title a Fashionable Company has been inaugurated by several high-born, but impecunious Ladies, who, importing a model bonnet from Paris, and reproducing it in British materials, with more or less success, hope, by a judicious association of the shop-keeping instinct with the *recherche* gloze of the best social circles, to dispose of their stock to a *clientèle*, consisting of the many toadying and snobbish friends who would be caught by the idea of purchasing their bonnets at an establishment where their orders would be taken by an impoverished Lady of title, and delivered at their residences, possibly, by the daughter of a Baronet or Nobleman, in reduced circumstances. The rooms of the New Company that will be shortly opened at the West End, in the immediate vicinity of Bond Street, though supplied with a counter on which a few of the choicest exhibits of the establishment can be displayed, will be in all other respects furnished after the fashion of a Modern Upper-class May-Fair Drawing-room, to which intending Purchasers will need no voucher of admission beyond that furnished by their own visiting-card, on presentation of which they will be greeted as friends, making an afternoon call, by the Fore-lady, who may be temporarily presiding over the Show-room. Indeed, the key-note to the *raison d'être* of the FIVE O'CLOCK TEA BONNET COMPANY will be found in the happy combination of High-class social intercourse, with a satisfactory adhesion to the principles of ordinary West-End shopkeeping. No special prices will be attached to the articles sold, but they may be regarded on the whole, considering the advantageous social circumstances under which they are established, as generally a little in advance of those asked at the leading Professional West-End Establishments of a similar kind. A generous margin in this direction must, therefore, be looked for in the account. Bills, if required, when contracted by well-known Leaders of Society, may stand over for years, but a very handsome interest will, of course, be expected, in the event of a long-delayed settlement.

PUNCH AND "JUDAH."—Mr. P. defers his criticism on HENRY AUTHOR JONES's new play at the Shaftesbury . . . until he has gone through the formality of seeing it. From most accounts, it is evidently well worth a visit.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a there will be no exception.

MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule

VOCES POPULI. AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN THE VESTIBULE.

Visitors ascending staircase, full of enthusiasm and energetic determination not to miss a single Picture, encounter people descending in various stages of mental and physical exhaustion. At the turnstiles two Friends meet unexpectedly; both being shy men, who, with timely notice, would have preferred to avoid one another, their greetings are marked by an unnatural effusion, and followed by embarrassed silence.

First Shy Man (to break the spell). Odd, our running up against one another like this, eh?

Second Shy Man. Oh, very odd. (Looks about him irresolutely, and wonders if it would be decent to pass on. Decides it will hardly do.) Great place for meeting, the Academy, though.

First S. M. Yes; sure to come across somebody, sooner or later.

[Laughs nervously, and wishes the other would go.

Second S. M. (seeing that his friend lingers). This your first visit here?

First S. M. Yes. Couldn't very well get away before, you know.

[Feels apologetic, without exactly knowing why.

Second S. M. It's my first visit, too. (Sees no escape, and resigns himself.) Er—we may as well go round together, eh?

First S. M. (who was afraid this was coming—heartily). Good! By the way, I always think, on a first visit, it's best to take a single room, and do that thoroughly. *[This has only just occurred to him.*

Second S. M. (who had been intending to follow that plan himself). Oh, do you? Now, for my part, I don't attempt to see anything thoroughly the first time. Just scamper through, glance at the things one oughtn't to miss, get a general impression, and come away. Then, if I don't happen to come again, I've always done it, you see. But (considerately), look here. Don't let me drag you about, if you'd rather not!

First S. M. Oh, but I shouldn't like to feel I was any tie on you. Don't you mind about me. I shall potter about in here—for hours, I daresay.

Second S. M. Ah, well (with vague consolation), I shall always know where to find you, I suppose.

First S. M. (brightening visibly). Oh dear, yes; I shan't be far away.

[They part with mutual relief, only tempered by the necessity of following the course they have respectively prescribed for themselves. Nemesis overtakes the Second S. M. in the next Gallery, when he is captured by a Desultory Enthusiast, who insists upon dragging him all over the place to see obscure "bits" and "gems," which are only to be appreciated by ricking the neck or stooping painfully.

A Suburban Lady (to Female Friend). Oh dear, how stupid of me! I quite forgot to bring a pencil! Oh, thank you, dear, that will do beautifully. It's just a little blunt; but so long as I can mark with it, you know. You don't think we should avoid the crush if we began at the end room? Well, perhaps it is less confusing to begin at the beginning, and work steadily through.

IN GALLERY NO. I.

A small group has collected before Mr. WYLLIE'S "Davy Jones's Locker," which they inspect solemnly for some time before venturing to commit themselves to any opinion.

First Visitor (after devoting his whole mind to the subject). Why, it's the Bottom of the Sea—at least (more cautiously), that's what it seems to be intended for.

Second V. Ah, and very well done, too. I wonder, now, how he managed to stay down long enough to paint all that?

Third V. Practice, I suppose. I've seen writing done under water myself. But that was a tank!

Fourth V. (presumably in profound allusion to the fishes and sea-anemones). Well, they seem to be 'aving it all their own way down there, don't they? *[The Group, feeling that this remark sums up the situation, disperses.*

The Suburban Lady (her pencil in full play). No. 93. Now what's that about? Oh, "Forbidden Sweet,"—yes, to be sure. Isn't that charming? Those two dear little tots having their tea, and the kitten with its head stuck in the jam-pot, and the label and all, and the sticky spoon on the nursery table-cloth—so natural! I really must mark that. (Awards this distinction.) 97. "Going up Top." Yes, of course. Look, Lucy dear, that little fellow has just answered a question, and his master tells him he may go to the top of the class, do you see? And the big boy looking so sulky, he's wishing he had learnt his lesson better. I do think it's so clever—all the different expressions. Yes, I shall certainly mark that!

IN GALLERY No. II.

The S. L. (doubtfully). H'm, No. 156. "Cloud Chariots"? Not very like chariots, though, are they?

Her Friend. I expect it's one of those sort of pictures that you have to look at a long time, and then things gradually come out of it, you know.

The S. L. It may be. (Tries the experiment.) No, I can't make anything come out—only just clouds and their reflections. (Struggling between good-nature and conscientiousness.) I don't think I can mark that.

IN GALLERY No. III.

A Matron (before Mr. DICKSEE'S "Tannhäuser"). "Venus and Tannhäuser"—ah, and is that Venus on the stretcher? Oh, that's her all on fire in the background. Then which is Tannhäuser, and what are they all supposed to be doing? *[In a tone of irritation.*

Her Nephew. Oh, it tells you all about it in the Catalogue—he meets her funeral, you know, and leaves grow on his stick.

The Matron (pursing her lips). Oh, a dead person.

[Repulses the Catalogue severely and passes on.

First Person, with an "Eye for Art" (before "Pysche's Bath," by the President). Not bad, eh?

Second Person, &c. No, I rather like it. (Feels that he is growing too lenient.) He doesn't give you a very good idea of marble, though.

First P. &c. No—that's not marble, and he always puts too many folds in his drapery to suit me.

First P. &c. Just what I always say. It's not natural, you know. *[They pass on, much pleased with themselves and one another.*

A Fiancée (halling before a sea-scape, by Mr. HENRY MOORE, to Fiancée). Here, I say, hold on a bit—what's this one?

Fiancée (who doesn't mean to waste the whole afternoon over pictures). Why, it's only a lot of waves—come on!

The Suburban L. LUCY, this is rather nice. "Breakfasts for the Porth!" (Pondering.) I think there must be a mistake in the Catalogue—I don't see any breakfast things—they're cleaning fish, and what's a "Porth?" Would you mark that—or not?

Her Comp. Oh, I think so.

The S. L. I don't know. I've marked such a quantity already and the lead won't hold out much longer. Oh, it's by Hook, R. A. Then I suppose it's sure to be all right. I've marked it, dear.

Duet by Two Dreadfully Severe Young Ladies, who paint a little on China. Oh, my dear, look at that. Did you ever see such a thing? Isn't it too perfectly awful? And there's a thing! Do come and look at this horror over here. A "Study," indeed. I should just think it was! Oh, MAGGIE, don't be so satirical, or I shall die! No, but do just see this—isn't it killing? They get worse and worse every year, I declare! *[And so on.*

IN GALLERY No. V.

(Two Prosaic Persons come upon a little picture, by Mr. SWAN, of a boy lying on a rock, piping to fishes.)

First P. P. That's a rum thing!

Second P. P. Yes, I wasn't aware myself that fishes were so partial to music.

First P. P. They may be—out there—(perceiving that the boy is unclad)—but it's peculiar altogether—they look like herrings to me.

Second P. P. Yes—or mackerel. But (tolerantly) I suppose it's a fancy subject. *[They consider that this absolves them from taking any further interest in it, and pass on.*

IN GALLERY No. XI.

An Old Lady (who judges Art from a purely Moral Standpoint, halts approvingly before a picture of a female orphan). Now, that really is a nice picture, my dear—a plain black dress and white cuffs—just what I like to see in a young person!

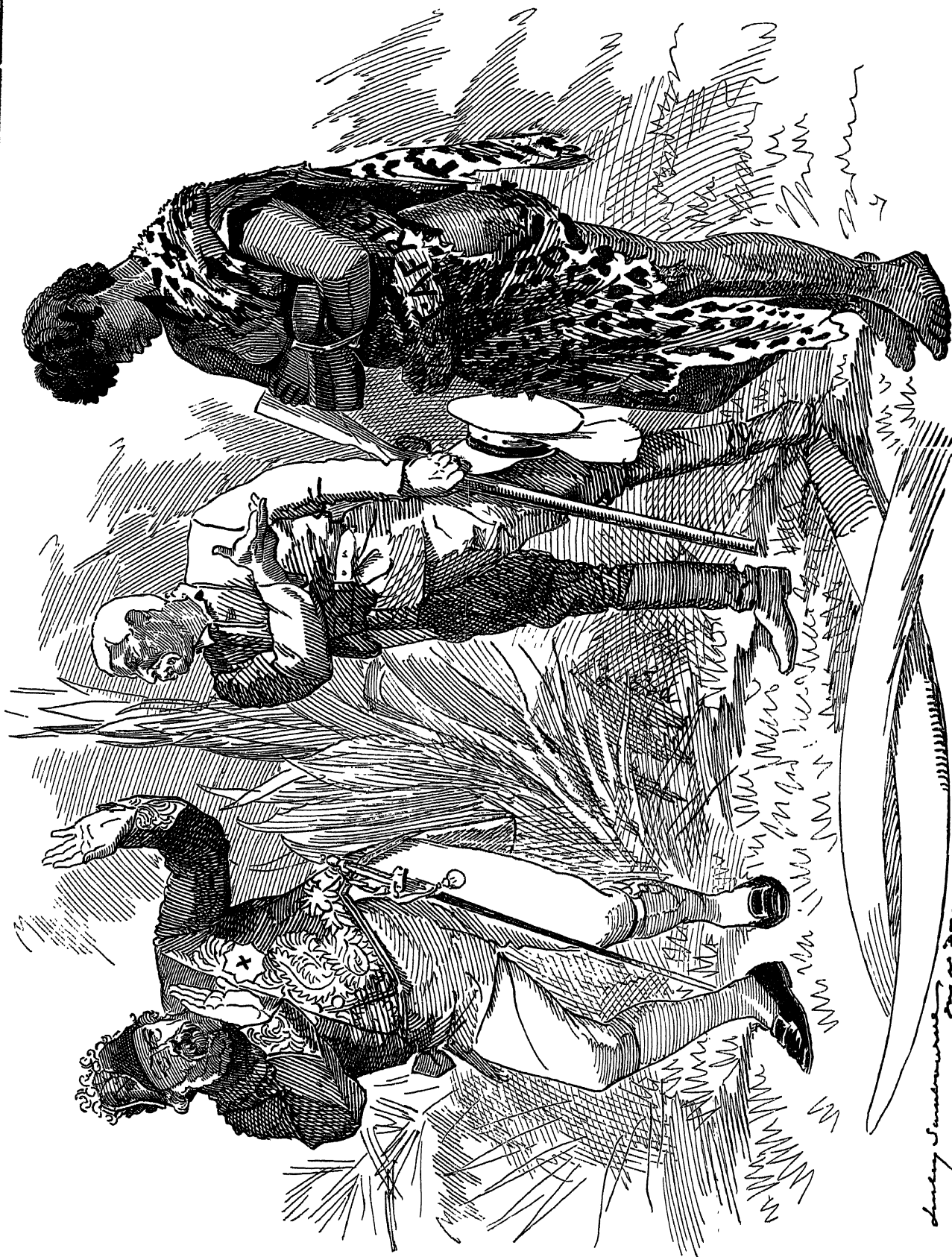
The S. L. (her enthusiasm greatly on the wane, and her temper slightly affected). Lucy, I wish you wouldn't worry so—it's quite impossible to stop and look at everything. If you wanted your tea as badly as I do! Mark that one? What, when they neither of them have a single thing on! Never, Lucy,—and I'm surprised at your suggesting it! Oh, you meant the next one? h'm—no, I can't say I care for it. Well, if I do mark it, I shall only put a tick—for it really is not worth a cross!

COMING OUT.

The Man who always makes the Right Remark. H'm. Haven't seen anything I could carry away with me.

His Flippant Friend. Too many people about, eh? Never mind, old chap, you may manage to sneak an umbrella down-stairs—I won't say anything! *[Disgust of his companion, who descends stairs in offended silence, as scene closes.*





“EMBARRASSING!”

Henry Sumner

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

I AM told that many of the millions who have read with delight the brilliant sporting articles that have appeared from my pen week after week expect me to utter a few words of seasonable advice as to the chances of the various animals engaged in the Derby and the Oaks. If I were one of the chowder-headed numskulls who cackle for hire, the task would doubtless be an easy one. Mr. J. has performed it yearly with that magnificent want of success which attends all his addle-pated efforts. But, praise be to Heaven! I am not Mr. J., or one of his crew. I am only a humble writer, distinguished alike for his unerring sagacity, his undeviating accuracy, and his incisive force of expression. My task is, therefore, stupendous, but I will perform it.

THE DERBY.

There are many horses in for the Derby. Some people fancy *Sure-foot*. Fancies are not, of course, facts, but the name is good. Keep your eye on the black and cerise of LIDDARD. *Sainfoin* is not generally supposed to cover grass, but there are generally exceptions. I have not heard the angels calling *Le Nord* lately, but they may begin at any time. A man may get home, so may a horse, and I am bound to say that if I were *The Beggar* I should give the lie to the crack-brained pudding proverb, and be a chooser of first place. *Bel Demonio* should be all there when the first part of his name rings, so that he may go like the second, if he wants to be one, two, or three. *Rathbeal* rhymes to heel. Has he got a clean pair to show? *Orwell* should score well; and you must never tie your Garter too



PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. G.,

Executed with Scientific Accuracy and Considerable Restraint of Tone.
(Guildford, May 28)

tightly, unless you want to stop your circulation. *Golden Gate* is not always as open as might be wished; and *The Imp* is sometimes a hindrance. Good old *Polonius*! As for *Kirkham*, *Alloway*, *Martagon*, and *Loup*, all I can say is, Mum's the word. How about the Field? Monkeys are often made there. Somuch for the Derby.

THE OAKS.

Who said *Semolina*? Passion, passion take advice, fill your pockets full of *Semolina*. Ha, ha! *Signorina* ought certainly not to miss the mark by more than a mile. *Mémoire* might do *pour servir*, and *Goldwing* sounds well for a flyer. Those who cross the *Ponza (sinorum)* generally go further with ease, and *Dearest* is certainly superlative. The Field a monkey. Who said that? Whoever he was, let him beware! That is all I have to say in the meantime, but anyone desiring further information is requested to apply to me by letter at the office, enclosing twelve clean stamps for a reply. All who are not in a state of niddy-noddy, anserous, asinine, gruel-brained, pumpkin-faced, gooseberry-eyed imbecility, will, of course, do so.

A Shaftesbury Song.

(AIR—"With a Doodah!" as sung years ago, with great applause, by Mr. W. E. G.-DST-NE.)

OUR Author JONES has come out strong

With a *Judah*! With a *Judah*!

Original drama, three Acts long,

Judah! *Judah*! pay!

It's bound to run each night,

And many a *Matinée*.

I'll lay my money on the WIL-

LARD nag.

Ev'ryone will see the play.

"EMBARRASSING!"

Or, *The Political Scipio and the East African Charmer.*

"Though the topic of Africa is said to be 'embarrassing and inconvenient,' it need not occasion any uneasiness at all; but if the British Government surrenders any portion of the territory reserved for the sphere of British influence, it may become most terribly embarrassing within a measurable period of time."—*Stanley's Reply to Lord Salisbury.*

STANLEY, loquitur:—

HISTORY repeats itself! Perhaps it may do, But "with a difference." The moral Sages Think that if anyone holds wisdom, they do; But not all sense is stored in pedant's pages.

Historic parallels, from PLUTARCH downwards, Are rather pretty fancies than realities. I am no book-worm, have no leanings gownwards.

And set small store by moralist's banalities. To pose as SCIPIO, that pudent Roman, So praised by pedagogue POLYBIUS, seemingly

Pleases a Tory Premier. Well, our foe-man Won't slumber whilst we choose to doze on dreamingly.

SCIPIO at New Carthage was a hero Of virgin virtue and high generosity; But hopes in Africa will fall to zero, If "policy" means virtuous pomposity.

The chaste Proconsul turned his visage blushing, From what with him was personal temptation;

But what's good rule for one will fall quite crushingly

If 'tis adopted by a mighty nation.

SCIPIO, no doubt, was splendid in his modest And generous dealings with those Spanish hostages;

But SALISBURY - SCIPIO? Picture of the oddest!

Imperial rule is not all Penny Postages, Dainty diplomacies, generous concessions To Teuton tastes and Hohenzollern fancies; Or faith in bland CAPRIVI's fine professions, And wandering WEISSMANN's roseate romances.

Kilimi-Njaro, Masai-Land, the Congo, Should satisfy your thirst for abnegation; And now, methinks, dear Lord, you cannot wrong go,

If you go in for—let's say "exploitation."

SCIPIO the Elder was not given to letting The Carthaginians get too much the best of him.

Now on the Teuton it is even betting; To squeeze you north, or south, or east, or west of him,

Out of the Congo State on the west border, Out of the Southern Soudan on his north one!

By Jove, my Lord, that seems a biggish order! To stop it needs some struggle, and 'tis worth one.

That poor East African Company's affronted, While Iron-clads and soldiers help the Teuton.

Must they then be from the Nyanza shunted, And must I all their miseries be mute on, Because plain speech is what you call "embarrassing."

Because unto the Teuton you're so tender? Must Englishmen in Africa stand harassing, And stoop to a calm policy of Surrender, And all that a proud Premier at Hatfield May play the SCIPIO—in this feeble fashion? My Lord, we did not win our spurs in that field.

Upon my soul, it puts me in a passion; And not me only, but, as you'll discover, A lot of Englishmen who watch this drama. SCIPIO was not an indiscriminate lover, But it was he licked HANNIBAL at Zama. I bring you, SCIPIO, the East Africa beauty, Captured and chained, but opulent and charming.

You turn away! From sacred sense of duty? From fear of your (political) virtue harming?

No! SCIPIO seemed ruled by honour's laws When to the captured beauty he was lenient, You turn away, sham SCIPIO, because She seems "embarrassing and inconvenient"!

BEER.

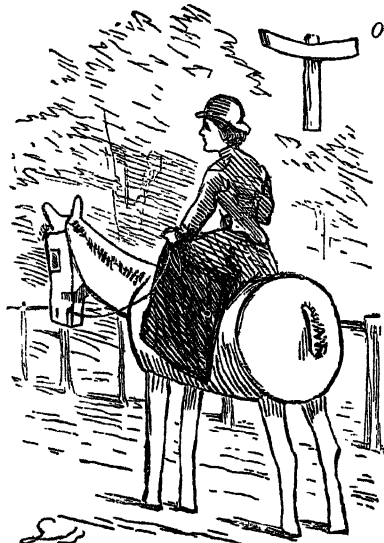
[Messrs. SPIERS AND POND say in a letter in *The Daily Telegraph*, that "bottled beer is really what the great majority of the public want when they are out for a holiday."]

MENTION not the wines of Medoc, nor the vintage of Bordeaux, Or the Burgundy that rivals e'en the ruby in its flow; Though the growers of Epernay and the merry men of Rheims, Pour champagne that holds the sunlight in exhilarating streams; There's a finer nobler tippie, that the Briton's heart doth cheer, And he clings with fond affection to his draught or bottled beer.

Amber Rudesheimer charms us wandering by the haunted Rhine, Sparkling Hook near Ehrenbreitstein is a mighty pleasant wine; In agreement with the German we have vowed we loved full well, To behold the bubbles flashing on a goblet of Moselle; But the Briton hugs his tankard, and would count the man an ass Who held not in highest honour nectar from the vats of Bass.

Port is worthy of acceptance, once men made the bottle spin; Sherry hath a welcome flavour when the filberts have come in: Scotsmen have been seen imbibing in the mountains of the north, What is known as whiskey-toddy in the lands beside the Forth: But the Englishmen will tell you that for really sterling worth— Bass's beer can beat all liquids that were ever made on earth.

THE BITTER CRY OF THE LONDON RIDER HAGGARD AND JADED.



O the Chief Commissioners of Works, The Dillo of Police, and to "George" Ranger.

WHY not open up rides in Kensington Gardens? Say one good one under the trees from South-West to North-West, and connect Kensington with Bayswater? Will any benefactor to unfortunate Metropolitan Equestrians force this North-West passage?

There is a meagre ride at the side of the road in the Inner Circle, Regent's Park. Why not a good ride right across Park? From considerable observation and experience of Kensington Gardens and Regent's Park, it may be confidently asserted, that such rides as are here proposed, would not interfere with the comfort of a single (or married)

nurse or governess with children in her charge. Both places are comparatively unfrequented, and the proposed rides would not infringe upon the recreation of the London boys.

We strongly recommend the Chief Commissioner to visit Paris, and, mounted upon a comfortable horse, let him make the acquaintance of the delightful *sentiers* laid out as rides in the Bois de Boulogne. This will be a first-rate French exercise for him, and he will learn a great deal from it. The DUKE, who is fond of equitation, especially in Battersea Park, must admit that the equestrians of London are very badly off for variety. Up and down Rotten Row, once into the siding by the Barracks, once to the dismal ride on the North side, and once back again by the ride that opens on to the Mausoleum-like Magazine,—which of all London Magazines is the dreariest,—this, and only this, is the daily burden of the patient London rider's song. "How long? How long?" as Mr. WILSON BARRETT used to be always exclaiming in *The Silver King*, or *Claudian*, or both. How long—will mounted London put up with this, which is the reverse of a merry-go-round?

Then we have to be thankful for the small mercy of a narrow strip of a ride, barely room for one, along Constitution Hill, and for that other strip, a trifle wider, in Birdcage Walk, which is always crowded with children, and one might as well be riding through nursery grounds. Why shouldn't there be here a cut right across the grass, from The Walk of the Birdcages to middle of Piccadilly?

If GEORGE Ranger, the Chief Commissioner of Police, and the Chief of the Board of Works would combine, we might get something done which would benefit the riders—riders haggard and jaded—and materially assist the smallest circulation (possessed by those who ride to live) in the world. There is one thing that ought to be put down, and put down with a strong hand,—and that is plenty of gravel at all the gates; but especially round and about the Marble Arch, which is a most dangerously slippery pass.

THE "SILK" EXHIBITION.



WHAT OUR ARTIST EXPECTED TO FIND THERE.

RAILWAY UNPUNCTUALITY REPORT;

Or, What it may probably come to.

THAT the new Legislation has begun to tell favourably on the conduct of the traffic of the leading lines cannot for a moment be doubted after glancing at the thirteenth Bi-weekly Record, published at the Companies' expense, according to the Provisions of the recent Act, on the back of all their passenger-tickets. It is satisfactory to note how, in something like six weeks, punctuality in the train service seems really almost established, the only train arriving one minute late being one of the Edinburgh Expresses, of which the boiler of the engine blew up at Grantham, thereby causing a little delay, which, however, was picked up before the conclusion of the run by extra steaming. The heavy penal system which the new Legislation has introduced, is, of course, answerable for this delightful change; but a glance at the following table for the six weeks since the Act has come into operation, will show how effectively and rapidly it has worked:—

	Trains late.	Chairmen put in Irons.	Directors sentenced to Penal Servitude.	Station Masters sentenced to Hard Labour.	Other Officials sent to Gaol and Fined.
First week	1725	9	95	192	2004
Second, Do.	3	1	3	17	143
Third, Do.	2	..	2	11	88
Fourth, Do.	1	1	1	3	15
Fifth, Do.	1*
Sixth, Do.	1	1	2	5	10

* Precautionary sentence.

The list of officials, as furnished in the above Schedule, undergoing their various periods of punishment, is an encouraging sign to the travelling public, and it is satisfactory to notice that the old unpunctuality that marked the first week, followed up as it was by a rigorous application of the new law, instantly disappeared as if by magic, when the Companies began really to understand their responsibilities and their penalties under the new Act. It is confidently, therefore, to be hoped, that next week's record may possibly be an entirely clean one, and that, the only method of ensuring punctuality, namely, the infliction of a penalty on the Authorities who can control it, may be found in practice to be entirely successful.

SUGGESTION GRATIS.—Why doesn't some enterprising publisher engage Sergeant PALMER of the 19th Knowles's Century Powder Magazine to write a Military Romance? There has been nothing of the sort worth mentioning since CHARLES LEVER. The Sergeant could write under the *nom de guerre* of *Micky Free, Redivivus*.
(Signed) BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Q. If several Householders who love peace and quietness on Sunday, should combine to put down the Salvation Army's so-called singing, what Mountains would they resemble?—A. The Hymn Allayers.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday, May 26.—Faust. Faust-rate performance as far as JACK and NED DE RESZKÉ are concerned. Madame NORDICA is far too knowing a *Marguerite*. The simple *Faust*, just beginning life, is evidently no match for this guileless young lady. Being "no match for her" is probably the reason for his not marrying her. NORDICA charming vocally, but dramatically there is too much of the *Becky Sharp* about her, and she is merely in a plot with *Martha* to let in the rich and spoony Juggins called *Faust*. New man, FRANCESCHETTI, as *Valentine*, not quite the thing: perhaps nervous seeing DAN DRADY in front looking at him. Good house for Whit Monday, though of course The Brilliances are absent. Choruses excellent. What capital match-boxes the old men in the Old Men's Chorus would make! Good contrast between Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Martha*, and NED DE R. as *Mephistopheles*.



Marguerite Nordica Slybootzen coming home from church.

Tuesday.—Glorious Opera, *Les Huguenots*; French title with Italian names, such as *Valentina*, *Margherita di Valois*, *Urbano*, &c. First appearance of Monsieur Ybos. Why Boss? Always thought DRURIOLANUS was Boss of this show. Better change name to Y-not-bos, and the answer will come from DRURIOLANUS himself, "Yboss." Monsieur YBOS belongs to the school of Signor VIBRATO. Energetic but too angry with *Valentina*, when she confesses that she loves him. ELLA RUSSELL magnificent as sleeveless Queen. NED DE RESZKÉ the best possible *Marcello*. As DRURIOLANUS, dropping into poetry, observes—

He is the very best *Marcello*,
With a voice like the deepest violoncello.

Monsieur DUFFICHE as *San Bris*, "quite the *brie*," or cheese. Madame TETRAZZINI a dramatic *Valentina*. DAN DRADY a first-rate *Conte di Nevers*—too-late-to-mend. Curfew-Watchman in perfect tune. Soldiers' rataplanatory chorus very nearly perfection at finish, though starting shakily. Little PALLADINO danced so delightfully as even to bewitch the Hug-me-not soldiers. I've seen this Opera any number of times, and I have been at considerable trouble and expense to master the plot. An idea strikes me. I shall publish *Examination Papers on Popular Operas*. What the prize will be for the one who answers correctly from memory, without reference to any *libretto*, is a matter for further consideration. Here is a specimen of examination paper on the *Huguenots*:

ACT I.—Why is *Raoul* blindfolded?

What is *Miss Valentine* doing in somebody else's house?

Why does *Raoul's* servant come in and sing a hymn?

Why is he apparently pleased when *Raoul* is blindfolded and taken away?

ACT. II.—Account for the dresses of the bathing-women who come in and dance before the Queen. Where are the machines?

What is the Page's song, "No, no, no, no!" about?

Is *Raoul* in love with the Queen, or the Queen with *Raoul*? In either case account reasonably for the subsequent conduct of each of them.

What is the Queen singing about at commencement of Act?

ACT III.—What is *Valentine* doing out in the streets, in a wedding-dress, late at night?

Why do the women turn their backs on the church when they kneel in the streets to say their prayers? Is there no more kneeling-room inside the church? If so, why are people still being admitted while the women are kneeling outside? What service should you say was going on?



Raoul di Nangis Ybos. "'Tu m'ami! How dare you! 'Tu m'ami! I can't tell you how angry I am with you. I'll vibrate you!'" [*Shakes himself, and her at the same time.*]

Where do the Maritanas with tambourines all come from? And why? Are they the bathing-women in another costume? If so, show their connection with the plot.

After the curfew has sounded, and a man with a lantern has sent everyone to bed, why do all the people suddenly come out of bed again, every one of them all dressed and ready for anything?

What is the Queen doing riding about the town at night on a white horse?

ACT IV.—Don't you think the Conspirators are very simple-minded people, not to look behind the curtain where *Raoul* is hidden? What have the nuns to do with the blessing of the daggers? Wouldn't they be rather in the way in a conspiracy?

On what storey does the action of Act IV. take place, and what is the height from the ground that *Raoul* has to leap when he jumps out of the window?

There used to be a Fifth Act, with a grand *trio* and *chorale*, what has become of it? If played, does anyone stop to hear it? If not played, can audience sue the management, or demand their money back?

Thursday.—Memorable for two *rentrées* and one first appearance. *Rentrée* of Madame ETELKA GERSTER, *rentrée* of RAVELLI, and first appearance, on stage, this season, of Covent Garden Cat. Trying position for the sleep-walking heroine in bed-room scene, when the Covent Garden Cat (who was in front last Tuesday night, when she ran round the ledge of the pit tier in humble imitation of little LAURIE at Pantomime time) suddenly rushes from under the bed, and after nearly frightening into fits naughty little LISA BAUERMEISTER, who happens to be hiding there, walks with tail erect



Unexpected effect. Sudden appearance of representative of Katti Lanner.

quietly across the stage, and makes a good exit R. 2. E. Count EDOUARD, in commencement-of-nineteenth-century hat and coat, finished off with trousers and patent-leather boots of date A.D. 1890, much amused. *Amina* supposed to be walking in her sleep, can't possibly take notice of animal, but House in chuckles, as an audience always is, whenever the harmless and quite unnecessary cat appears upon the stage. *Rentrée* of RAVELLI, in first-rate voice. Everyone charmed with him, and with NED DE RESZKÉ. Signor RINALDINO an amusing *Alessio*, and Madame SINICO tunelessly affectionate as the devoted and sympathetic Mamma of the Amiable heroine. Melodies of our childhood, delightful to hear them again; and the good old-fashioned Italian Opera terminations to the choruses admirably rendered.

Friday.—"Dr. Faust, I presume?" I wasn't there. Opera went on, I believe, in my absence.

Saturday.—*La Traviata*. ELLA RUSSELL at her best. Tenor MONTARIOL not quite at his best as that despicable character *Alfredo*. M. PALERMINI (why not "Old Pal"?), very good as *Giorgio Germont*. The magnificently-attired chorus enjoy themselves amazingly at supper in Act I., for *Violetta*, when she does do the thing, does it well, and there are certainly not less than four bottles of champagne among a hundred guests.

Questions for Examination Paper.—At whose house does this supper party take place? Why do all the guests leave at once? Why is everyone in a Charles the Second costume except *Violetta*, who is in fashionable evening dress of 1890? Who is the young lady whom *Violetta* so affectionately kisses? and what, if anything, has she to do with the plot?

In Act III.—Is it a *bal masque*? If not, what is it, and where? What is the simple game of cards which *Alfredo* plays with such enthusiasm? Who wins? and how much?



CAUTION.

Married Sister. "AND OF COURSE, LAURA, YOU WILL GO TO ROME OR FLORENCE FOR YOUR HONEYMOON?"

Laura. "OH DEAR, NO! I COULDN'T THINK OF GOING FURTHER THAN THE ISLE OF WIGHT WITH A MAN I KNOW LITTLE OR NOTHING OF!"

"DOUBTFUL!"

OWNER.

Our Stable's a bit out of form
(Says more than one usual backer),
The pace will be made pretty warm,
And the finish will be a rare cracker.
By Jove! we must put our best goods in the front,
Or possibly we may be out of the hunt.

TRAINER.

Come, Sir, don't go talking like that!
Cantankerous critics will chatter.
Our 'osses can go a rare "bat,"
Their funk it, Sir! That's what's the matter!
Eh, RITCHIE, my boy? Oh, the crack that
Will go, when he once settles into his stride.

JOCKEY.

My opinion's of little account,
But I don't mind admitting, yer honour,
I am not dead nuts on my mount.
Some say he's as good as a goner.
Though the Wilters are on him, of course, to
a man, [as he ran.
His own brother warn't placed the one time

OWNER.

The Brother Bung stock, *entre nous*,
All show soft, when it comes to close racing.
This horse looks a bit of a "screw."
There, GOSCHEN, no need for grimacing.
I mean no offence; he's well trained, and
might win; [their tin.
But—well, backers seem cautious in planking

TRAINER.

Humph! Pencillers have been at work;
They'll muck the nag's chance, if they're
able.
Fatty CAINE—the fanatical shirk!—
Seems inclined to abandon the Stable.
But still *Compensation*'s a horse to my
mind.
He will finish with fewer before than behind.

OWNER.

Ah! but that's not quite good enough, G.
Just now what we want's a clear winner.
Our new string of cracks numbers three;
There's *Tithe* (who's a timid beginner),
Land Purchase, a nailer, and this, your pet
nag.
The question is, which is the best of the bag?

Land Purchase, now, comes of sound stock
(By *Tenant-Right* out of *Coercion*),
And then I've such faith in his Jock!
Nay, RITCHIE, I mean no aspersion.
You ride very nicely indeed for a "pup,"
But BALFOUR! All's right when the cry's
"ARTHUR's up!"

JOCKEY.

Oh! he's a fair scorcher, a brick,
With the long legs—and luck—of the
"Tinman."
But when of the mounts you've the pick,
It's hard if you can't score a win, man.
You stick me on *Land Purchase*, guv'nor,
and see
If the "pup," as you call him, ain't in the
first three!

OWNER.

Ah, there it is, GOSCHEN, you know;
That justifies what I was saying.
I fancy this animal's slow,
Not sure that his specialty's staying.
I think, if we value our Stable—and tin—
That we should declare with *Land Purchase*
to win. [Left discussing it.

DERBY DISAPPOINTMENTS.

To go to Epsom with a view to a day's enjoyment.

To imagine that there is any sport on the road down, and ditto returning.

To believe that a heavy lunch of lukewarm lobster salad and simmering champagne can be taken with impunity.

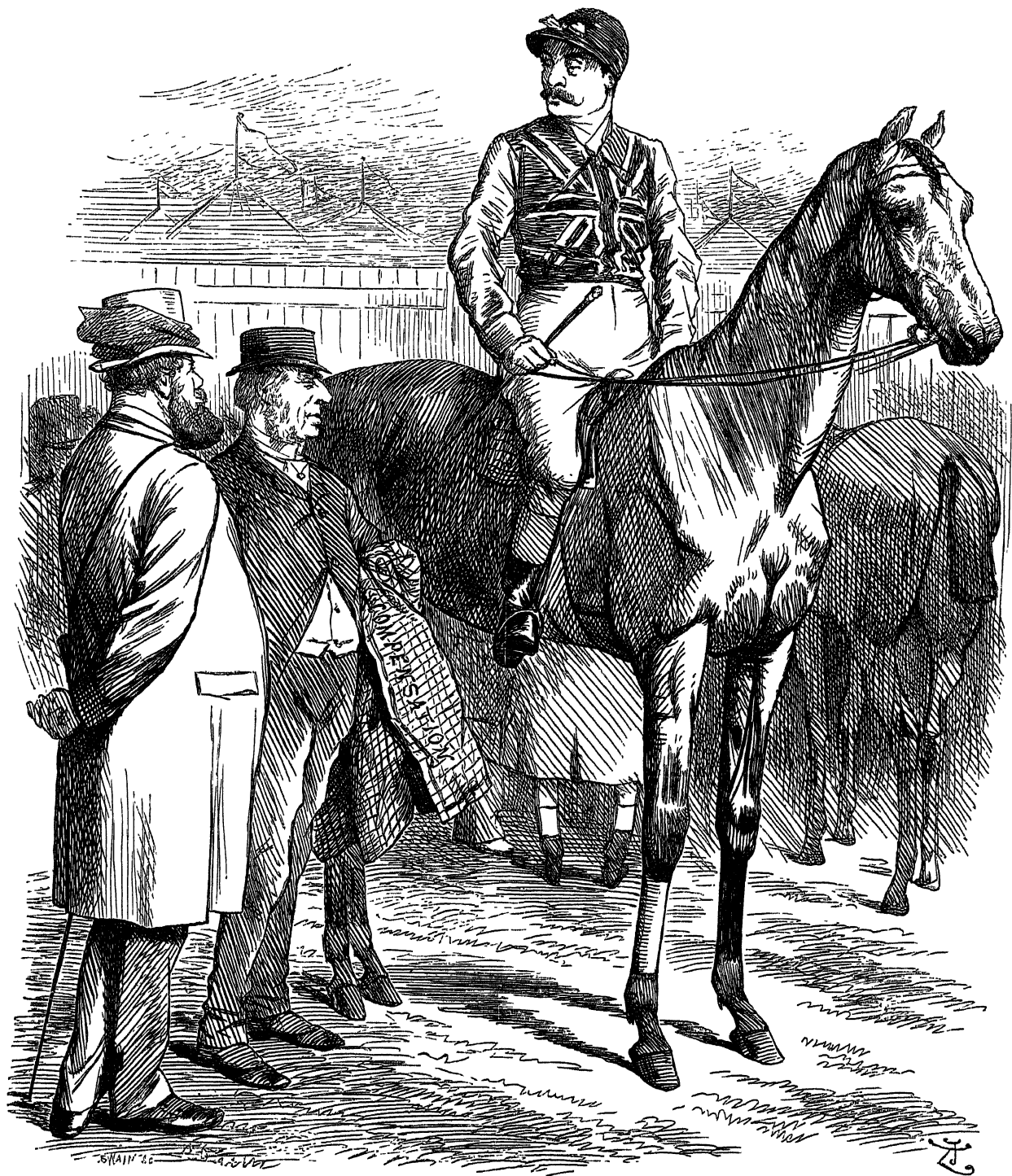
To fancy that one can get into a train bound for the Downs without losing one's temper.

To think that there is any fun in listening to the ribald songs of street nigger minstrels and Shoreditch gipsies.

To expect that, after taking part in half a dozen drag sweeps, any one of them will turn up trumps.

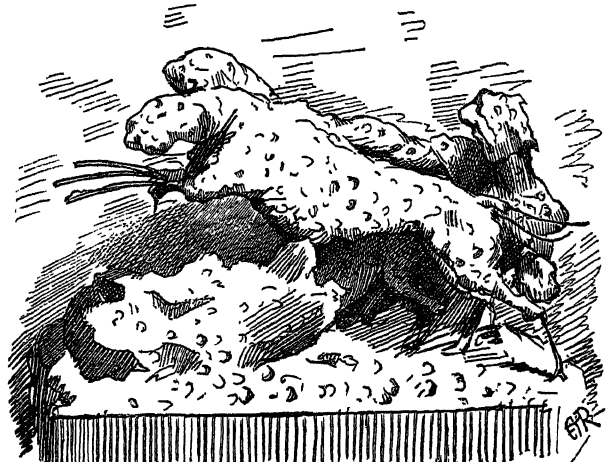
To presume that you will neither be choked with dust nor drenched with rain before you get home.

Lastly, to back the Winner for £10,000, payable by the Bank of England, to draw the right number at all the West-End Clubs to which you belong, becoming in consequence betrothed to the only and lovely daughter of a millionaire Duke, and then (on waking) to find it all a dream!



“DOUBTFUL!”

LORD SALISBURY (to Trainer). “H’M!—DON’T QUITE LIKE THE LOOK OF HIM. BETTER DECLARE TO WIN WITH LAND PURCHASE!”



A WARNING IN WAX.

WHAT THE STATUE LOOKED LIKE WHEN IT LEFT THE SCULPTOR'S HAND FOR EXHIBITION.

ITS APPEARANCE WHEN THE BRITISH PUBLIC HAD ASCERTAINED, BY EXPERIMENT, THAT IT REALLY WAS IN WAX.

THE BALLAD OF THE EARL'S BREEKS.

"I am wearing a pair of Co-operative trousers."—Lord Rosebery, at Congress of Delegates from the Co-operative Societies of Great Britain and Ireland, meeting at Glasgow.

TALK of Dual Garmenture! Here's a picture, to be sure,
That a pleasanter, more potent lesson teaches.
Croakers given to foolish fright might take courage at the sight
Of Lord ROSEBERRY's Co-operative Breeches!
For our Earl's a canny chiel, and the timidest must feel
That by what he advocates no sort of hurt is meant;
And if anybody wants true co-operative pants,
He'll be glad to read Lord ROSEBERRY's advertisement.
Co-operation now frightens very few, I trow,
(Who wear trousers); but a few years earlier? Bless us!
Such breeks would have been bogies to a lot of frightened fogies,
They would just as soon have donned the shirt of Nessus.
Now an Earl to Glasgow goes, 'midst the men once thought our
foes,
And about Co-operation learns—and also teaches;
And receives with genial glee from the Tweed Society
A pair of Tweed Co-operative Breeches!
Why eighty-six per cent. (at Clackmannan) are intent,
(Nearly nine-tenths of all its population),
In a fashion fair as stout, upon fully working out
The principles of true Co-operation.
Yet there are no earthquakes there, and Lord ROSEBERRY in the chair
At the Congress of Co-operative Delegates,
Talks in tones of hearty cheer, and the very thought of fear
To a Limbo Fatuorum calmly relegates.
Members One million men, with a capital of Ten,
And an annual sale of close on *Thirty Seven*!
Two millions more each year! Yes, it's truly pretty clear
That the State feels the co-operative leaven.
And though it is mere hum to see the Millennium,
Because Co-operators cheerfully co-operate,
Yet it is a mighty movement, and our hopes of Earth's improvement
May rise with it, at a prudent and a proper rate.
Pooh! the pessimistic dreams of pragmatical Earl WEMYSS
May well excite this sager Earl's derision.
Forty Millions total profit! No, we are *not* nearing Tophet,
Any more than we are touching realms Elysian.
Those on Co-Ops so sweet and shopkeepers need not treat
Each other like the cats of old Kilkenny,
From each other they might learn, live together and all turn,
With sagacity and skill, an honest penny.
There's no need for any gush, but "The Principle" will push
As Lord ROSEBERRY foreshadows to high places;
And it was not all his fun when he hinted we might run
Our Empire on co-operative bases!
They who want to understand what is stirring in the land,
Should peruse PRIMROSE's pithiest of speeches,
Meanwhile *Punch* drinks good health to the "Labourer's Common-
wealth,"
And long wear to those Co-operative Breeches!

WEEK BY WEEK.

Monday.—Preparing for the Derby. Mr. STANLEY goes out of his way to meet Lord SALISBURY. Lord SALISBURY goes out of Mr. H. M. S's. way.

Tuesday.—More preparations for Derby.

Wednesday.—The Derby. Mr. *Punch* out for the day. Party at Foreign Office to meet Mr. STANLEY unavoidably postponed.

Thursday.—Trying to recover from Derby Day.

Friday.—Private Eclipse of the Sun. For tickets to view, inquire at Timekeeper's Office, Charing Cross. Only a limited number will be issued.

Saturday.—Lord SALISBURY's first dance to meet Mr. STANLEY.

SOCIAL festivities which were much disturbed by the Whitsuntide holidays, have now been resumed in all their splendour. The Mile End Athenæum yesterday held their annual reception in the palatial institution designed for the accommodation of the intellectual *élite* of the district. The rooms were crowded from an early hour. Proceedings began with an address on "The *Æsthetic* Position of Mile End," delivered by the President. This was followed by some graceful step-dancing, executed by two stars from the neighbouring Hall of Variety. Later on the guests, having, as is usual, exchanged over-coats, and tossed with the Club halfpenny for umbrellas, separated to their homes.

Lady CLEMENTINA CROPPER has issued cards for a musical evening at which all the most eminent performers are expected. The Whistling Quintette and the Whispering Choir have been engaged. Her Ladyship's parties are famous for the animation and brilliancy of their conversation.

It is understood that the Stewards of the Jockey Club at their last meeting resolved to suppress the use of all strong language on Derby Day. Any owner discovered in the act of saying "blow" will be confined to barracks for a fortnight. Anything more violent will involve perpetual suspension, with the loss of all the privileges of a British Citizen. Any jockey denouncing his neighbour's eyes will be converted into an automatic toffee-distributor. If he repeats the offence, he will be forbidden to vote at the next County Council Election. These salutary regulations will be strictly enforced.

The Railway Companies anticipate no difficulty in conveying visitors to Epsom within two hours of the time fixed for their arrival. Much interest attaches to some novel experiments in shunting, which are to be carried out between Epsom and London to-day. The point is to discover whether an excursion train loaded with passengers at the rate of thirty to a carriage designed for eight, can be shunted into a siding so as to clear an express moving at a constant velocity of fifty miles an hour, drinks included. The pace of the excursion train may be neglected in the solution of the problem.

"I have never understood," says a Correspondent, who signs himself "PUZZLED," "why a dog should always use his left hind-leg for the purpose of scratching his left ear, and *vice versa* his right leg for his right ear. Can any of your readers enlighten me?"

GROSVENOR GEMS. (SECOND VISIT.)



No. 180. Littler and Littler.



No. 36. W. Qrious Jaundiceson, R.A.

EXCHELSIOR!

TOLD that I can "assist the progress of Military Science" if I go up in a "War Balloon" at Chelsea. Don't know anything about ballooning, but do want to assist Military Science.

Arrive at Chelsea Exhibition Grounds. See the Balloon being inflated. Disappointed, as a "War Balloon" seems to be exactly the same as a Peace Balloon. Expected it to be armour-plated, or fitted with aerial torpedoes, or something of that sort. Ask Professional Aëronaut if I mayn't take a bomb up with me, and drop it, as practice for war time? Aëronaut scowls fiercely. Asks, "If I want to blow the Balloon to smithereens?" Also asks, "If I have any bombs about me now?" Looks as if he would like to search me! Drop the subject—not the bomb. Still, I should like to know how I can "assist Military Science." Take my place in car nervously.

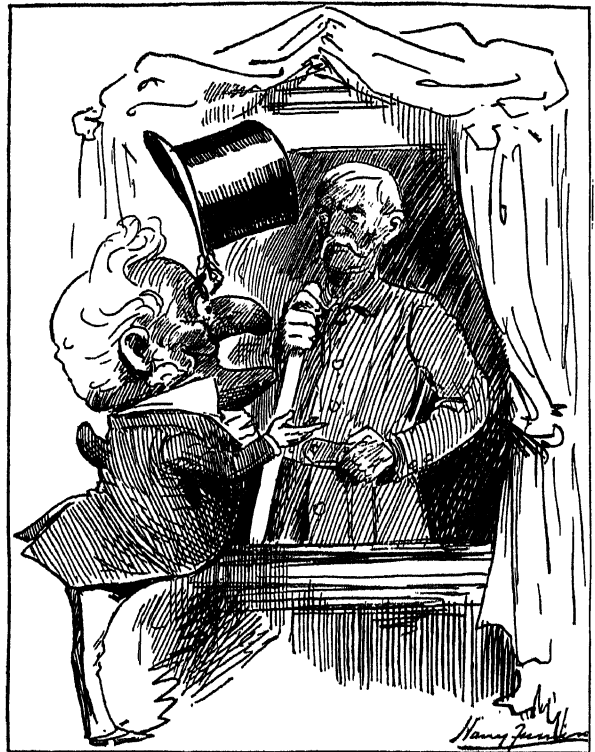
Somebody shouts, "Let go!" What an extraordinary sensation! Feel as if I had suddenly left digestive portion of my anatomy a mile below me. Have felt same sort of thing in crossing Channel. Look over edge of car. Appalling! Wish I hadn't been such a fool as to come. Ask Professional Aëronaut, "What would happen if a rope broke now?" He replies, sulkily, "your neck would break too." Not comforting. Question is—How long will this last without my being sea-sick? Also, How am I "assisting progress of Military Science?" Balloon calmer, and not wobbling, thank Heaven! Begin to enjoy the view. How beastly cold it is up here, though! Passing over St. Paul's—suggest to fellow passenger that with a bomb, or better still a pistol, one could "pot" the Dome. Passenger (funny man) says, "Why not try a parachute?" I laugh heartily, and nearly fall over side. Aëronaut, roughly, "wishes to goodness I'd keep still." I wish to goodness he'd make the Balloon keep still—don't say this, however.

Somewhere over Essex. See distant sea. Aëronaut says, "There's no end of a wind springing up." Heavens! Believe we are drifting out to sea! But I didn't want to "assist progress of Naval Science"—only "Military." Tell Aëronaut this. He says, he's "just going down." Talks as if he were "going down" to breakfast—after "getting up," as we have done! Rather a good joke for mid-air. But is it mid-air? We are descending rapidly. Digestion this time left up in clouds. Tearing along over fields. Balloon pitching and tossing violently. Grapnel thrown out. Catches a cow. Cow runs with us. Idiot! Why can't it stand steady?

Awful crash! Bump, bang, whack! Balloon explodes with fearful report. Yet no reporters present! Remember nothing more. Wake up, and find myself in Hospital of an Essex town. Query—Have I, or have I not, "assisted the progress of Military Science?"



No. 102. Marvellous Acrobatic Feat.



No. 140. "Mr. Stanley, I presume?"



No. 109. The Dairy Maid and the Butteries.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Marsh King's Daughter. One of WARNE & Co.'s publications for children's amusement, but the illustrations by JESSIE CURRIE are too highly curried, or rather coloured, and the effect is hard and theatrical. By the way, Miss CURRIE's genius is a trifle wilful; for example, take this situation, which she has chosen to illustrate,—“She . . . pointed to a horse. He mounted upon it, and she sprang before him, and held tightly by the mane.” Now, asks the Baron, taking for granted the “sprang” is for “sprang up,” how would ordinary talent depict this scene? Why, certainly, by showing the girl mounted on the horse, holding on by the mane in front of the man, and the man up behind. Not so Miss CURRIE. She puts the good man—apparently an Amateur Monk—astride the horse, and she riding behind, holding lightly as it appears, with one hand the broad red crupper, and, with the other, probably, some portion of the Amateur Monk's dressing-gown. But genius must not be fettered.

Asop Redivivus is delightful, if only for the reappearance of the quaint old woodcuts—some of which, however, the Baron is of opinion, never belonged to the original edition—yet, with a polite bow to MARY BOYLE, he would venture to observe that, in his opinion, the revivification is an excellent idea rather thrown away. Whether it would have been better for more or less Boyleing, he is not absolutely certain, but perhaps the notion required a somewhat different treatment. The best of the fables is *The Sly Stag*, which, according to the woodcut, ought to have been a goat. But there may be some subtle humour in the frequent incongruity between a fable and its pictorial illustration.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

GRANDOLPH VICTORIOUS.—Rather fresh Easterly-windy weather for racing, last week; glad, therefore, to hear that GRANDOLPH “had a lot on.” His *Abbesse de Jouarre* was not to be stopped by any *Fulher Confessor*, and came in first. What will he name his next probable starter? *John Wesley?*

RECENT letters to *The Times* represent Tangiers to English tourists as the most Tangierble point for a holiday trip.



A MINE OF INFORMATION.

“WHAT'S A CENTAUR, PAPA?”

“A CENTAUR, MY CHILD, IS A FABULOUS CREATURE, NOW EXTINCT!”

MORE ABOUT TALLEYRAND.

To the Editor of “Punch.”

DEAR SIR,—You have on many occasions honoured me by inserting my contributions, and consequently it is to you I turn in the present difficulty. A few days since an appeal was made in the columns of one of your contemporaries which it is hard to resist.

A propos of the Talleyrand Autobiography a gentleman, who had given some extracts therefrom, wrote—“What I have quoted shows the charm and interest of the work, but does not discount its publication; and this, I hope, will be enough to enforce on the custodians of the Memoirs the obligation of reflection before continuing to suppress and to frustrate the legitimate curiosity of the public.” I have reflected, and, without making any admission, I submit that possibly the following passages may attain the end which the gentleman in question seemingly suggests.

When TALLEYRAND, in 1801, was at Amiens, assisting JOSEPH BONAPARTE in conducting negotiations with Lord CORNWALLIS for the final ratification of peace, he had an interview with the representative of England. I give a translation from a paper in my possession:—

“It was already the everlasting opposition of maritime and manufacturing towns that prevented this consummation. When Milor (CORNWALLIS?) observed, with insular bluntness (*bonhomie*), ‘The outcome will be a new throne (*encore une chaise bien décoré*) for J. B.’ I replied, ‘This will certainly not be to the advantage of Son Altesse JOSEPH (*pas pour José*).’”

Does not this read as if written yesterday? Five years later TALLEYRAND entered into a direct communication with FOX by letter, and this led to a personal interview with Lord YARMOUTH. I make a second quotation:—

“I told Mister-for-laughter (*esquire pour rire*) that there would be no difficulty in restoring to England Hanover, which was then in possession of Prussia. The Englishman (*P. Anglais*), who had been imbibing some generous wine (*vin ordinaire à dix sous*), stammered out that he considered the suggestion piscatorial. ‘Milor,’ I retorted, with a polite bow, ‘to a YARMOUTH accustomed to bloaters all things must appear fishy!’”

Considering TALLEYRAND's flexible mind, and the ease with which he resigned himself to blunders when they did not seem to him dangerous, this judgment, expressed with surprising emphasis, is the most striking condemnation which can be passed on the tone adopted by the British negotiator. With rare skill TALLEYRAND avoids the dryness usual to memoirs of a personal character. As an instance of this, I give a description of the desertion by the wily diplomatist of NAPOLEON in 1814, when the Emperor had consented to retire to Elba. That this passage may have additional force, I give it in the original, possibly very original, French:—

“Je n'aime pas lui. Je pensais de cet homme qu'il était un espèce de polichinelle (*a quaint sort of puppet*), qu'il n'était pas la valeur de son sel (*not the value of his salt*), et voilà la raison pourquoi je lui vende (*why I offered him for sale*). Il n'a pu supporter la bienfaisance avec satisfaction, ni les choses bien désagréables avec complaisance.”

“He could not bear the things that were disagreeable with complacency.” Volumes might be written on that phrase, which at this moment, if we look around us, suggests numerous parallel instances. I have heard a man growl when a plate of soup has been poured by a careless waiter on his dress waistcoat, I have noticed a lady frown when I have myself accidentally torn her train from its body, by treading upon it at an evening party. TALLEYRAND knew NAPOLEON—“He could not bear the things that were disagreeable with complacency!” And yet BONAPARTE is sometimes called “Le Grand!” (The Great!)

Here I pause, as I feel that I may have already gone too far. It is not for me to say how the document from which I have quoted, came into my possession. But before I satisfy the legitimate curiosity of the public further, I consider it my professional duty to consult the Bar Committee, the Council of the Incorporated Law Society, the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, and the LORD CHANCELLOR, many of whom are unfortunately still absent, enjoying the Whitsuntide Vacation.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

(Signed)

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court, June 2nd, 1890.

A NOVEL WITH A PURPOSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

How a few hundred pounds may be easily and honestly earned is a problem which daily exercises the imaginations of thousands. I was fortunate enough to hit upon a plan which I now feel it to be my duty to make as widely known as possible for the benefit of those whose need is greater than mine; for, curiously enough, not only did my work bring me in that direct emolument, upon which I not unwarrantably reckoned, but an elderly lady of unstable views was so taken with the chaotic benevolence of my book, that she bequeathed to me a very handsome legacy indeed, and almost immediately enabled me to realise it. Thus does the absolutely unexpected serve as the handmaid of the perfectly unintended, and enterprise retires from the lodgings of struggle to the villa of repose. My plan briefly was to write a quasi-religious Novel with a Purpose. I knew nothing about religion, and had no literary experience, but the purpose I had, and that purpose was, to make enough money to spend six weeks at Herne Bay, a locality to which I am passionately addicted.

A brief sketch of my proceedings will be the best explanation and guide to others. I first bought a sixpenny scrap-album, a pot of paste, and a pair of strong scissors; and a shillingworth of penny novelettes of various kinds and dates, and a shillingworth of cheap manuscript-paper completed my outlay. I then took the goods home and got to work. Glancing through the pile of novelettes, I soon found an opening that struck me as most suitable, cut it out, and pasted it in the scrap-book. Now came the chief literary exercise of my task. I had to go carefully through the passage, changing the names of the places and people, and making a few necessary substitutions, e.g., "The cuckoo was calling, and the dove cooing from the neighbouring woodland," would stand in my version "The cuckoo was cuckooing, and the dove calling from the adjacent thicket," while a sky described as "azure" in the original, would figure as "lapis lazuli," or, even blue.

The introduction safely engineered, I took another novelette from the pile, and holding it firmly in the left hand, I grasped the scissors with the thumb and forefinger of the right, cut three or four extracts at random, of rather more than half a column in length, and pasted these in the album, leaving about space enough for a couple of pages of three-volume novel, between each section.

Thus I dealt with my twelve novelettes, and then went through them again, and even again. Then the hard work began. I had to draw up a list of names of my own, and then to go carefully through the extracts, assigning the speeches to the best of my ability to the most suitable of my own characters. This, however, was infinitely less trouble than inventing dialogue, a process for which I always entertained an insuperable aversion. I was also confronted at times by adventures in my extracts which were quite unsuited for the novel with a purpose, which, according to the justest canons, should never get beyond a sprained ankle; and even that has to be handled with the greatest discretion—generally by the wavering curate. So I had in several places to tone down precipices, stay the inflowing tide with more success than King CANUTE, and stop runaway horses before they had excited alarm in their fair riders, or brought the discarded lover out into the road, saying in a tone of quiet command, "Stop! This cannot be allowed to go any farther."

Next, through the kindness of a friend, who was a householder, I procured a reading ticket for the British Museum Library, and from the writings of HERBERT SPENCER, HUXLEY, EMERSON, MATTHEW ARNOLD, RUSKIN, Dr. MOMERIE, and Mr. WALTER PATTER, and largely from the more pretentious Reviews and Magazines, I made copious and tolerably bewildering extracts, which I apportioned among the vacant spaces in my story, with more regard to the length than to the circumstances. I next went carefully over the whole, writing in a line here and there to make things smooth and pleasant, and artfully acknowledging the quotations in an incidental manner. The result was a surprisingly interesting and suggestive work, and when I had copied it all out in a fair, clerical hand, I found no difficulty in disposing of it, to good advantage, to a publisher of repute. The book caught on immensely. I became for one dazzling season a second-rate lion of the first magnitude. I was pointed out by literary celebrities whom nobody knew, to social recruits who knew nobody. I figured prominently in the

Saloons of the Mutual-exploitation Societies, and when my name appeared in the minor Society papers among those present at Mrs. OPHEA CROWDY's reception, I felt what it was to be famous—and to remain unspoiled.

A word of advice to those who will act upon my suggestions. Pitch your story in the calm domestic key, upon which the depths and obscurities of essayists, philosophers and divines, will come with pleasing incongruity. Thus:—

CHAPTER I.

"An English Summer day; old *Ponto* has been lying in the shade of the great elm at the Rectory Gate, too lazy to make even a vigorous snap at the flies, who are circling with mazy persistency round his great, good-humoured head. At the sound of wheels coming along the road, he pricks up his ears, and moves aside just in time to avoid being run over by the chaise from the Hall." Then the rattle of teacups, and the merry voices of tennis-players are interrupted by the barking of *Ponto*, and the incident of the tramp, lectured by the Rector, and relieved by LIONEL, the philanthropic Atheist.

"I love the Human, I resent the Divine!" said LIONEL, carefully shutting his purse.

"Why, really," began the Rector, "I don't know what I have done to incur your resentment."

"Pardon me, Sir," said LIONEL, grimly. "I am speaking of the Divine with a big D."

"We never use a big, big D," laughed NETTIE, gaily shaking her curls.

"Hush!" said MABEL, raising a warning finger at her little rattle-brain.

After this sally you may give two or three pages of discussion, letting the Rector have a good show with some of the Fathers, while NETTIE and LIONEL reconstruct things, human and divine, in the gloaming. You may carry your party to town in the season, and tantalise your frivolous readers by taking them just up to the Duchess's door. "Here LIONEL and Mr. CRUMPFETER left the ladies, as they had some important business in hand, promising to return for them at six o'clock. They had to go to an architect's office in Great George Street, to inspect the plans of the new Laundry, which LIONEL had persuaded the Earl to erect on the waste ground where he had had his memorable conversation with the tinker."

This plan might advantageously be applied to the fashionable, the military, the sporting, and the adventurous novel. Indeed, most writers seem to think that it has been.

Yours obediently,

THE RETIRED CLIPPER.

SKETCH AT A CONCERT.



VARIATIONS ON THE ORIGINAL HAIR.

Meanwhile, nobody need starve while they can turn their scissors to intelligent use.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

JOURNALISTIC REPORTING.

"Applause in court, which was instantly suppressed;" i.e., Some foolish people made a noise at the wrong moment, and applauded the wrong person.

"The case excited the greatest interest, and from an early hour in the morning the approaches to the court were thronged by a vast press of individuals, representing a large proportion of the rank, fashion, and intellect of the Metropolis;" i.e., A crowd of loafers and London busy-bodies came to hear an offensive trial.

A LITTLE MUSIC.

"Well, I just put a song or two in my pocket, on the off-chance, you know;" i.e., "I've half-a-dozen, but he's so jealous he'll take precious good care I shan't sing 'em all."

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

"No, my dear old chap, you must play the Baron. You see, anybody, why I myself, can rattle through the Count. Plays itself, don'tcherknow. But the Baron, that wants an Actor. No, no, you must play the Baron;" i.e., "He play the Count, at his age, and with his figure, and cut me out of my favourite part! Put a spoke in that wheel."

"With a song! Oh, but is my voice good enough to go with Miss Seetop's?" i.e., "Scrappy screamer; she'd spoil SIMS REEVES at his best."

"What I'm anxious about is the love-scene. You see I'm hardly up to the Romeo rôle;" i.e., "With such a Juliet!"

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MAXIMS FOR THE BAR. No. VI.



"Never miss a chance of ingratiating yourself with the Jury, even at the expense of the Judge."
(An opportunity often occurs after Lunch.)

"GOOD OLD GRACE!"

(Doggerel on "The Doctor," by an "Old Duffer.")

"Dr. GRACE, who seemed to forget his lameness, played with great vigour and dash, and his cuts and drives possessed all their old brilliancy."—*The Times*, on the exciting finish in the Cricket Match between the M.C.C. and the Australians, June 3, 1890.

ONE hundred and eleven runs, and eighty-five minutes to make 'em in, And with TURNER and FERRIS to trundle as fast as they could pitch and break 'em in! And it looked any odds on MURDOCH's men contriving to make a draw of it; But Cricket, my lads, is a curious game, and uncertainty seems the sole law of it. So they sent in GRACE and SHUTTER to start. Well, the Doctor is now called "a veteran," But at forty-two when he's on the job 'tisn't easy to pick out a better 'un. And he "spanked for four," like a lad once more, and he cut and he drove like winking; Though his leg *was* lame, he forgot that same, and he "played the game" without shrinking. And Surrey's SHUTTER he did his part, and so did Notts' GUNN, Sir, Though he *might* have chucked the game away when the Doctor he managed to out-run, Sir. It was hard, you see, upon W. G. in *that* way to lose his wicket, But all the same he had won the game, and had played superlative Cricket. Forty-three to make, and forty-five minutes! But GRACE and GUNN were equal to it; And a win, with a quarter of an hour in hand, was the satisfactory sequel to it. The Australians played a manly game, without any dawdling or shirking; And if they didn't avoid defeat why it wasn't for want of hard working. But the stiff-legged "Doctor" who forced the game in the most judgmental fashion, And forgot his leg and his "forty year" odd, full flushed with a Cricketer's passion! Why he's the chap who deserves a shout. Bravo, brave "W. G., Sir. And when you next are on the job, may the "Duffer" be there to see, Sir!

DEVELOPING HAWARDEN.

"The locality is extremely healthy, and Hawarden will probably become a large residential place, and a centre of mining industry."—*Mr. Gladstone's Evidence before the Commissioners for Welsh Intermediate Education.*

Monday.—Wood-cutting. Inconvenient having so many villas built all round park. Inhabitants inspect everything I do. Nasty little boys (whom I can see over their garden wall) shout "Yah!" and wave large primrose wreath. Irritating. Perhaps due to healthiness of air. Retire to another part of the demesne. Heavens! what is that erection? Looks like a Grand Stand, in a private garden, crowded with people. It is! Invited (by owner of garden) specially to view me and (I hear afterwards) my "celebrated wood-cutting performance" at a shilling a-head. Disgusted. Go in.

Tuesday.—Down local coal-mine. Interesting to have one at Park-gates. Explain to colliers principle of the Davy lamp. Colliers seem attentive. Ask me at the end for "a trifle to drink my health with." Don't they know I am opposed to Endowment of Public-houses? Yes, "but they aren't," they reply. Must invite WILFRED LAWSON to Hawarden.

Wednesday.—Curious underground rumblings. Wall of Castle develops huge crack. What is it? A dynamite plot? Can SALISBURY have hired—? HERBERT comes in, and tells me the proprietor of Hawarden Salt Mine has just sent his compliments, with a request that I would "shore up" the Castle. Otherwise "he is afraid it may fall in on his workmen." Impudence! Why can't they dig under Eaton Hall instead?

Thursday.—WATKIN here. Offers to make a Tunnel under Castle, from one mine to the other. Why a Tunnel? Also wants to dig for gold in Park. Ask him if there's any reason to suppose gold exists there? He says you never can tell what you may come to if you bore long enough. "At all events, even if no gold there, the boring useful if at any time I feel inclined for a Tunn—" Go in. WATKIN has bored long enough already.

Friday.—STEPHEN drops in, and says "new Hawarden Cathedral"—*really* built to accommodate people who come to hear me read Lessons, only STEPHEN thinks it's his sermons that are the attraction—"will soon be finished." I suggest that he should have Welsh "intermediate" services now and then. STEPHEN says "he doesn't know Welsh, and can't see why Welsh people can't drop their horrible tongue at once, and all speak English." Pained. Tell him *he* needn't conduct service—any Welsh-speaking clergyman would do. STEPHEN replies that if he introduced Welsh service, "villa-residents would boycott the Cathedral altogether." Well, supposing they do? STEPHEN retorts that "I had better have an Irish service at once, and get PARNELL up to read the Lessons." Something in the idea. Must think it over.

Saturday.—My usual holiday. Fifteen speeches. Park literally crammed. Excursionists, colliers, salt-miners, villa-residents, and Chester Liberals, all seem to find locality tremendously healthy. All enjoying themselves thoroughly. Wish I was. Worn-out in evening. Begin to wonder what Park and Castle would fetch, if I were to go and settle in Hebrides to escape mob.

Sunday.—Escorted by two regiments of mounted Volunteers to Church. Volunteers have great difficulty in securing a passage. Have to use butts of their muskets on more impulsive spectators. Curious that just at this point I should Remember Mitchelstown. Must try and get over the habit. Lessons as usual. Find a crushed primrose between the pages, evidently put there on purpose. Those villa-residents again! Surely DREW might inspect the lectern before service commences! Home, and think seriously of Hebrides.

ON THE SPOT.

(By a Practical Sportsman.)

THE spot for me all spots above

In this wide world of casual lodgers,
Is not the nook sacred to love;

The "cot beside a rill" of ROGER'S.

'Tis not the spot which TOMMY MOORE
Praised in "The Meeting of the Waters."

Avoca's Vale my soul would bore;

I should prefer more lively quarters.

Thy "little spot," ELIZA COOK,

Means merely patriotic flummery;

And COLERIDGE'S "hidden brook"

Won't fetch me, e'en when weather's summery.

I hold the Picturesque is rot,

"Love in a Cot" means scraps for dinner;

I only know one pleasant spot,—

I mean the "spot" that "finds a winner!"

PRIVATE AND SPECIAL LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S new novel is to be entitled, *Won of the Conquerors*. It would be unfair to the author to mention how what the Conquerors had conquered was won from them in turn. "I am at liberty to inform the public, however," says the BARON DE B.-W., "that WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR is not in it with the others. I am able also to assure his numerous admirers that *Beauchamp's Career* is not a medicinal romance, and has no sort of connection with a certain widely-advertised remedy."

quite impossible to sit out more than nine-penn'orth. Decided to take an ostrich for remainder of journey. Softer to sit. Ostrich a failure; ran for five hours in a circle, at express speed, and then suddenly turned shy, and buried its head in sand, without the slightest notice; foolish habit for any bird to acquire. Determined to try a quagga—quagga tried me, and very soon found me wanting. A quagga is a brute to buck! After all, came back to my old wooden mount—spot better than stripes, any day.

In the Jungle again. Discovered Colony of Highly-educated Anthropoid Apes. Lent them some copies of *Punch*, which are indispensable to all African travellers. Apes delighted—one large gorilla quite hysterical with laughter. Much gratified—till discovery that it was the advertisements which amused them most. Sense of humour of apes much exaggerated.

Reached the Kit'idrumma District. Natives hostile at first; war-drums sounded incessantly. Fortunately fond of music, so easily pacified them by playing selection from "*Tannhäuser*," arranged for drum and pan-pipes by LISZT. TOBY taking violent fancy to a "*Spottiduff*," or native dog, *Spottiduff* vanishing mysteriously shortly before dinner; find this animal considered a great dainty in this locality. TOBY inconsolable.

Among the Ustingis. Received with great ceremony by their king—CHESIPARA. Palm wine (corked) handed round in liqueur glasses. Dinner beastly. CHESIPARA saying repeatedly that he "made no stranger of me"—he will, though, for the future. Exchange of presents. Gave CHESIPARA a silver-mounted dressing case (bankrupt stock—a bargain), a handsome coloured supplement, *Muzzer's Darling* (given away with Christmas Number of *Timon*), a microscope (object-lens missing—but he'll never miss it), a plated fish-slice, and a pair of nut-crackers. CHESIPARA, after a good deal of parade, presented me with a bunch of very indifferent bananas, and a brass collar, belonging to one of his wives, whom he had had killed on purpose! Told him, with much emotion, that I should never forget it.

Reached the Centre of Africa; found that luggage had not been forwarded after all! Had to borrow a clean shirt from Kollamangel chief, promised to return it on arrival at Coast. Difficulty with TIPPOO-TIP of the Blackmailas, who refused to allow *Mr. Punch* to pass without tribute. Pacified him with palm butter and reached coast without further incident.

After leaving TIPPOO-TIP, he continued his journey through the Colonies. Now he was taking tiffin in Calcutta, and a few minutes later found everyone asleep at Montreal. Christmas seemed to him to be being kept in Melbourne in the most sultry weather, and New Year's Day in Cape Colony was observed as a Midsummer festival. He had a general impression of constant change and constant improvement. The spirit of the mighty English Race seemed to be falling upon the world like a ray of glorious sunshine. This ray of light was continually increasing and beating back the darkness. And, as the Sage travelled through the air, he found everywhere content. It mattered not who the natives might be, they had but one flag, the Union Jack, one sovereign, the Empress-Queen VICTORIA! "Rule BRITANNIA!" cried *Mr. Punch*, enthusiastically. "But for all that, I wish I could have a few minutes to myself."

In a moment, he found himself seated amidst the eternal snows of the North Pole.

"Well, this is an ice place!" shivered the Sage. There was a roar of mighty laughter from the Aurora Borealis. It was the first time that the ancient jest had been uttered in those latitudes. The Sage blushed at his adoption of the venerable "JOE MILLER," and wished himself back in Europe—in civilisation.

He found himself in Venice. Steam gondolas were travelling along the Grand Canal, and Cockneys were cutting their names on the sacred stones of the Church of St. Mark.

"It is becoming very English," murmured the Sage. "I suppose the next move will be to organise pigeon-shooting matches in front of the Café Florian, after turning the Doge's Palace into an illuminated Palace of Varieties."

Mr. Punch was disgusted, and began to think longingly of home.

"I have made a pretty fair round of the world, but I suppose I ought to do a little more in Europe—after all, it has the first claim upon my consideration. Let me consider—I think I should like to see a Greek robber in Athens."

In a moment the Sage found himself in an Athenian hotel, with the proprietor bowing obsequiously before him.

"Not very classical," he murmured. "I wonder what it was like in the days when the dead languages were alive, if not kicking. How I should like to see Athens in the time of HELEN the fairest of the fair in everything—save in her conduct to MENELAUS!"

Before he had time for further thought, he found himself in the far past, and thus had an opportunity of comparing the old with the new.

"Very pretty, but, on my word, comfort was a secondary consideration. But I have neglected Spain. I wish to see the loveliest view in good old WELLINGTON'S Peninsula."

Mr. Punch had expected to be carried into one of the courts of the Alhambra, but, in lieu of this, he found himself gazing at a lady, beautiful beyond compare. For a moment he was so lost in admiration, that he almost forgot himself, and was about to kiss her. Remembering, however, that he was a married man, and that his better half might object to the very natural, but (under the circumstances) highly improper transaction, he paused, and changed his kiss into a beaming smile. He was a little *chagrined*, however, to notice that the beautiful creature was so intent upon watching some distant attraction, that she had no eyes for him, nor, in fact, for anyone else.

"What can she be looking at?" he murmured. "How lovely she is with her heightened colour, her parted lips, her soul beaming through her lustrous dark eyes!"

Then he uttered an exclamation of disgust when he found that the lady was giving her entire attention to a bull-fight!

"I think I have had enough of this! We may have something of the same sort in our courts during a trial for murder; but, as a rule, our female blood-hangers are either podgy matrons of sixty, or skinny old maids, of no (admitted) age at all! So give me England—dear old England!" He was set down at the Cannon Street Railway Station, and, collecting his luggage (which had followed by *Grande Vélocité*), he called a cab, and drove to Fleet Street.

And once more he was back in the ancestral halls, which had been decorated for the occasion with holly, and its white-berried companion. So, while TOBY played "*Home, Sweet Home!*" *Mr. Punch* kissed BRITANNIA under the Mistletoe, and wished her and the whole world, in a Wassail-bowl,

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A HAGGARD ANNUAL.

(Specially written by Walker Weird, to usher in the Year 1890)



UNREDD, the writer, and SPOYLPAEROS, the sketcher, were in the presence of a weird figure, that grotesquely genuflected before them.

"Fear not, my sons," explained the WEIRD, cutting a sad caper; "fear not. *He-who-must-be-obeyed* has need of ye. And, as *He* has need, ye must be well-bred," as we say in the yeast.

"And you are?"

"The Ghost of a Joke!" murmured the extinct witticism, sadly; "and my name is SILLIBILLI." And then a strange thing happened.

All of a sudden the Writer and the Sketcher found themselves thrust into the presence of *He-who-must-be-obeyed*. After pushing down his two captives, SILLIBILLI himself fell upon his hands and knees, like a pig journeying to market. The men of the pen and pencil looked about them, and for miles could see nothing but prostrate forms. In front of them was a heavy white drapery, seemingly hiding a figure. At length the curtain began to move, and suddenly, from above its folds, appeared a most beautiful red nose—never had they seen such a long and curved nose. Then came a voice, sweet and soft, and yet full of power, reminding those present of something between a murmuring brook and a thunderbolt.

"Strangers!" said the voice, in English, but much purer and more classical English than the Arriarris talk, "Strangers, When is the portal to a saloon not the portal to a saloon? Tell me that, O Strangers!"

"When it is an Egyptian potsherd," stealthily whispered SILLIBILLI. "Begone, thou white headed old fool!" cried *He-who-must-be-obeyed*,

angrily. "It is not the answer; and, if it were, who art thou to thus reply? Begone, thou feeble cry of a donkey long defunct!" The voice rose in its anger clear and cold, and the Writer and the Sketcher fancied they could see two gleaming eyes above the drapery.

SILLIBILLI beat his stupid old head thrice on the ground, and crawled out of the apartment as he had crawled into it.



"It made a quaint gesture with the assistance of a palm-tree."

"Neither of ye know," continued the Lord of the beautiful red nose. "Then begone, and search for that joke—trace it to its source—to its saucy source."

There was a pause, and then a strange thing happened. A mighty shout of laughter rose from the very depths, and seemed to fill the entire universe. He seemed pleased, and gracefully inclined his nose as if acknowledging a compliment. Then he continued, less sternly,

"Away to the land of the Joks, and the Judimows—the Quipps and the Kranx. Away, to find a way!"

Once again came the roar of mighty laughter. From far, far away it came with a dreadful muttering noise, that grew and grew to a crash and a roar, which combined in itself all that is terrible and yet splendid in the possibilities of sound. Then it passed away, and disappeared in a murmured guffaw.

Then UNREDD and SPOYLPAPEROS, feeling sure of the presence of two gleaming eyes above the beautiful red nose, turned sharply round and fled.

And they journeyed on and on, through the snow and the ice, until they came to the land of the desert, in which they found themselves (strange to say) in a warmer atmosphere than that to which they had grown accustomed in the regions of the North Pole. Then a strange thing happened. They witnessed a fight between an elephant and a cat. The elephant managed to get well on the bank of the river which ran (conveniently) through the desert, in spite of the cat nipping on to one of its legs. Gradually the cat began to swallow the leg, then the body, then the head, until nothing but the trunk of the elephant was left. A strange thing had happened—the elephant had been swallowed by the cat!

"He was evidently going out of town," said UNREDD, airily.

"So I see," replied SPOYLPAPEROS, and he pointed to the trunk. Once more came the dreadful muttering noise that ended in a roar of laughter, and again a shadowy form floated past them—the Ghost of a Joke! And when they looked towards the cat it too had gone, having disappeared (so they subsequently ascertained) with a grin. They then knew the creature's breed—it was a Cheshire cat!

And now they were in front of the Sphinx, who was looking down upon them with a most fiendish and terrifying expression. Surrounding this ancient Egyptian Monument were numberless scrolls (many inscribed "Δεκα.νεδ—Θαυκς") sent there by a forgotten people. UNREDD picked up one of comparatively modern date. It was a strange scroll, full of hieroglyphics and languages of many races. Here was the ancient Greek—and the more modern Arabic. There was something that seemed to be Russian—there a line that might be antediluvian Irish. All jumbled up together, in seemingly hopeless confusion.

"See," cried UNREDD, excitedly, "I can make out 'When is the door of the neighbour'"—and then he stopped.

"Quite so," replied SPOYLPAPEROS, "but it has no answer. Stay though—what is this? 'The duck of the gardener (gardener's duck) puts his head into the pond belonging to the grandmother of the sailor (sailor's grandmother) for the reasons of the diver (diver's reasons)' This is very strange!"

"Indeed, it is," acquiesced UNREDD, and then he cried, on making a further discovery, "See the Author's name!"

And then they found inscribed on the scroll a word written as follows:—

ΟΑΛΕΝΔΟΡΦ.

Perfectly bewildered, they threw the paper away. Then a strange thing happened. All of a sudden, with one accord, they put to the Sphinx the question that *He-who-must-be-obeyed* had asked them. The mouth of the head seemed to move, and one of the huge eyelids appeared to quiver. Moreover, it made a quaint gesture with the assistance of a palm-tree. Then came a voice, saying, in hieroglyphics—



There was a pause, and then UNREDD, in consultation with his companion, deciphered the meaning.

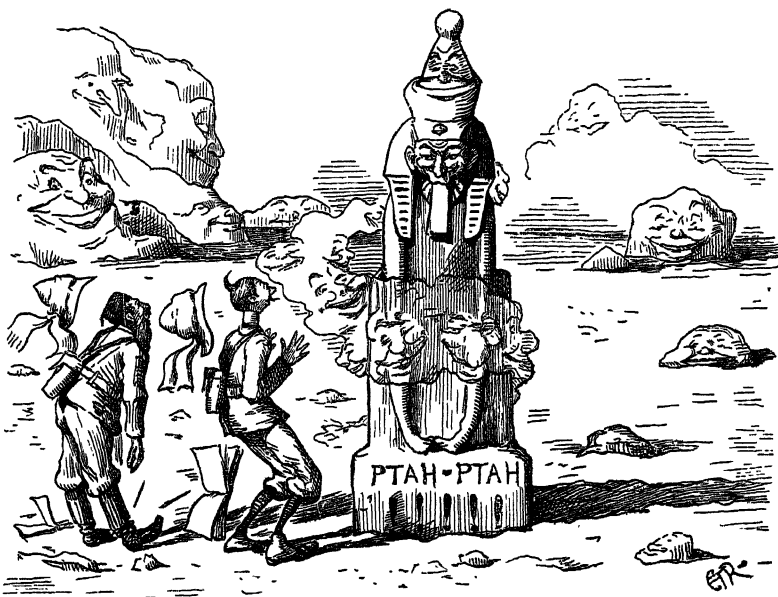
"You be blowed?" they both shouted, and the Sphinx gravely inclined its head. Then, of a sudden, after jumping from one mountain-top to another mountain-top, clinging to a precipice by their eyebrows, and sliding down a glacier and an avalanche, the two

travellers came to the source of nothing, or, to use the local name, the source of the Nihil.

"When is a door not a door?" they asked, impelled as if by some hidden power.

In a moment the most beautiful Joke that ever was known appeared before them. It had the semblance of something they had seen before—lovely beyond compare. A flood of liquid laughter followed, and the Joke bathed in it, dancing about in the merry mixture most joyously. It was a dread and wonderful sight.

They felt that but half their task was accomplished—but only half. Had not *He-who-must-be-obeyed* ordered them to seek out the solution of the Great Conundrum? That Great Conundrum had lived through the ages. It had been known to the Romans and the Greeks, and had died (for a while) with the Dead Languages. It had been buried in the land of the Assyrians, from whence had come a kindred spirit, the precursor of the Hibernian bull. That bull, which was in the changing seasons to cause roars of mighty merriment echoing into the far ages of the Future from the distant dimples of the Past. So, after their first surprise, they welcomed the glad some -resence. They watched it as it jumped and leaped in the flood of liquid laughter. They were mad with a nameless delight, and danced round and round in a wild delirium of quaint possibilities! The Joke smiled upon them, and seemed to recognise in them the followers of the Great



DED-AN-GONE; OR, JEST DEPARTED.

"In a moment the most beautiful Joke that ever was known appeared before them. It had the semblance of something they had seen before—lovely beyond compare. A flood of liquid laughter followed, and the Joke bathed in it, dancing about in the merry mixture most joyously. It was a dread and wonderful sight."

Jo-Mill-Ar, or One-who-has-caused-the-dullest-dogs-to-shake-their-heavy-sides-with-tuneless-laughter.

Then the Joke grew in comeliness. The Question was only half of its stature—it required the Answer. They felt that the reply would come with the mighty murmur of merriment that the Writer and the Sketcher had already noticed. At length it was upon them. The Answer came!—

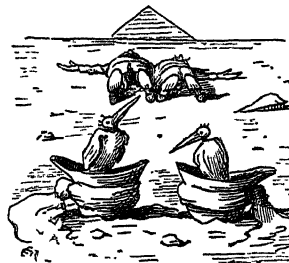
"When it is an egress."

"Look!—look!—look!" shrieked UNREDD.

The Joke was growing old before their eyes! The wit was shrivelling up! The fun was evaporating! Smaller and smaller it grew, until it was nearly gone.

"I will not die!" came a cry. "Generations yet unborn shall hear me. Many shall think me good—many shall be amused. Oh—h—h!" and the Joke had fallen flat! They knew its real name, then—it was "Ded-an-Gone, the Jest Departed." And now it was still!

And so were UNREDD and SPOYLPAPEROS. Alas! for their melancholy fate—they had died of laughter! They had their desert!



"Thy had their desert!"

"WILL HE GET THROUGH?"



WILLIAM HENRY *loquitur* :—

Pour! Pouf! I'm that awfully out of breath with my long and terrified scamper, [Milo would hamper. With that bull on my track, and this bag on my back, a burden that Though Milo was not a pedestrian "pot," nor was it a turnstile that nipped him; [that gripped him. No, if I remember my classics aright, 'twas the fork of a pine-tree

But nowadays one had need be a Milo and a fleet Pheidippides in one, Sir. And with carrying weight I'm in such a state, it isn't much further I can run, Sir. Oh, drat that bull! Will nobody pull the brute by the tail, and stop him? Such beasts didn't ought to be let loose; in the *clôture* pound they should pop him,

With a gag on his muzzle. This turnstile's a puzzle, with its three blessed wings, confound it!
 I don't see my way to getting through it, and there's no way of getting round it;
 And I am that fat—no, I won't say that; but I'm not, like dear ARTHUR, quite lathy.
 And I'm sure, by the bellow of that bull, that the fellow is getting exceedingly wrathful.
 Pout! Now for a burst! Which to take the first of the turnstile wings is the floorer.
 If I breast it wrongly, though I'm going strongly, I'll expose my rear to yon roarer.
 Eugh! I fancy I feel his horns, like steel, my person viciously prodding.
 Against such points broadcloth's no protection, although padded with woollen "wadding."
 Oh, hang this bag! I shall lose the swag, if I slacken or lag one second.
 I thought I had measured my distance so well, but I fear that I must have misreckoned.
 That bull of GLADDY's most certainly mad is, though he gave me his word, the Old Slyboots,
 It was perfectly quiet. I have SALISBURY's fiat, but I wish he was only in my boots.
 "Tithes first," indeed! Why, with all my speed, and my puffings, and perspiration,
 I doubt if I'll be in time to get through; and as for that "Compensation,"
 It is sure to stick. "Quick, SMITH, man, quick!" Oh, it's all very well to holla;
 With a sack on one's back, and a bull on one's track, 'tisn't easy that counsel to follow.
 My life's hardly worth an hour's "Purchase," if I'm overtaken by Taurus.
 Such brutes didn't ought to be loose in the fields, to bore us, and score us, and gore us.
 "Run! run!" Oh, ain't I running like winking? Reach the turnstile? I may just do it
 But with its three wings—oh, confound the things!—I much doubt if I'll ever get through it! [Left trying.]

WEEK BY WEEK.

THE attention of statisticians has lately been directed to a question of no little interest. To put it as shortly as possible, the point is to discover the number and size of the mayonnaises of lobster consumed in the course of one evening in the district bounded on the east by Berkeley Square, and extending westward as far as Earl's Court. It is well-known that no lobster ever walked backwards. Taking this as the basis of our calculations and assuming that π^{-1} is equal to the digestive apparatus of six hundred dowagers, we reach the surprising total of 932,146½ lobsters. No allowance is made for dressing or returned empties.

"A Poet" writes to us as follows:—"I have long been puzzled by the difficulty attending the proper construction of rhymed verse in English. Some words possess many rhymes, others only a few, others again none. Yet I find that the temptation to end a line with a non-rhyme-possessing word like 'month' is almost irresistible, and frequently gives rise to the most painful results. In the course of my emotional ballad entitled, 'The Bard's Daughter,' I was compelled on an average to kill half-a-dozen German bands every day, and to throw ten jam-pots at my butler for unseasonable interruptions. Can any of your readers help me?"

A flight of ducks was observed to settle on the Serpentine yesterday at four o'clock exactly. They had been moving in a westerly direction. The Park-keepers explain this curious incident by the well-known affection of these birds for water, combined with an occasional impulse to aerial navigation, but the explanation appears to us inadequate.

In Vienna the other day, a Cabman was observed to claim more than his fare from an elderly lady, whom he afterwards abused violently in the choicest Austrian for refusing to comply with his demands. After all, the nature of Cabmen all over the world varies very little. Elderly Ladies too, are much the same.

MR. STANLEY continues to attend dances, dinners and receptions at the usual hours. He has lately expressed himself in strong terms with regard to the action of a friendly Power on the continent of Africa. MR. STANLEY appears to think very lightly of the Foreign Office pigeon-holes, in which his treaties have been stored in the meantime.



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Sympathetic Spinster. "AND IS YOUR OTHER BOY AT ALL LIKE THIS ONE?"

Proud Mother. "OH, NO; QUITE A CONTRAST TO HIM!"

Sympathetic Spinster. "HOW NICE!"

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

HA! ha! I knew it, I knew it! All the grog-blossomed addle-pates in the world couldn't have induced me to back *Surefoot*. There they were cackling in their usual hugger-mugger Bedlamite, gin-palace, gruel-brained fashion, with Mr. J. at the head of them blowing a *fan-fare* upon his own cracked penny trumpet. But I had my eye on them all the time. For as the public must have discovered long before this, if there is one person in the world who sets their interests above everything, and swerves neither to the right nor to the left in the effort to save them from the depredations of the pilfering gang of pig-jobbers and moon-calves who chatter on sporting matters, that person, I say it without offence, is *me*.

What was it I said last week about *Sainfoin*? "*Sainfoin*," I said, "is not generally supposed to cover grass, but there are generally exceptions." A baby in arms could have understood this. It meant, of course, that *Sainfoin* never lets the grass grow under his feet, and that on the exceptional occasion of the Derby Day, he would win the race. *And he did win the race*. We all know that; all, that is, except Mr. J.'s lot, who still seem to think that they know something about racing. But I have made my pile, and so have my readers, and we can afford to snap our fingers at every pudding-headed barnacle-grubber in the world. So much for the Derby.

As for the Oaks, it would be impossible to conceive anything more scientifically, nay geometrically, accurate than my forecast. "*Memoir*," I said, "*might do pour servir*." Well, didn't she? And if anybody omitted to back her, all I can say is, serve them right for a pack of goose-brained Bedlamites. For myself, I can only say that, having made a colossal fortune by my speculations, I propose shortly to retire from the Turf I have so long adorned.

A BIASED AUTHOR.—One whose MS. is written "on one side only."



A SEVERE SENTENCE.

She. "YES, DEAR, I'M AFRAID COOK WANTS JUDGMENT."

He. "JUDGMENT? SHE WANTS EXECUTION!"

"THREE FISHERS."

THREE fishers went fishing North-east and North-west
(Like the trio from Kingsley familiarly known).
Each thought himself, doubtless, the bravest and best,
And held the good "swims" should be mainly his own.
There was JOHNNY the Briton, and FRANÇOIS the Frank,
And JONATHAN also, the artful young Yank,
An expert at "bouncing" and "boning."

And FRANÇOIS the Frank, who went fishing for cod,
Nicked lobsters as well, and he stuck to them too;
He declared they were all the same thing, which seemed odd,
The result being anger and hullabaloo,
And rows about Bounties, and shines about Bait;
For ructions all round are as certain as fate,
When parties go "bouncing" and "boning."

And JONATHAN, well, *he* went fishing for seals,
And he wanted the fishing grounds all to himself.
When the Russ had done ditto, the Yank had raised squeals
(How consistency's floored in the struggle for pelf!)
And JONATHAN took a most high-handed course;
For greediness mostly falls back on brute force,
When parties go "bouncing" and "boning."

And JOHNNY the Briton, a sturdy old salt,
Had been a sea-grabber himself in his time;
Some held that monopoly still was his fault,
Others swore that his modesty verged upon crime.
Nor is it quite easy to say which was true,
For so much depends on a man's point of view,
When parties go "bouncing" and "boning."

But when JOHNNY the Briton caught sight of the Frank
Making tracks with a lobster—the whoppingest one—
And when he perceived the impertinent Yank
With the seal—such a spanker!—akedaddling like fun,
He stood and he shouted, "Stop thief! Hi! Hold hard!"
For language does not always "go by the card,"
When parties go "bouncing" and "boning."

"Now then, you sea-grabbers," he bellowed, "Belay!
I suppose you imagine I'm out of it quite.
But you're not going to have it just all your own way,
Fair dues! my dear boys. After all, right is right!
Big Behring is no *mare clausum*, young Yank,
And cold Newfoundland is not *yours*, my fine Frank,
In spite of your 'bouncing' and 'boning.'"

Well, he of the Lobster and he of the Seal
Have rights of their own, which old JOHN won't deny.
But *he* has some too, and *Punch* hopes they will feel
That they should not grab his, and had better not try.
Some *modus vivendi* no doubt can be found,
To make the Three Fishers quite friendly all round,
And good-bye to all "bouncing" and "boning!"

ELCHO ANSWERS.

- Q. What loves "The Country" more than Tithes Bills tracing?
A. Racing!
Q. And what than "Compensation's" doubtful courses?
A. 'Orses!
Q. Than Bills of Irish Tenants poor to favour rights?
A. Favourites!
Q. What does it find as profitless as St. Stephens?
A. "Evans!"
Q. What more exciting than "The Pouncer's" nods?
A. "Odds!"
Q. What does it love far more than LABBY's jokes?
A. "Oaks!"
Q. And what beyond all ELCHO's quirks and quips?
A. "Tips!"
Q. What would it call him who of "Sport" turns squelcher?
A. "Welsher!!!"
Q. Who finds the "Derby" closing satisfactory?
A. Hack Tory!
Q. What's the protesting Puritan Gladstonian?
A. "Stony 'un!"

GERMAN MOTTO IN AFRICA.—"For Farther Land!"



"THREE FISHERS."

JOHN BULL. "HULLO! YOU SEA-GRABBERS!—WHERE DO I COME IN?"

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

No. XIII.—THE PRECOCIOUS UNDERGRADUATE.

EVER since undergraduates existed at all, there must have been some who, in the precocity of their hearts, set themselves up or were set up by the admiration of their fellows as patterns of life, and knowledge, and manners. But before steam and electricity made Oxford and Cambridge into suburbs of London, these little deities were scarcely heard of outside the limits of their particular University, the sphere of their influence was restricted, and they were unable to impress the crowd of their juvenile worshippers by the glamour which comes of frequent plunges into the dizzy whirlpool of London life. Now, however, all that is changed. Our seats of learning are within a stone's throw of town, and the callow nestlings who yesterday fluttered feebly over King's Parade or the High, may to-day attempt a bolder flight in Piccadilly and the Park. The simpler pleasures of Courts and Quads soon pall upon one who believes emphatically, that life has no further secrets when the age of twenty has been reached, and that an ingenuous modesty is incompatible with the exercise of manliness. He despises the poor fools who are content to be merely young while youth remains. He himself, has sought for and found in London a fountain of age, from which he may quaff deep draughts, and returning, impart his experience to his envious friends.

The Precocious Undergraduate, then, was (and is, for the type remains, though the individual may perish) one who attempted in his own opinion with perfect success, to combine an unerring knowledge of men with a smooth cheek and a brow as unwrinkled as late hours could leave it. In the sandy soil of immaturity he was fain to plant a flourishing reputation for cunning, and to water it with the tears of those who being responsible for his appearance in the world dreaded his premature affectation of its wisdom and its follies.

They had given him, however, as befitted careful parents, every chance of acquiring an excellent education. In order that he might afterwards shine at the Bar or in the Senate, he was sent to one of our larger public schools, where he soon found that with a very small life-belt of Latin and Greek a boy may keep his head safe above the ripple of a master's anger. But his school career was not without honour. He was a boy of a frank and generous temperament, candid with his masters, and warm-hearted and sincere in his intercourse with his school-fellows. He was by no means slow with his wits, he was very quick with his eye and his limbs. Thus it came about that, although his scholarship was not calculated to make of him a Porson, he earned the admiration and applause of boys and masters by his triumphs as an athlete, a cricketer, and a foot-ball player, and was established as a universal favourite. At the usual age he left school and betook himself to college, freighted for this new voyage with the affection and the hopes of all who knew him.

And now when everything smiled, and when in the glow of his first independence life assumed its brightest hues, in the midst of apparent success his real failures began. The sudden emancipation from the easy servitude of school was too much for him. The rush of his new existence swept him off his feet, and, yielding to the current, he was carried day by day more rapidly out to the sea of debt and dissipation, which in the end overwhelmed him. For a time, however, everything went well with him. His school and his reputation as a popular athlete assured to him a number of friends, he was elected a member of one or two prominent Clubs, he got into a good set. In their society he learnt that an undergraduate's tastes and his expenditure ought never to be limited by the amount of the yearly allowance he receives from his father. Whilst still in his freshman's Term, he was invited to a little card-party, at which he lost not only his head, but also all his ready money, and the greater part of the amount which had been placed to his credit at his Bank for the expenses of his first Term. This incident was naturally much discussed by the society in which he moved, and it was agreed that, for a freshman, he had shown considerable coolness in bearing up against his losses. Even amongst those who did not know him, his name began to be mentioned as that of one who was evidently destined to make a splash, and might some day be heard of in the larger world. His vanity was tickled. This, he thought to himself, not without pleasure, was indeed life, and thinking thus, he condemned all his past years, and the aspirations with which he had entered his University, as the folly of a

boy. Soon afterwards he was found at a race-meeting, and was unfortunate enough to win a large sum of money from a book-maker who paid him.

The next incident in his first Term was his attendance as a guest at a big dinner, where the unwonted excitement and a bumper or two of University champagne upset his balance. He grew boisterous, and on his way home to his rooms addressed disrespectfully the Dean of his College, who happened to be taking the air on the College grass-plot. He woke, the next morning, to find himself paroled and pale, but famous. "Did you hear what So-and-So, the freshman, said to the Dean last night? Frightful cheek!"—so one undergraduate would speak of him to another, with a touch of envy which was not diminished by the fact that his hero had been gated at nine for a week.

But it is useless to pursue his career through every detail. He went on gambling, and soon found himself the debtor or the creditor of those whom he still attempted to look upon as his friends. He bought several thousand large cigars at £10 per hundred from a touting tobacconist, who promised him unlimited credit, and charged him a high rate of per-centage on the debt. He became constant in his visits to London, and, after a course of dinners at the Bristol, the Berkeley, and the Café Royal, he acquired, at Cambridge, the reputation of a connoisseur in cooking and in wine. The Gaiety was his abiding-place, the lounge at the Empire would have been incomplete without him: for him Lais added a rosy glow to her complexion and a golden shimmer to her hair; he supped in her company, and, when he gave her a diamond swallow, purchased without immediate payment in Bond Street, the paragraphist of a sporting paper recorded the gift in his columns with many cynical comments. In short, he now knew himself to be indeed a man of the world. Henceforward he seemed to spend almost as much time in London as in Cambridge. It is unnecessary to add that his legitimate resources soon ran dry; he supplied their deficiency from the generous fountain of a money-lender's benevolence. After all, eight per cent. per month sounds quite cheap until it is multiplied by twelve, and, as he always disliked arithmetic, he abstained from the calculation, and pocketed the loan. And thus, for a time, the wheel of excitement was kept spinning merrily. But the pace was too fast to last for long. Somehow or other, soon after the beginning of his third year, his happy gaiety which had carried him cheerfully through many scenes of revelry seemed to desert him. He became subject to fits of morose abstraction. His dress was no longer of the same shining merit, nor did he seem to care, as formerly, to keep his cuffs and collars unspotted from the world. Disagreeable rumours began to be whispered about him. He was said to have failed to pay his card-debts, and yet to

have gone on gambling night after night; and at last came the terrible report—all the more terrible for not being fully understood by those who heard it—that he had been posted at Tattersall's.

Undergraduate Society is, however, of an extraordinary tolerance, and if it had not been for his own manifest misery, he might have kept his head up in Cambridge even under these calamities. But he began too late to realise his own folly, and with the memory of his triumphs and his collapse, of his extravagance and his debts clogging his efforts, he tried to read. He did read, feverishly, uselessly, and when his list appeared his name was absent from it. Then followed the fatal interview with his father, and the inevitable crash, in the course of which he became the defendant in a celebrated case on the subject of an infant's necessities. An occupation was sought for him, but all capacity for honest effort seemed to have perished with his frankness and his cheerfulness. After creeping about London in a hang-dog fashion for a year or two, he eventually decided to tempt misfortune in the Western States of America. For a time he "ranched" without success, and was heard of as a frequenter of saloons. A year later he died ignobly by the revolver of a Western rowdy, in the course of a drunken brawl.

MUSICAL FORECASTS.—MR. PADDY REWSKI will play variations on his own national Melodies, including the *Gigue Irlandaise*, entitled, "*Donnybrook Fair*."—MR. CHARLES REDDIE'S Pianoforte Recital is fixed for the 17th. It is not placarded about the town, as the clever pianist says, he's perfectly REDDIE, but he's not WILLING.—MR. JOSEF DASH-MY-LUD-WIG is going to give a Second Chamber Concert on behalf of the Funds of the Second Chambermaid Theatrical Aid Society.—MR. CUSINS' Concert is on the 12th. Uncles and Aunts please accept this intimation.





EXPERIMENTS BY THE GRAND OLD HYPNOTISER AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

A HARMLESS GHOST.

[A Gentleman advertises for an old house, and says, "Harmless Ghost not objected to."]

A Spectre speaks :—

TELL us, good Sir, what is a Harmless Ghost?
One who walks quietly at dead of night,
For just a single hour or so at most,
And never gives folks what is termed a fright?
Is it a Ghost that never clanks his chains,
That never gibbers, and that bangs no door:
But quietly and peacefully remains
In calm possession of some upper floor?

A Harmless Ghost is not a Ghost at all,
Unworthy of the name; no Headless Man,
Or other spectre that could men appal,
Would condescend to live 'neath such a ban.
No phantom with a grain of self-respect
Would make a promise never to do harm.
Find your old house, but please to recollect,
A Ghost who knows his business *must* alarm.

MORE MASQUERADING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WITH reference to the several cases of "Masquerading" that have recently been mentioned in the columns of a contemporary, I wish to add a remarkable experience of our own firm, that, if it does not completely clear the matter up, may at least serve to throw a little light upon the subject. Last Friday afternoon a middle-aged man of unmistakable City build dashed wildly into our establishment, and desired to be supplied with "the largest pantomime head" with which we could furnish him. This we fortunately had in stock in the shape of a large green and phosphorescent faced representation of the "Demon of Despair," which was rendered additionally attractive through being supplied with a "trick eye," which worked with a string.

It was evidently of the greatest importance to him that the head should be natural and becoming, and by the close and satisfied scrutiny he gave it, and the great care with which he fitted it on, the one with which we supplied him evidently fully answered his requirements. His manner was certainly strange, for though he refused to give his address, he took several flying leaps across the shop, turning a double back somersault as he cleared the counter, and finally asked me whether I thought him sufficiently disguised to avoid recognition in his own immediate circle?

I told him candidly that I thought his large head, being peculiar, might possibly draw upon him notice that otherwise he would fail to arouse, and I added, "You see, it is not as if there were a dozen of you."

"True," he replied; "you're quite right. There ought to be a dozen of us. Look out the heads. I will go and fetch 'em." And he dashed out of my establishment, followed by a small crowd. In about two hours and a half, however, he returned, accompanied by twelve other middle-aged City men, and in almost as short a time as it takes me to tell it, I had fitted them all with large pantomime heads.

He paid the bill and left the shop. I watched them all get on to a King's Cross and Brompton Omnibus, and that was the last I saw of them. There is nothing very remarkable in the occurrence, as we are in the habit of making up disguises, sometimes as many as 500 in an afternoon on the shortest notice. Still I could not help wondering upon what business my eccentric friend was bent. A Divorce Case? Possibly a Murder? Who knows? Perhaps somebody may have met the bevy down West, and can throw some light upon the subject. Meantime, dear Mr. Punch, I beg to subscribe myself,

Yours respectfully,

A SLY FOX BUT A CAUTIOUS COSTUMIER.

"SHORT NOTICE."—Those who did not hear Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH's entertainment at St. James's Hall last Saturday week lost a very great treat. There must have been thousands in London at the moment who suffered this deprivation. Our Special Noticer was among the number. Let us hope GEE-GEE will do it again, and all shall be forgiven.



TOMMY'S "ARRIET" DEPARTMENT.

A Group omitted from the Military Exhibition.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 2.—Heligoland is safe, but there were some anxious moments. GEORGE CAMPBELL led attack. House reassembled after Whitsun recess. Not many present. OLD MORALITY still sporting in the country, toying with Amarylhis in the shade, or with tangles of Neaera's hair. (That's how the Member for Sark puts it, but admits that it's only poetry.) Mr. G. away too, also GRANDOLPH and HARTINGTON. JOKIM in charge of Government ship; evidently in mildest mood; didn't once pounce, though sorely tempted by all-pervadingness of CAMPBELL. That eminent Statesman only began with Heligoland; steamed later into the Pacific Seas, and moved reduction of salary of Deputy Commissioner of the Western Pacific. Wants Heligoland given up.

"Certainly not," said NICHOLAS WOOD; "must take firm stand with these Separatists. Not quite sure in what part of Ireland Heligoland is situated. Sounds like Munster; must look it up on map. Meanwhile shall support BALFOUR."

Whilst NICHOLAS off in library, vainly looking over map of Ireland, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE backs up CAMPBELL. Knows Heligoland intimately. Seems to have passed best period of useful life there. Members quite prepared to hear that there it was the famous letter from Foreign Office found him when, by way of reproof of niggardliness of Department, he was obeying instructions that transferred him from Dresden to Constantinople by journeying on foot. Taking Heligoland *en route*, he found it a mere sandbank, an accumulation of molecules, whose existence was justified only by the opportunity of furnishing a scion of the British aristocracy with an annual salary as Governor. "Hand it over to Germany, in exchange, if you please, for few pounds of sausages; but get rid of it."

NICHOLAS, coming back after vain search for Heligoland on map of Ireland, lustily shouts, "No!" "No use arguing with these fellows, TOBY," he says; "we must Put Them Down. Case seems a little mixed; don't quite follow argument. Rather wonder ARTHUR BALFOUR isn't in his place to explain it; at same time, haven't slightest doubt it's another Mitchelstown affair—another Middle Tipperary muddle. I shall watch to see which Lobby our Whips are filling, and march straight into it."

Thus Heligoland was saved, NICHOLAS and 149 others voting against CAMPBELL, who led into the Lobby only 27 patriots. After this, that man of war, JAMES STUART ALLANSON TUDOR PICTON, came to the front, and led Opposition in matter relating to Sierra Leone. GEORGE CAMPBELL made several speeches on this topic, and when Amendment negatived, came up quite fresh with his story of the Pacific Seas, where it seems there have been excursions, followed by

alarums, all converging on urgent necessity of reducing the salary of the Deputy Commissioner of the Western Pacific by £200. This also negatived after couple of hours' discussion. Then GEORGE, stepping lightly from Western Pacific to the Cape, moved to reduce salary of High Commissioner of South Africa by £1000.

"A regular peripatetic seven-leagued-boot mowing-machine," said JACKSON, gazing dreamily on mobile features of Member for Kircaldy. *Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—Question is, shall House adjourn over to-morrow, being Derby Day, or shall it forbear? ELCHO says, "Yes." WILFRID LAWSON says, "No." House, upon consideration, agrees with ELCHO, though by significantly small majority. For holiday, 160; against, 133. COGHILL, who had vainly protested against adjournment, says majority not so wide as a church door, but 'twill serve. It's the writing on the wall, and the Derby holiday in the Commons doomed. COGHILL serious young man; likes things to be doomed; encouraged by the prospect, becomes dangerously festive.

Member who moves Adjournment over Derby Day expected to be funny. PAM, who, when he was Minister, always did it, established fashion. Been followed in later days by DICK POWER, and other eminent sportsmen. ELCHO displayed paternal failing for undue length, but just managed to stop in time, not spoiling success of speech that greatly pleased House. Curious to note points of personal resemblance between the new Lord ELCHO and the old. Son, doubtless designedly, delivered his speech from corner-seat on front Bench below Gangway, whence, in days of yore, the father used to hold forth, almost literally buttonholing House of Commons; holding on to it in much same way as *Ancient Mariner* delayed the hungry wedding guest.

"Happy," says the Member for Sark, "is the Legislature that can spare an ELCHO for either Chamber! Favoured the generation that succeeds to such an inheritance! With WEMYSS in the Lords, and ELCHO in the Commons, there is still hope for my country!"

Talk about Police Regulation for Procession on Saturday to demonstrate against Compensation Bill. Citizen PICKERSGILL moved adjournment of House in order to discuss matter. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM seized opportunity to run amuck at his revered Leaders on Front Opposition Bench. Accused them of sitting there like stuffed figures at Madame Tussaud's. "Why stuffed?" JOHN

MOBLEY asked, but CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM not to be interrupted in flush of eloquence. When once started went at them hammer and tongs; only a few battered figures recognisable on Front Bench when he had finished.

"Fact is, TOBY," he said, "BRADLAUGH's got his eye on that Bench. Means to sit there some day. Want him to know that even that sanctuary shall not preserve him from my wrath. Just getting my hand in. He'll be sorry he ever ventured to bite his thumb at me." *Business done.*—Education Vote in Committee.

Thursday.—Lord CHUNNEL-TANNEL moves Second Reading of his Bill. A very inoffensive measure, he says; not proposed to sanction creation of Tunnel under the sea. Oh, dear no! Nothing of that kind. All that is wanted is that the Company shall be permitted to keep their machinery oiled, bore for coal, and fill up spare time by fishing for whitebait with line. Could there be any harm in that? CHUNNEL-TANNEL asked, with hand outstretched with deprecating gesture towards Treasury Bench, on which the long length of HICKS BEACH was coiled.

Mr. G. backed up his noble friend; ridiculed idea of danger to England from creation of Tunnel. If anybody had need for apprehension, it was France—a fine, subtly patriotic idea, which did not meet with that measure of applause on Conservative Benches that might have been expected. Fact is, Conservatives don't like this newly established friendliness between Mr. G. and CHUNNEL-TANNEL. Noble Lord not so certain to respond to crack of Ministerial Whip as was his wont before he yielded to the spell. Stout Ministerialists thinking more of CHUNNEL-TANNEL's attitude on Irish Question than

of probability of French invasion by proposed Tunnel; so they lustily cheer HICKS-BEACH when he denounces scheme. Cry, "Oh! oh!" when CHUNNEL-TANNEL makes crafty appeal for support of Irish Members, and go out in body to stop up the Tunnel.

J. S. FORBES watches scene from Strangers' Gallery. Lost in admiration of CHUNNEL-TANNEL's meek mood.

"Why, TOBY," he said, in his perturbation brushing his new curly-brimmed hat the wrong way, "he looks as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. His low voice, his deferential manner, his pained surprise at suggestion of wanting to do anything else but catch those whitebait with a line, take one's breath away. A wonderful man CHUNNEL-TANNEL, but dangerous on this tack. Known him and fought him man and boy for twenty years; fear him most when in melting mood." *Business done.*—Discussing Tithes Bill.

Friday.—Met HART DYKE walking about Corridor with contemplative air. Debate on Education Vote going forward in House. "How is it you aren't on Treasury Bench?" I asked.

"Can't stand any more of it, TOBY. My hair positively beginning to frizzle under heat of blushes. Never suspected myself of being such Heavenborn Education Minister. But they all say it—MUNDELLA, PLAYFAIR, LUBBOCK, and even SAM SMITH. CRANBORNE and TALBOT not quite so sure; but on other side one chorus of approval. Bore it pretty well for hour or so; but at end of that time grows embarrassing. Just came out for little walk; look in again presently."

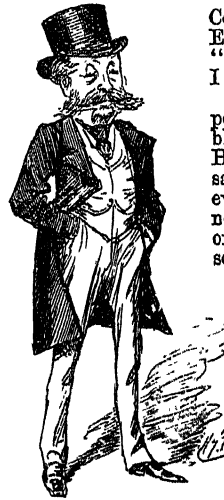
On Report of Supply, GEORGE CAMPBELL strolled in from the Pacific; proposed to call attention to mission of Sir LINTON SIMMONS to the POPE. No Vote connected therewith happens to be in Estimates; so SPEAKER ruled him out of Order.

"Oh, very well," said GEORGE; "that's out of order is it? Well, let me see, there's Japan;" and he talked for thirty-five minutes about Japan.

Business done.—Education Vote agreed to.



A Serious Young Man.



Minister of Education.



Citizen Pickersgill.

THE SCHOOL BOARD BEFORE THE END OF THE CENTURY.

(A Prophecy of the Near Future.)

THE children had left the school, and the pianos were closed for the night. The Senior Wranglers who had been conducting the lessons were divesting themselves of their academical robes, and preparing to quit the premises to return to their palatial homes, the outcome of a portion of their princely salaries. In couples they disappeared until only one was left—he was older than his colleagues, and consequently slower in his movements. As he was about to summon his carriage a wild-looking individual suddenly appeared before him, and, sinking in a chair, appealed to him with a gesture that, fraught with weakness, was yet defiant.

"What do you want with me, my good man?" asked the Senior Wrangler, who had a kindly nature.

"What have you done with my sons?" gasped the visitor.

"No doubt, if they were intended for crossing-sweepers, we have instructed them in the rudiments of classical dancing, and if you purposed bringing them up as errand-boys, it is highly probable that we have taught them how to play upon the harpsichord."

"That's how it is!" cried the other. "They have been taught how to play on the harpsichord; and, as the instrument is obsolete, I ask you, Sir, how are they to get their living?"

"That is no affair of mine, my good fellow," returned the Senior Wrangler, dryly. "It is my duty to teach the child, and not to answer the questions of the parent."

"And the rates are doubled!" cried the Board Scholar's father, wringing his hands in despair, "and I am ruined!" The Senior Wrangler was growing impatient. He had to dine at the Club, and go to the Opera. "Well, what do you want with me?" he asked.

"Employment!" cried the other, in an agony of woe. "Give me employment. I have been ruined by the rates; let the rates support me—give me employment!"

The Senior Wrangler considered for a moment; then he spoke—

"Do you think, my friend, that you could look after our highest class?" The man shook his head.

"I am afraid not, Sir. My education was neglected. Beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic, I know next to nothing."

"That will not be an objection," returned the Senior Wrangler, as he put a gardenia in his button-hole. "Our highest class is composed of our oldest pupils, and as they all suffer from over-pressure, your duties will be simply those of an attendant in an asylum for the care of the imbecile!" And the Ruined Ratepayer was entirely satisfied.

"PLACE AUX DAMES!"

[Following the brilliant success of Miss FAWCETT at Cambridge, Mlle. BELCSCO, a Roumanian lady, took her degree to-day as *Docteur en Droit*. Like Miss FAWCETT, she obtained the highest place at the examination for the Licentiate's Degree, and her success was not less brilliant at the examination for the Doctor's Degree.—*"Daily News" Paris Correspondent.*]



"SENIORA FAWCETT."

So to be entitled henceforth, as she is Seniorer to the Senior Wrangler.

To SENIORA FAWCETT,
The Wranglers yield first place;
And now, first of the Law set,
One of another race,
Beauty, Brunette, Roumanian.
From man takes top Degree!
In learning's race Melanion
Is beaten, one can see,
By the new Atalanta;
At Law School or Sorbonne,
As at our native Granta,
The girls the prize have won.
Bravo, brunette BELCSCO!
Some limner ought to draw
A quasi-classic fresco,
O Lady of the Law!
O Mathematic Maiden!
And show the pretty pair

With Learning's trophies laden
And manhood in a scare.
Ah, *Portia* of Paris!
Urania of the Cam!
Punch, whose especial care is
To sever truth from sham,
Is no great Woman's-Rightist,
But *this* is not clap-trap;
Of pundits the politest,
To you he lifts his cap!
Docteur en Droit, *Punch* watches
Miss FAWCETT by the Cam;
To you she quick despatches
A friendly telegram.
He, friend of all the Nations,
Of Woman as of Man,
Adds his "felicitations."
Well done, Roumanian!!!

WEEK BY WEEK.

THE prevalence of wet weather has had a painful effect on the aspect of the metropolitan streets. We do not refer so much to their having been universally inundated with rain, but rather to the absence from them of those pretty dresses in which it is customary for ladies to disport themselves during sunny weather. For instance, it was calculated the other day by a well-known wrangler, that if the tangential surface of a Bond Street pavement be represented by the formula $x(\pi + y^{1/2}) = y + x - \frac{\pi}{x}$, the decrease in the number of pedestrians appearing on a wet day may be set down as 18426½.

A Correspondent calls our attention to the prevalence of green on the various trees of the Metropolis. "This phenomenon," he observes, "is noticeable in May and early June every year. Some

trees are greener than others, whilst others scarcely come up to the standard of leafy verdure displayed by their fellows. Taking the trees in the Park and arranging them in the inverse ratio of their distances at rectangular intervals from the common centre of their growth, it will be found that the surface area of a Plane-tree is equal to exactly five hundred times the cubic capacity of a gooseberry bush, measured from a point on its inner circumference."

Miss ROBINSON, Mrs. TOUCHE-ARMING, and Lady CORDELIA CROSSBIT, were photographed yesterday. We hear that excellent likenesses of these brilliant ornaments of the Upper Ten have been secured.

The wonderful tameness and docility of the three African Lions now going through their daily performance at the French Exhibition at Earl's Court, have astonished no less than pleased all who have witnessed them, but it is not generally known, that their obedient condition is due to their diet. This has for some time consisted of a well-known infant's and invalid's food, washed down with copious draughts of a widely advertised patent medicine that claims to act as "a special brain and nerve tonic," and it is this last that it is said is responsible for the quenching of the natural ferocity and utter prostration of spirit which enables their talented trainer, together with the watchful attentions of a highly intelligent board-hound, to put them through a series of playful and innocent tricks, hitherto associated rather with the entertaining efforts of the skilled and educated guinea-pig than with the masterly ferocity of the monarch of the desert. [Oh yes! We're not going to allow an advertisement to be sneaked in like this. But as we required a paragraph to fill up space, here it is, with name and address of Infant's Food provider omitted! Aha!—Ed.]

A WHITE SLAVE.

[Miss HARKER took service as a day governess in a family at Stockton, at a salary of 25s. a month, coupled with the privilege of dining in the house. She found herself under the necessity of taking a lodging, the rent for which more than absorbed her modest stipend. She taught three children English and music. Afterwards a couple of infants were placed in her charge. Nor was this all, for when the servants left, the new governess had "to cook the dinner, wash the dishes, and clean the knives." After this she asked for a holiday, the result being that "she was shown the door." Thereupon she brought an action in the County Court for a month's salary in lieu of notice. Judgment for plaintiff with costs, payable forthwith.—*"Daily News, June 12."*]

POOR Miss HARKER went to Stockton, to Stockton on the Tees, But not to make her fortune, or to loll at home at ease; She went to be a governess, and hoped, it would appear, To board and lodge and dress herself on £15 a-year.

A lady once informed us how a lady can be dressed As a lady all for £15, and in her very best; But she never would have ventured to include in her account The lodgings and the breakfasts too for this immense amount.

Now life may be a river, as Pactolus was of old, Which brings you lots of water to a minimum of gold, But sometimes it were better, when the water sinks so low That it fails to turn your mill-wheel, if the river ceased to flow.

So all day long with urchins three Miss HARKER toiled in chains, And she poured the oil of learning well upon their rusty brains, And she practised them in music, and she polished up their sense With the adverbs and the adjectives, and verbs in mood and tense.

And they said, "She's doing nicely, we will give her something more (Not of money, but of labour) ere we show her to the door, Why, we've got two baby children, it is really only fair That Miss HARKER should look after them, and wash and dress the pair.

"And, Miss HARKER, it will save us such a lot of trouble too, If, when our servants leave us, they can leave their work to you. So you'll please to cook our dinner, let your motto be *Ich Dien*, (No, no, you needn't thank us) and you'll keep our dishes clean.

"And, of course, you'll do it daily—what was that you dared to say! You would like to rest a week or so, and want a holiday? Who ever heard such nonsense? Well, there's one thing we can show Not politeness, but the door to you—Miss H. you'd better go."

So she went, but brought her action, and I'm thankful to relate That when the case was argued she hadn't long to wait.

"Costs and judgment for the plaintiff, the defendants' case is fudge Pay her monthly wage, she's earned it and deserves it," said the Judge

There be Englishmen in England, sleek men, and women too, Who tie their purse-strings tighter than tradition's grasping Jew. What care they for fellow-feeling, who for profit try to lure Fellow creatures to their grindstone for the faces of the poor?

And they set some wretched slave to work her fingers to the bone, Then sullenly deny her bread, or give at best a stone; And after she has grubbed and scrubbed, they insolently sneer At one who dares to ask for rest on £15 a-year.

'IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH ASK A P'LICEMAN!'

As Sung by the Not-quite-at-Home Secretary in his Unpopular Entertainment.



WHY DID MONRO RESIGN?
WAS IT ANY FAULT OF MINE?

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH—
ASK THE P'LICEMAN!

Dudley Sadler

"ASK A P'LICEMAN!"

MR. M-TTH-WS sings:—

THE Police Force are a noble lot,
They clear our streets and squares;
To Demonstrators give it hot,
And banish civic scares.
But there's one thing I wish
to know;
Why do the public grin
When one Commissioner will
go,
And t'other won't stop in?

Chorus.

Why did MONRO resign?
Ask a P'liceman!
Was it any fault of mine?
Ask a P'liceman!
Every member of the Force
Backs the popular Boss—of
course!
If you want to know the truth,
Ask a P'liceman!

I'm very sure I'm always
right,
And yet it's vastly queer,
My Secretary's aid they slight,
My Pension-projects jeer.
My Superannuation plan
Won't wash—at Scotland
Yard.
They seem against me to a
man.
It's really very hard.

Chorus.

If you'd know why WARREN
went,
Ask a P'liceman!
Or why MONRO's not content,
Ask a P'liceman!
Isn't it enough to vex
The most genial of Home-
Secs?
If you want an answer—plump,
Ask a P'liceman!

**A NASTY ONE.**

Miss Smith (to Brown, who has just been relating an amusing personal experience). "HOW GOOD! AND DID IT REALLY HAPPEN TO YOU?"

Brown. "YES, REALLY—ONLY YESTERDAY!"

Jones (his hated rival). "AH! BUT I CAN TELL YOU A STILL OLDER STORY THAN THAT, ABOUT A FELLOW WHO—" [Tells a regular Joe Miller.

I'm getting quite unpopular;
I can't imagine why.
If in the Force itself there's
war,
'Gainst me there'll be a cry.
Fancy our Constables on strike
For Eight Hours, and the
rest!
The prospect's one I do not like.
P'licemen, don't be a pest!
Chorus (in which Mr. M-TTH-WS does not join.)
If you want to know the facts,
Ask a P'liceman!
About M-TTH-WS and his acts,
Ask a P'liceman!
If you wish the truth to know
About popular MONRO,
And who next ought to resign.
Ask a P'liceman!!!

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"You'll come again soon?"
i.e., "Thank goodness, he's
going abroad!"

"Always make time to see
you;" i.e., "Strict orders to
servants, 'Not at home.'"

THEATRICAL.

"Miss Blank will make her
first appearance in Juliet at a
Matinée;" i.e., That some
theatrical coach sees his way
to making a little additional
profit out of a wealthy and
ambitious pupil.

"Why don't you look in?"—
house crammed every night,
but always room for you;"
i.e., Last attempt to place a
free admission when the theatre
is empty, and the vouchers
have been refused at the
poster-displaying tobacconists.

BACK TO BACKS.

THE Cambridge Week, delightful. Beautiful weather till I left, and after me—the deluge! Fair faces everywhere, and O those beautiful "Backs"! As the poet sang—

"Ye Backs and Braes!"

Why lug in "Braes"? Fronts may be, and have been, false, but never these "Backs." They never looked lovelier than at the commencement of last week,—fine weather, warm, a gentle breeze. Lucky Cantabs, to have such an idyllic idling place, where you can moon, spoon, stroll, study, work or play, and, if in your boat, smoke, for the pernicious weed is forbidden in the well-kept gardens, though it may be indulged in on the water, beneath whose surface another pernicious weed can be seen luxuriating.

Once more I visit the A. D. C., and witness a capital performance of a burlesque, *Der Freischütz*, founded on one of H. J. BYRON'S, and written up to date by a precious STONE. Burlesque is not dead! Very far from it. The "Sacred Lamp" is not even flickering, but burning with undiminished brilliancy. For a time learned Thebans essayed to extinguish it with High Comedy and even Shakspearian Drama. But the A. D. C. was meant for recreation, and no Undergraduate saw any amusement in either performing or witnessing High Comedy or an historical Drama by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Relaxation for the pale student was needed, so dancing and singing, and jokes, topical hits, and comic business, drew big houses, and amused both players and audiences. The classical Puritanical rebellion was over, and the Merry Monarch, King Burlesque, was restored to his throne, merrier than ever. A crowded house, and I am informed crowdedder and crowdedder every night.

The burlesque is a good one, as the story of *Der Freischütz* is closely parodied, and it is not a mere variety show. And the actors are as much in earnest as the other actors were in earnest, terrible earnest, just thirty-five years ago, for the date over the proscenium reminds me that the A. D. C. was founded in 1855. There are some

old original members down here, and they regard some old original photographs of themselves when they were all boys together in this A. D. C. The photographs are of beardless youths, all very much in earnest. The middle-aged, grey-bearded men are contemplating their former selves with an air of surprise. "Dear me! and those were us!" they exclaim, in Academical English. They see themselves as others saw them then, and they are secretly disappointed, though they soon recover their serenity, and with pride to think their lineaments have been preserved and handed down from generation to generation, they bring up their wives and daughters to look at the pictures, and to listen to their "tales of a grandfather."

Alas! the photographs are fading, and soon, but for the extant history of the A. D. C., dedicated to its Honorary President, H.R.H., the Prince of WALES, its origin would be lost in the obscurity of the dark ages (before they were the grey ages), or be so confused and intermingled with myth as to render any account of its early days untrustworthy.

And what a crowd, driving, walking, riding, to see the boat-races! Quite a little Water Derby Day. So much talk about "bumps," that a stranger would think he had come to hear an open-air lecture on phrenology.

One more lounge in the "Backs," and then to London and work, while happy Undergrads commence their Long Vacation, and make holiday in the sunshine of life. But roam where you will, never will you find any spot to equal these Backs. O *Fortunati Cantabiles! Backs vobiscum!*

As a barrister I love a refresher, and this flying visit has, indeed, been a refresher to one who drinks to Trin. Coll. Cam. and the A. D. C. in a bumper of '75 Margaux, and is able, after that, to sign himself, academically and Lincolninnically, the

MARQUIS DE TERMES.

PS.—Wouldn't this Claretian name of "Marquis DE TERMES" be a good title for the Markiss of SALISBURY, that "master of flouts and gibes"?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 9.—Last time I saw OLD MORALITY was in the lovely estuary of the Dart. He had just cut away from Parliament, called together his seamen bold, and steamed out Westward in the *Pandora*. When we on the *Hiawatha* woke up on Sunday morning, there was the *Pandora* lying alongside, with OLD MORALITY in pea-jacket, straw hat, telescope under his arm, and sea-boots above his knees, though there was not a ripple on face of water that mirrored the old castle at the point, the church, the trees, and the green hills. Nevertheless, there he was, pacing the mizzen-deck, every now and then bringing his telescope to his weather eye, on the look out for Irish Members or SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE lurking in underwood. We ran up at our foretopmost peak, all taut by a couple of bowlines, the signal, "England expects that W. H. SMITH this day will do his duty." There was a soft gleam in OLD MORALITY's starboard eye when he recognised the signal, and he brought the telescope to the salute.

"Very kind of you, TOBY; very thoughtful of your Commodore. You know, nothing is nearer to my heart than the desire to do my duty—duty to my QUEEN and Country; at the same time, of course as far as is compatible with the supreme incentive, desiring to meet the convenience of Hon. Gentlemen in all parts of the House."

Haven't seen OLD MORALITY since, till he turned up to-night. Been seedy, everybody sorry to hear; judiciously added a week to his regular holiday. When he entered House this afternoon, good rattling cheer went up, testifying to his popularity.

"Yes," said WILFRED LAWSON, dropping into poetry—

"Ex-First-Lord from over the sea!
Celt, Home-Ruler, whatever we be,
We all like OLD MORALITY."

Irish Land Purchase Bill first Order of day, but JOHN DILLON moves Adjournment, to discuss goings on of Police in Tipperary. PRINCE ARTHUR, amidst constant interruptions, makes angry reply. His speech introduces variation on old Constitutional principle.

"The Police," he says in effect, "can do no wrong—at least, in Ireland."

Mr. G. joins in demands for Parliamentary inquiry. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, almost hoarse with rage, fulminates against PRINCE ARTHUR and all his works. But though apparently seethed in passion, does not lose presence of mind.

"I know," he shouted, "every Dissident Liberal in this House," (here his copy of the Orders, which he had fashioned in rough shape resembling police baton, and flourished in dangerous fashion, came down with enormous thud on crown of hat of TOM SUTHERLAND, who happened to be sitting just beneath him) "—and that's one," O'BRIEN continued.

"Surely," I said to him

The Chairman of P. and O. after Remark from Mr. O'Brien.

afterwards, "you didn't mean to call attention to the Chairman of the P. and O. in that fashion?"

"Not a bit of it. I was going to say, 'I know every Dissident Liberal in this House will support the Government in the Division Lobby;' but when in the middle of the sentence I found I'd come down on SUTHERLAND's hat, I thought it would make less fuss if I turned the remark in the way I left it."

Ingenious this; but SUTHERLAND says, he understands now why many of the Irish Members are accustomed to wear low-crowned hats during Parliamentary Debate. Comes a little expensive to sit about listening with a silk hat on.

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—GRANDOLPH's seat empty. Not been here since House resumed after Whitsun holidays. Looked for to-night. Has first place on Orders with Instruction on going into Committee on Compensation Bill. SPEAKER been going about with a besom brushing away Instructions. Only GRANDOLPH's stands, a monument to his adroitness and ingenuity. Opposition looking forward to pleasant evening. If GRANDOLPH makes rattling speech in support of his

Instruction, it will make things disagreeable for the Ministry. Moment comes, but GRANDOLPH lingers. Cousin CURZON gets up, announces that GRANDOLPH has heard that Government intend to oppose the Instruction. That being so, he does not think it expedient, in interests of public business, to persevere with it. So will stay in Paris, look through the Luxembourg, loiter in the Louvre, lunch in the Eiffel Tower, and otherwise innocently wile the hours away.

"No," said Cousin CURZON, when I observed that this was not like the GRANDOLPH of old times; "he is much altered; as meek as he was once aggressive. Shudders at the thought of causing a moment's inconvenience to a Government of which GEORGE HAMILTON is an ornament; quite surprised to learn that Government would oppose Amendment, the carrying of which would be equivalent to defeat of their measure. When he heard of it at once decided to drop his Instruction."

Business done.—In Committee on Compensation Bill.

Wednesday.—House sitting; Members talking; Bills advanced by stages; but thoughts of Members concentrated on secret OLD MORALITY carries in his placid bosom. What proposals are Government going to make for arrangement of public business? Are they going to drop three Bills, or two, or one, or carry all three? If so, how is it to be done? by Autumn Session? by peremptory Closure? or by new device of carrying over measures into succeeding Session? Over a cup of five-o'clock, taken in his private room, I frankly put these questions to OLD MORALITY. No use beating about the bush when you are with old friends.

"TOBY," he says, as I light another cigarette, and settle myself to hear the disclosure, "recent morphological inquiry has a curious bearing on this point. Biologists have lately been busy discussing the meaning of a certain organ, to which, in the present stage of its development, it appears impossible to assign any utilitarian value. The case I allude to is the electric organ in the tail of the skate, on which Professor COSSAR EWART read a paper before the Royal Society. You will find a full report of it in *Phil. Trans.*, Vol. LXXIX. Other aquatic animals which possess such organs use them to advantage as electric batteries against their foes. They feel impelled to do so, by what I may perhaps distantly allude to as a sense of duty to their QUEEN and Country. But the electric organ of the skate, though a most complicated mechanism, a structure as elaborate as any in the animal kingdom, appears to be of no benefit whatever to its possessor. This is a very curious thing. I can hardly sleep of nights thinking about it. Can you suggest any explanation? Excuse me, there's the division-bell. Perhaps you'll draw me up a little memorandum giving me your views on the subject."

Very curious indeed. I hadn't mentioned the skate; don't quite see how he slid into the subject. Shall take another opportunity of ascertaining OLD MORALITY's views and intentions with respect to Government plan for arranging business.

Business done.—As to electric organ in the tail of the skate.

Thursday.—A pretty kettle-of-fish. Electric organ of skate seems to have touched up Government; confusion at Carlton to-day. The MARKISS met his merry men; proposed that Bills not completed by Prorogation should be carried over to next Session and taken up at stage reached this year. Loud outcry in Conservative ranks; proposal denounced as revolutionary; wouldn't have it on any terms; meeting broke up without passing any resolution; OLD MORALITY due at House at half-past three to give notice of Resolutions on Procedure.

"Where are they?" Mr. G. asks, beaming across the table.

"Resolutions?" says OLD MORALITY; "bless you, Sir, I have none to move."

Grim silence on Ministerial Benches. Jubilation in Opposition camp. OLD MORALITY plied with questions from all sides; forlornly shakes his head. Can't say anything now. Can't say when he will be able to say something. Perhaps on Monday; perhaps some other day. Baited for half an hour, and then mercifully allowed to escape.

"The tail seems, after all, to have been wagging the skate," I said, humorously; really sorry to find him so low-spirited. Didn't seem to see the point of joke, and usually so apt at badinage. A curious state of affairs; perhaps a memorable day.

Business done.—In Committee on Compensation Bill.

Friday.—"Lo! a strange thing has happened." (W. BLACK.) Yesterday Conservatives in open revolt; Ministry seemed tottering; Opposition jubilant. To-day things righted themselves; the rebels say it was only their fun; Dissident Liberals throw arms round neck of MARKISS; protest they would never desert him; Opposition depressed; Ministers elate.

"The head seems to have got the better of the complicated mechanism in the rear of the skate," I say to OLD MORALITY, a little timidly, remembering failure of yesterday's flash of humour. Quick comes the beaming smile. "You're a funny dog, TOBY," says OLD MORALITY, looking ten years younger than yesterday.

Business done.—In Committee on Compensation Bill.

AT HIS MAYERJESTY'S.

Paris Fin de Siècle, Mr. MAYER's second transplantation from the Gymnase to Her Majesty's Theatre, is amusing from first to last—that is to say, from 8'15 to close on midnight. The Comedy rattles along, and carries the audience who understand French—who in



Harlequinade.

their turn carry the audience who pretend to do so, but who don't—with it. The acting is excellent; and the dialogue is as bright as the looks and toilettes of the dozen or more ladies who have parts. It is not quite clear what "fin de siècle" means. If it is Paris of to-day that is pictured, it

certainly cannot be the Paris of five years hence, and the century has yet ten years to run. But whatever is the purpose of the play, it satisfied the audience which, on the first night, included H.R.H. and the PRINCESS OF WALES, together with "all London."

The plot is simple. *Alfred de Mirandol* (M. NOBLET), of the *tout Paris* set, is engaged to the daughter of the *Marquis de Boissy-Godet*—so he tells everyone who chances to be breakfasting at BIGNON'S, where the first scene is laid—and, without anything particular happening to either of them during the next three Acts, he remains engaged to the young lady when the curtain falls. Then he has a *non fin de siècle* friend, fresh from Brittany, who proposes to a charming widow, charmingly looked and played by Madame SISOS, who accepts him, and lands him in a duel with a Spanish Duke (cleverly played by M. PAUL PLAN) about her Milliner's bill. No one is hurt, but the incident—the only incident to speak of—furnishes a scene in which the four *fin de siècle* seconds are continually forgetting the business on which they are met, and drift into baccarat. Then Madame DISCAUZAS is a Marquise who is so busy with her various charitable institutions that she has not seen her husband for a week, and forgets all about her daughter's marriage.

To London 1890 the Marquise, though unquestionably inimitable, seems slightly loud. English Marchionesses do not as a rule wink. But *Paris Fin de Siècle* is altogether beyond London 1890. English people do not know enough of the formalities attending the arrangement of duels to fully appreciate M. NOBLET's forgetfulness of his duties; nor do English ladies, as yet, give Harlequin Balls, at which the gentlemen wear red evening coats,—it was not a hunt-ball of course; nor does London 1890 see any particular point in the *monde* being shown as frivolous and dissipated, while the *demi-monde* will not permit smoking in the drawing-room, and generally plays propriety. So *Paris Fin de Siècle* may be true to nature, for all English people know about it. Whether it is or is not, it is just as amusing, and well worth seeing.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

JAMES THE FIRST, of America, not to be confounded even by his enemies with the Old or Young Pretender, is bringing out his book entitled, *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, which line represents only a third of the entire title. The celebrated Butterfly signature flutters and flutters from leaf to leaf throughout the book, which in itself, in its binding, print, and arrangement, is a work of Art of which the publishers, Messrs. HEINEMANN, may be justly proud, and which must rejoice the soul of JAMES PRIMUS AMERICANUS, Ex-President, R.S.B.A. The BARON has great pleasure in drawing attention—(he is gifted is the BARON, "drawing" as well as writing, you'll observe)—to a rare specimen of the *Papilio Whistleriensis* which adorns this paragraph, and hopes, on another occasion, to have a few remarks to offer on the many genuine Jacobean epistles contained in this dainty volume which is issued, as the short preface informs us, under the Ex-P.R.B.A.'s "immediate care and supervision," and as a counterblast from LE SIFFLEUR against "a spurious and garbled version" of his writings already put into circulation. It was about time for JACQUES LE SIFFLEUR to come out for a blow; which blow it is more blessed to give than to receive, *dit* the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday.—Les Huguenots. Madame NORDICA as our *Valentine*. She is *toujours riante*. Otherwise, vocally, charming. RAVELLI the Reliable as *Raoul*, much applauded and quite two inches higher in popular estimation. *Valentina* NORDICA cannot take anything seriously. She smiles as she is wont to smile at the supreme moment of his great athletic window-jump, when he is shot out of window and killed so thoroughly that he cannot be produced for the last Act of all, which, therefore, is now never given. Simple-minded folk, not up to this, wait in their stalls, and wonder why everybody else is going. Members of orchestra disappear, lights extinguished, brown-holland coverings descend, the fireman enters, the box-keepers retire, and suddenly it bursts upon the inexperienced Opera-goer that it's all over, except shouting for carriages, and that's over too by now, and that there is to be no more Opera to-night.

L'entr'acte est long,
Un peu d'espoir,
There's no more song,
Et puis bon soir.

M. LASSALLE 'as' the French nobleman, whom some one described as "*Sam Bris*," excellent. Good house for the *Huguenots*.

Tuesday.—Here we are *Lohengrinning* again. *Lohengrin* not a comic opera: the name being rather misleading. Melodious, mellifluous Mlle. MELBA as *Elsa de Brabant*. NED DE RESZKE as the *Great King*, FURSCH-MADY-GRAS unrivalled as *Ortruda*, DAN DRADY as *Freddy*, one of his most dramatic performances; Signor ABRAMOFF as the *Family Herald*—quite a volume—and JACK DE RESZKE as a *Knight on the Swanee River*, or perhaps a knightly visitor from Swansea. Poor JACK suffering from hoarseness. DRURIOLANUS comes forward to explain this. Audience imagines that DRURIOLANUS himself is going to take poor JACK's place. Rather disappointed in consequence. "Could have done it, of course," says DRURIOLANUS afterwards, "but bad example for other members of the governing committee." JACK DE R.'s hoarseness scarcely noticeable. No one would have known it if DRURIOLANUS hadn't told us. Some people can't keep a secret.

Wednesday.—*Vide* last Wednesday's report. Only difference being that Signor PLUNKETTO GREENO is not *in statu quo ante*, the part of the *Commandatore*, M.P. for *Stony Stratford*, being taken by Signor DE VASCHETTI.

Thursday.—Missed it. *Romeo et Juliette*. Believe it was performed, not having heard anything to contrary. Reported that Mr. and Mrs. G. were present. Remember he was there last season, when same Opera was played. Came up then, I think, from Dollis Hill. "All roads lead to Romeo," the G.O.M. is reported to have said to FLORAL HALL, the Covent Gardenia Box Office Manager and enthusiastic devotee of the G.O.M., or "Grand Opera Man."

Friday.—*La Favorite* in French. Evidently neither particular nor universal *Favourite*, as so many *habitués*, conspicuous when here by their noble presence, are now still more conspicuous by their noble absence. Mlle. RICHARD, her first visit to Royal Franco-Italian Opera at Covent Garden, is the *Favourite* to-night, and the *Favourite* wins. Opportunity for Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, who has one of the prettiest airs in the Opera to start with, but then "is heard no more," having only to exhibit, in sympathetic dramatic action, her deep distress at the sufferings of the unhappy *Favourite*, the victim of *Alfonse*, King of Castille. *King Alfonse* gives a garden-party, with "gipsy revellers" of the period, led by small and early PALLADINO. Refreshments are probably served in an adjoining apartment, but *King Alfonse*, being, perhaps, a trifle dry, occupies his time in the chair of state by trifling with a lozenge. Great difficulty among audience as to whether *Fernand* is MONTARIOL or YBOS. Having seen MONTARIOL as *David* in the *Meistersingers*, I do not recognise him as *Fernand*; but having seen YBOS as *Raoul*, in the *Huguenots*, *Fernand*'s legs seem familiar to me. If the voice is the voice of MONTARIOL, the legs are the legs of YBOS. DRURIOLANUS IBOS says it is not YBOS but MONTARIOL; while a distinguished Operatic Committeeman tells a despairing critic that it is YBOS, and not MONTARIOL. Anyhow, Mons. YBOS-AUX-JAMBES-MONTARIOLIENNES is a good, though not great, *Fernand*. The chorus whether as Monks of one of the great Theatrical Orders, not-admitted-after-seven, or as members of the Castilian Aristocracy, are admirable. Signor GASPAR—a name that suggests a singer rather out of condition, and, like *Hamlet*, "scant of breath" (he should be appropriately attired in "pants")—keeps his eye on Signor BEVIGNANI, and Signor BEVIGNANI pulls him through. *Mem.* What an education in modern languages it must require to be a chorister of the R. I. O. C. G. I. Italian, French, English, of course; and perhaps one night they'll come out with something of WAGNER'S in the original German. Everybody looking forward to the revival of *Le Prophète* on Monday next.

Saturday.—*Non adsum*, because 'ad sum—where else to go. Covent Garden, however, not closed in consequence. Hear that JEAN is to get £600 per week in America. Good interest this for one tanner.



AS WORN.

"DEAR UNCLE BEN,—YOU'RE ALWAYS SO KIND!—WOULD YOU SIT ON MY BONNET A LITTLE. I'VE TAKEN OUT THE PINS."

ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM.

SIGNOR SMITHINI *loquitur* :—

Houp-là! Oh, it's all very fine
That there whip to keep twirling and
But with such a trio as mine [cracking,
There's no very great fun in "bare-back-
Two of them, I'm sure, were enough [ing."
To keep—in *this* Circus—in tether.
A third you must thrust in!—what stuff!
How *am* I to keep 'em together?
"Land Purchase" I had well in hand,
And "Tithes" made a pretty fair second;
But t'other? I can't understand
How JOKIM could so have misreckoned.
Of all awkward 'osses to hold
The worst is his pet, "Compensation,"
And if in the tan I ain't rolled,
'Twill be thanks to my fine equitation!
Must get him along? Oh, of course!
It will not do to fail, now we've started.
But how? I'm a chap of resource,
And I fancy I'm not chicken-hearted,
Yet some lookers-on shouts out "Go!"
Whilst others ejaculate "Drop him!"
And, SOLLY, I'm hanged if I know
How safely to drive him or stop him.
I may get him round,—'twill take time,—
To drop him would now raise derision;
I'm tired, and not quite in my prime,
And of failure have somehow a vision.
Of course, I will still do my best;
I am always devoted to "Duty,"
But oh! I should so like a rest.
Houp-là then! Oh, come up, you beauty!!

IMPORTANT.—The Two Pins Club are going to have a race. Of course it will be "from point to point."

LE 'OCKEY STICK-BALLE FIGHT.

Contributed by Our Own "Sportings-Life" Man.

MON CHER MONSIEUR PUNCH,

I KNOW what interest profound and gracious you have always manifested towards the glorious efforts of the heroic youth of our regenerated athletic France, for have I not read your notices amiable and scientific of *les* "doings" of our *onze* at the *jeu de Cricquette*, and still later of the murderous combat of the veritable "struggle-for-lifers" in *le scrimmage* of your terrible contest of "Kioke-balle"? But now the valiant youth of our public seminaries have advanced still one more step, and the afternoon of last Tuesday saw, in the leafy arcades of our Bois, a true "stick-balle" fight—in one word, a *parti* of "Le 'Ockey," played with *vrais bâtons*, clubs long and terrible, with cruel hooked finish, to the eye of the beholder, and the dangerous white ball, hard as iron, heavy as lead, between a "ome team and a "side" of strangers, that would have done credit to an "Oxfor-Cambridge" battle or a fight royal, in which *Les Roverres de Peckham* were themselves engaged.

The costume of the "ome team, of which I was the General, consisting, as it did, of "knickerbockerres" of pink velvet, jerseys of green and yellow satin in stripes, padded in front and behind, as a protection from *les coups de les "stickes"* with large feather pillows, and "igh jack-boots, worn with the same motive, completed, together with a massive iron and wire mask, surmounted with a funeral plume, used to safeguard the head and neck, a costume at once striking and useful. The strangers were, perhaps, not quite so happily arranged, their legs being

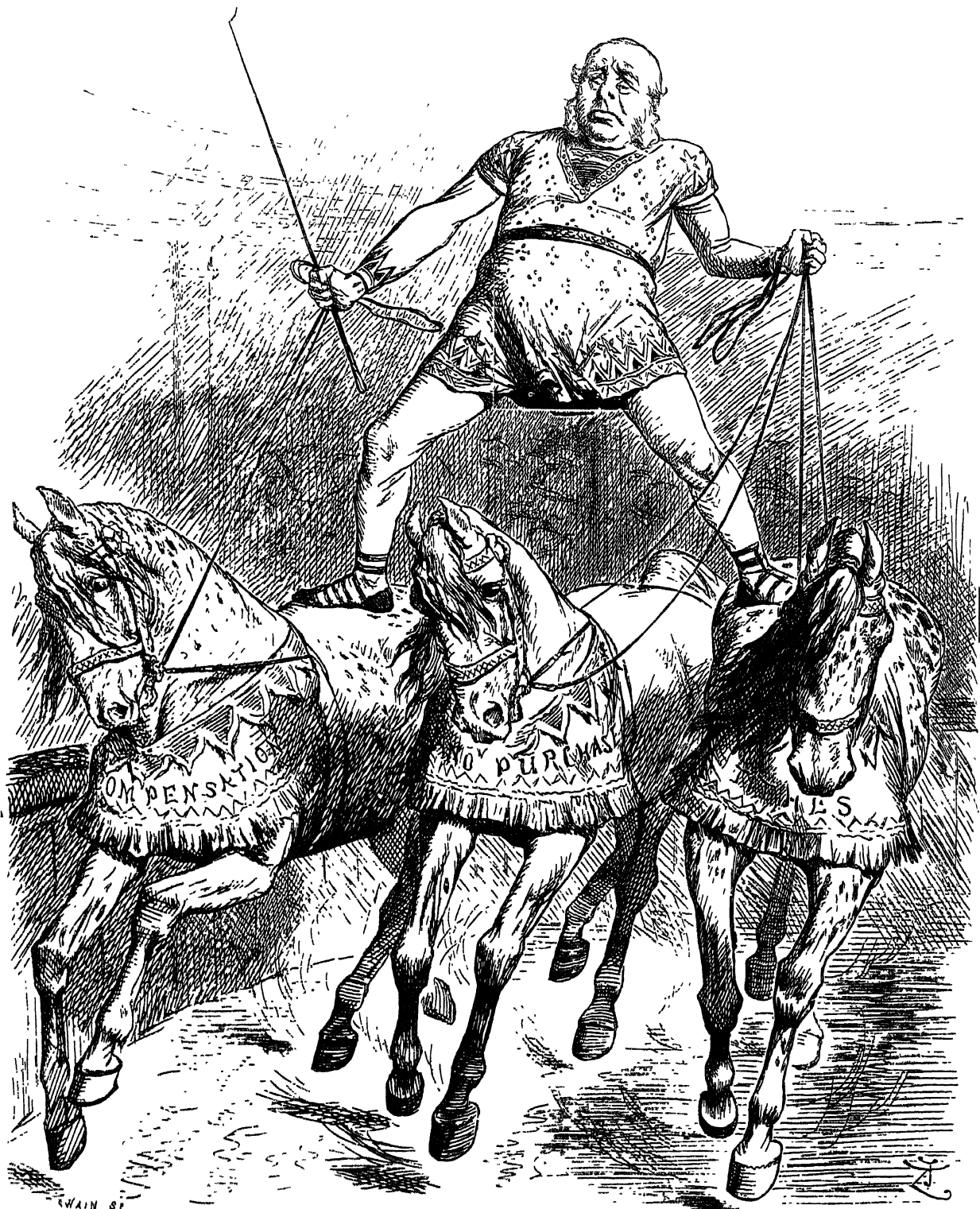
encased in chain-armour, and their bodies protected by large wicker clothes-washing-baskets; but, though this precautionary costume hampered in some respect the play of their arms, and impeded their swiftness in making "le rush," still, the hardest blow of the death-dealing "stickes" fell on them without pain, and they could meet the approach of the terrible iron-load ball without the apprehensive tremblings of terror.

The contest, though fierce, was not of long duration, for, after the ninth goal, the iron-lead ball was driven with such furious *élan* by the victorious side that it dashed into the middle of the spectators, and was swallowed, in the excitement, by the startled horse of an omnibus. Thereupon the Umpire, being appealed to, decided the contest terminated with victory, by three goals to nothing, to the "ome team, and amidst the prolonged "hurrahs" of the assembled thousands, who represented all the *élite* of the veritable 'igh and Sporting life of the best Parisian Society, the first day's *stick-balle* fight that has now introduced "Le 'Ockey" into the arena of our rising National Athletics, came to a brilliant and inspiring end. I beg you, *Mon cher Monsieur Punch*, be assured of my highest considerations, as I subscribe myself your very humble *serviteur*,
THE FIRST CHAMPION OF LES SPORTS.

DEFINITIONS.

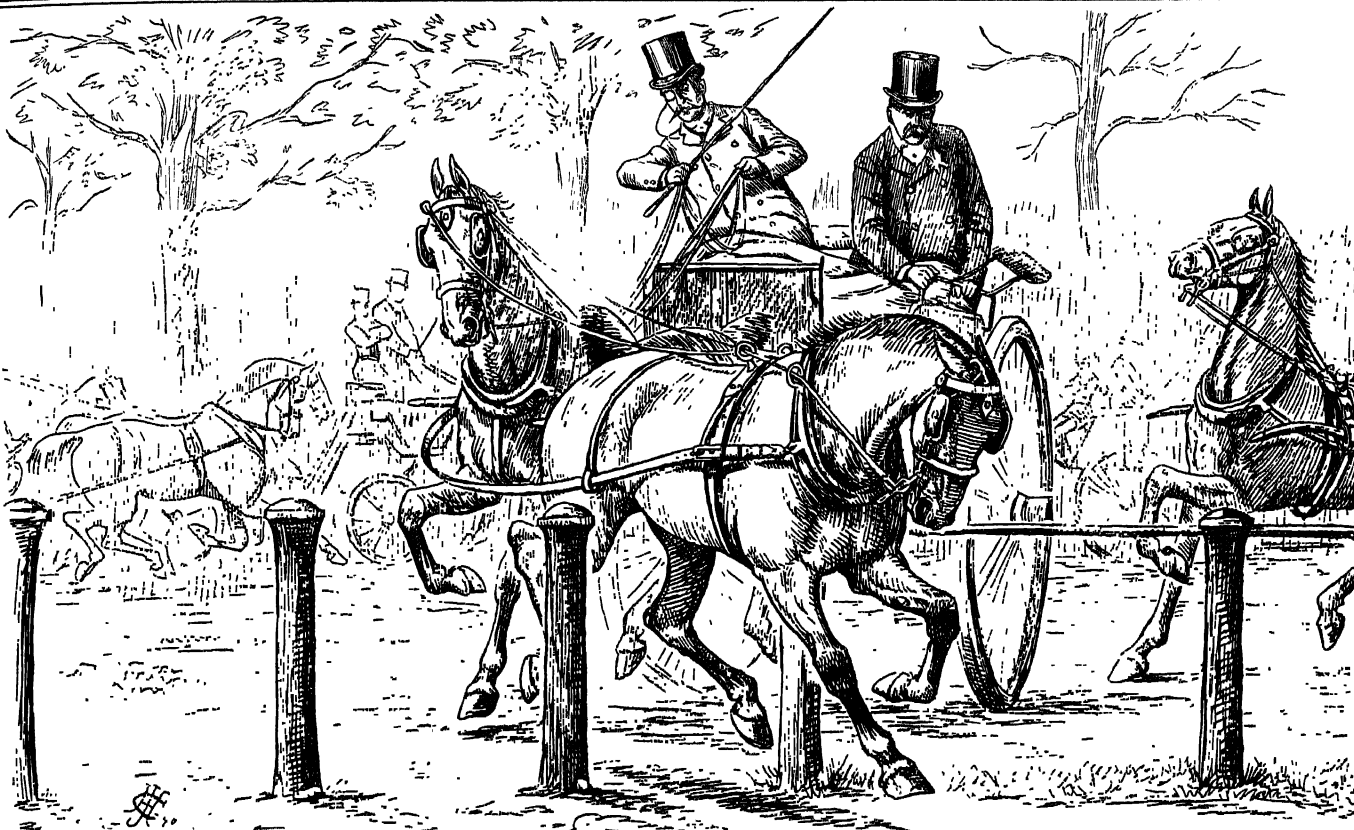
Mater.—One who finds *mates* for her daughters.
Check Mate.—A husband with money.

Mrs. R. says:—"My nephew, who has just returned from a long voyage, tells me that in the Red Sea it is so hot that the gentlemen sleep on deck in their bananas."



ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM.

SIGNOR W. H. SMITHINI (*sotto voce*). "WISH I COULD HAVE KEPT 'EM ALL THREE ABREAST, JUST FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING!"



HINTS FOR THE PARK.

DON'T TRY TO TURN YOUR TANDEM AT THE TROT, PARTICULARLY IF YOUR LEADER IS OF A SOMEWHAT WILFUL DISPOSITION.

AFTER "THE MAY."

A Cambridge Song of June.

OUT and alas! The "May" is o'er;
The polish of the ball-room floor
Is streaked and marred by heedless feet,
The pretty convoys in the street
Stir no more envy, nor make proud
The escort of the dainty crowd.
No more the archway dark and grim,
No more the tortuous staircase dim
Wake to a glow of living light,
When JONES's sisters, like a flight
Of tuneful birds in plumage gay
Come into College, in the May.

The little girl in grey is gone,
Who like a silvery marsh-flower shone
What time the long and strenuous train
Of eights round Grassy pulled amain.
Gone is the musical low voice
That made the general heart rejoice,
Mazing prim scholars with her wit,
Or chattering simply, not a bit
Above the sporting schoolboy's range.
At that grave dinner, for a change,
With just as flattering a charm,
She took the formal Tutor's arm,
With sparkling eyes, that scattered light
On the dark Don's self-centred night.

Bare are the windows, flowering then,
The cynosure of lingering men,
Whence over the darkling court would float
The chorus of the College boat;
Not shouted with the tuneless zeal
Which tells how Undergraduates feel;
But by such sweet girl-voices given
As might the strictest "gates" have riven,
Drawn iron tears down Tutors' cheek,
And made Deans grant what loafers seek.

And listening oarsmen softly swore
To pull as men ne'er pulled before,
And, let the next boat do its worst,
To make to-morrow's bump, or burst.

Out, and alas! May follows May,
And other little girls in grey,
With hair as bright and eyes as blue,
Will hold the torch, pass'd on by you,
And none the bygone years recall;
For even this May's College pride
Will be as dead as flowers that died
At some forgotten festival.

RATHER SHIFTY.—"The Members of the Metropolitan Police Force," the Memorial stated, as quoted in the *Times* of June 13, urged the Government to concede, among other demands, this, which sounds peculiar:—

"Duty to consist of eight hours (in one shift) out of every twenty-four."

The words in brackets are a puzzle. Is "shift" a misprint for "shirt"? Is a Policeman now compelled to wear more than one of these in every twenty-four hours? Is it flannel or linen? We confess that we do not understand this, which we may fairly designate as "The Washerwoman's Clause."

PEREGRINUS JOCOSUS writes thus:—"Sir,—I was visiting Tintern Abbey. Admission is by a gateway, close to which is an instruction to ring the bell. How much simpler and pleasanter if the proprietor had written up, 'Tinternabbeylate!'—Yours, much pleased, P. J."

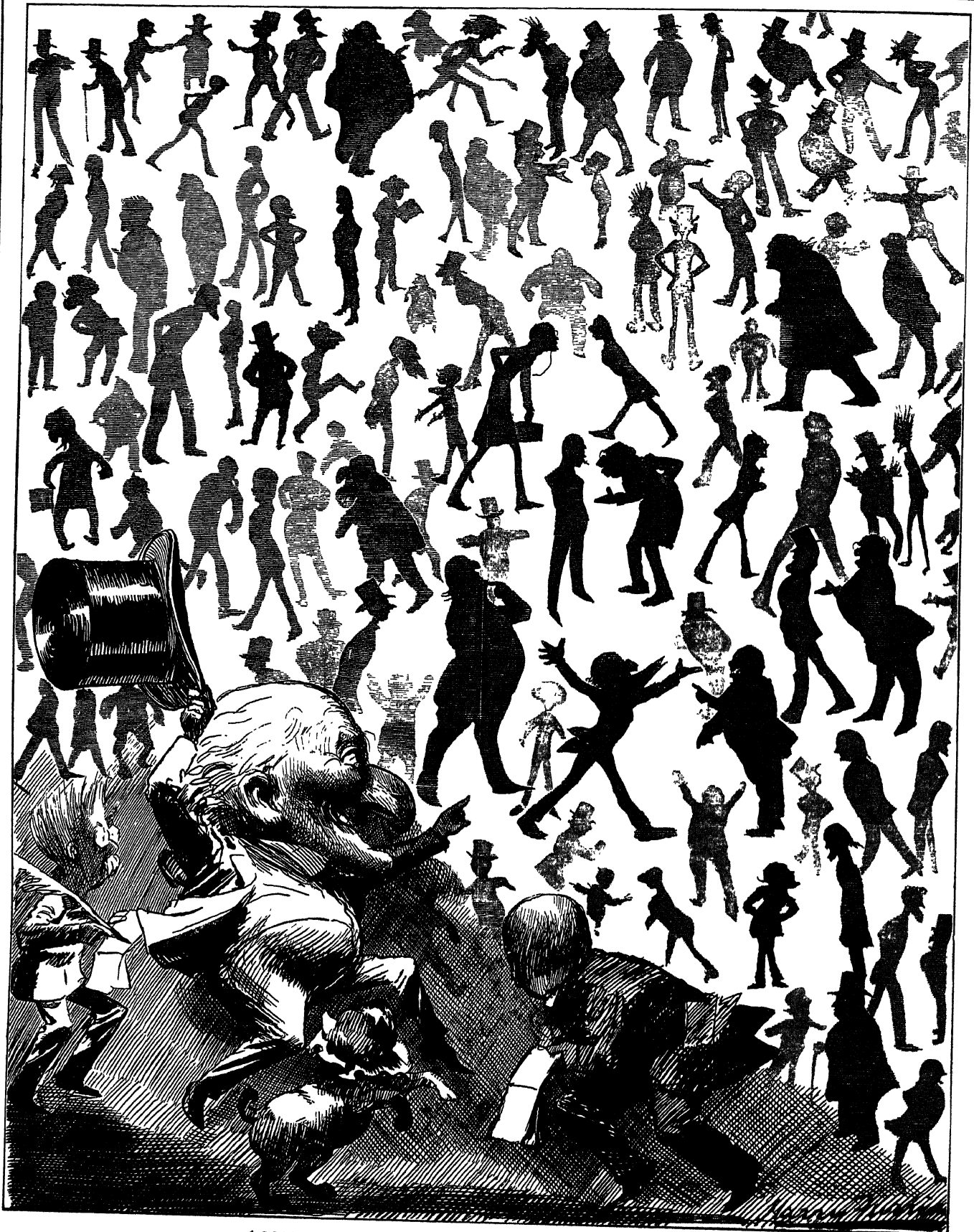
ON ARMY EXAMS.—As long as Examinations are what they are, cramming is a necessity. Therefore, Mr. *Punch* has only one retort to present objections to cramming, and that is—"Stuff!"

RECKING THE REDE LECTURE.

"His paramount aim was to make the world better by the humanising influences of literature."
—Professor Jebb on Erasmus.

FRIEND of COLET and of MORE,
Genial wit and learned scholar,
Never pedant, prig, or bore.
Dulness and the Mighty Dollar
Rule too much our world of books;
Slang, sensation, crass stupidity;
Talk of "oof" and prate of "spooks,"
Sciolism, sheer aridity;
Smartness, which is folly decked
In true humour's cast-off raiment,
Clap-trap which has never recked
Aught save chance of praise and payment;
These our literature infest,
No ERASMUS now arising,
Style to purge and taste to test
In the way of "humanising."
Could you but come back to us,
How you'd flay sensation-mongers,
Gird at gush, and flout at fuss,
Chasten morbid thirsts and hungers:
Puncture philosophic sham,
"Blugginess," the coarse erotic;
Show up oallow Cockney "cram,"
Logic shallow, thought chaotic;
Lash our later Euphuism,
And the pseudo-Ciceronian;
Rottenness of "Realism."
Battering in its bogs Serbonian.
Thanks, O philosophic JEBB!
In this age of advertising,
Literature, at a low ebb,
Needs a little "humanising."

"ON, STANLEY!"—The officer whom the explorer did not take with him was his left TERNANT.



'SHADOWING' MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.'

THE MODERN CORNELIA.

[CORNELIA, daughter of SCIPIO AFRICANUS, and wife of SEMPRONIUS GRACCHUS, when a lady displayed her jewels to her, pointed to her two sons, exclaiming, "These are *my* jewels!"]



THESE ARE MY JEWELS."

TIMOUR-MAMMON's triumph's full
In this grace-abandoned creature.
Look at her! A tawdry trull,
Blear of eye and blurred of feature
From the cult of her god—Drink!
HEROD's cruel self might shrink
From a—Mother, calculating
On her children's loss, awaiting
With impatience their last breath,
And the devilish gains of Death.

Such as she, her cronies cry,
Are "In luck when children die!"
Luck! The luck of willing loss.
Children dead bring in the dross.
Little SARAH's pale and sickly;
Death is near, but comes not quickly,
Art may hasten his slow tread.

Blows, exposure, hunger, pain,
Are auxiliaries of gain,
Gain that comes "when SARAH's dead,"
When to death her "friends" have done
her.
"We have got four pounds upon her,"
Babbles little SARAH's brother,
Echoing the modern Mother.
WEMYSS the wise advises "thrift,"
As the only thing to lift
Labour from the Sweater's slough.
Laws, he swears, are wholly vain;
Thought may scheme, and Love may strain
Fruitlessly to raise the brow
Of the poor above the slime
Of starvation, suffering, crime.
Thrift's the thing! Well, here is thrift!
Children,—they are fortune's gift.

Motherhood to rear them strives?
Not so; it *insures their lives!*
Burial Insurance comes
As a boon unto the slums.
The insurance love may fix
At five pounds, or even six;
A child's funeral costs a pound,
And the balance means—drinks round!

Here's the luck of loss, a luck
Care may hasten. Blows are struck,
Raiment stinted, food denied,
Hunger and exposure tried;
Infants overlain—by chance!
Is it not a Moloch dance?
Modern Motherhood, *plus* Drink,
Beats old MOAB, will not shrink
From child-sacrifice to win,

INCIDENT IN THE INDIAN SPORTING TOUR OF ALIBI PASHA (COLONEL ALIAS ALIBI).



ut from too many and too kind friends, in order to scheme ut at my leisure a new and original plan for tracing the real and nly source of the Nile at half the cost of STANLEY'S expedition, with ouble the profits. "The Genuine Nile Water Company Limited," nd the "Nile Sauce for Cheops and Steaks," will be two of the reatest financial successes of this or any other time.

"Yeo ho, my boys! Yeo ho!" I shouted from the height above to our toiling minions in the cockie-shell of a boat below. My! how glad they were. Odds Colonels and cockle-shells! but, if I hadn't exerted my lungs, they'd have returned disconsolate to you, as you were waiting at the railway station, with your baggage all labelled, and your dog *Toby* waving adieu to your followers. What a wiggling they'd have got! But, seeing me, you smiled as you went to smile, and in twotwos the historic question was asked—"Colonel, are you ready?" (as I have already reminded you), and the equally historic answer had been given, "I am!"



"Yeo ho! my boys!" I shouted

omit the first six hundred pages.) * * * The next day SWINDLAH KHAN came to my Kabob where I was sitting, wiling away the time by teaching my favourite Cheetah the three-card trick, which the sagacious animal can now perform as easily as if he were the learnedest pig in Europe—(I am bringing him over, to back him for matches of this sort in England—shall probably get up a company to work it—Learned Pig and Cheetah Company (Limited): Capital, £280,000,000—but of this, more anon)—and, after accepting the *puffum*, which is always offered to a visitor filled and lighted, SWINDLAH waited for me to open the conversation.

"SWINDLAH, mebhoy," said I, addressing him familiarly, in his own native language, in which I am a proficient, and shall now give a translation, "What's up?"

"ALIBI PASHA," he replied, bending his head, and looking out of the corner of his eyes—a trick he has when he means mischief—(I know the old rascal by this time)—"Is it on or off?"

For the moment I had forgotten our wager of the previous night. I

confess I had imbibed so much *loshun* that for once and away I was not quite certain whether I was actually sober or not—nor, indeed, did I decide the point until I had argued it out myself, and settled that, if I went to bed in my *bhootahs* (worn here on the foot, and very much worn under it), I must be more or less inebriated, but that, if I



Waiting for the Colonel.

"Yes, SWINDLAH," says I. "It is the Wild Hog Hunt to which you are alluding." He bowed. "Fifty thousand lakhs of rupees," I continued, "which your executors pay to mine in case you come to grief, or mine to yours in case the like happens to me." Again he bowed, and I went on. "And if we both survive, the money is paid to whichever of us two kills the Wild Hog of Ghuntah." We shook hands over it. I didn't, as a rule, shake hands with SWINDLAH KHAN, who was the veriest old thief in all India, and an abominably cruel tyrant into the bargain.

The fact is, that this Wild Hog, which from time to time ravaged various parts of the country that trembled under the sway of SWINDLAH, was secretly fed, kept alive, and incited to ferocity by the minions of the cunning despot, who, when he wanted a larger loan than usual, or coveted the prope ty of some private person, would privately order this Hog to be starved for a fortnight, and then suddenly let out to run a-muck.

Naturally the poor natives, and the rich ones too for the matter of that, clamoured for protection at the hands of their ruler, who pretended he could see no other way of dealing with the difficulty than by raising a force of sharpshooters, armed with lances and bows and arrows, no guns being permitted, as the noise would disturb the SWINDLAH, who, about this time, invariably feigned to be laid up at home with a bilious headache. His subjects had to subscribe for the support of these sporting warriors, and the money came in from all



An Awful Boar for Travellers.

quarters into SWINDLAH'S treasury for the purpose of killing this formidable scourge. The presence of this Wild Hog obstructed trade, as no Travellers, commercial or otherwise, would run the risk of encountering this dangerous monster. Of course, the Hog was never killed, as to have put an end to its existence would have been analogous to killing the Goose that laid the Golden Eggs. When I came into the country, SWINDLAH did his best to entrap me. I had thirty of the narrowest escapes that ever man experienced. (Here we omit 1200 pages of this most thrilling narrative.) SWINDLAH had dared me to kill the Wild Hog alone: I had replied, "Yes, but it must be worth my while. So make it a bet, which will slay the beast, you or I, and I'm on. And the entire beast must be brought back as evidence. A leg, or a tusk, or an eye, or a bristle won't do. It must be the whole Hog or none."

As I have said, so 'twas done. The barbarous SWINDLAH had determined on collaring my coin, and taking my life. He had secreted men in the jungles, in the passes, on the mountain-tops, to spear me, arrow me, shoot me,—if they could. What did I care? I had the whole country at my back, for they were ready to rise as one man—(and, as a matter of fact, only one man did rise, and he was beheaded at once

Then haul down my curtains, and call up my men, And search every cupboard agen and agen. It has a frilled border as far as the knee— It's the prettiest thing is my *shimmy dounce*.

But, as I didn't quote this to SWINDLAH KHAN, I only allude to it here, and you will find it *in extenso*, as they did in the linen-press, further on, during the course of these Memoirs—and retired to my *dhownee* (bed), I must be all right. *Dhownee* v. *bhootah*, and the first won. Yet next morning it was with difficulty I could exactly recall the term of the wager.



A Strange Story.

by the nearest native policeman, who afterwards apologised handsomely to the family for the mistake),—and take vengeance on the tyrant. But this depended on my success; otherwise, so crushed and craven were even the noblest spirits among them, they dared not move one little finger. Shall I proceed? Yes. I bore a charmed life. The Wild Hog was wilder than ever. Mounted on my good old mare, *Wheezer*, which had carried me over many a stiff country in Old England, and accompanied by my faithful hound, *Telpa*, I sought out the wild beast in his lair. SWINDLAH himself came by a circuitous route.

Suddenly there was an awful roar—I call it a roar, but it was really the noise of a volcano in action—and the place shook as though in the throes of an earthquake. Above me, on a rock, on the other side of a ravine (eighty feet by fifty) stood the huge monster, hideous raging, tearing up roots, trees, stocks, stones, anything and everything. In all my life I never saw such a horrid boar! “At him, *Telpa*!” I cried, giving at the same time my well-known whistle of attack. *Telpa* cleared the ravine at a bound. Then followed an awful struggle. SWINDLAH below looked up in delight. “If the dog kills him, it’s no bet!” he shouted.

“Come on, and kill him yourself, if you can!” I cried, putting *Wheezer* at the leap. My brave mare needed no spurs.

At that moment *Telpa* missed his footing and fell. In less than the 100th part of a second I had lassoed him round the collar, and saved my gallant and faithful friend; but there was no time for attending to his wounds, as at that instant the Wild Hog, frantic with rage, sprang from the rock straight at me, mouth open and bristles erect. One billionth part of a second of suspense, and the next minute my pig-sticking spear had passed through him, and



A HAZARDOUS LEAP!

Wheezer, I, and the Hog sank exhausted on the other side of the ravine, just as a shriek broke on my ear, and I was able to see that SWINDLAH's underbred horse having refused a narrower place lower down, had, in consequence (for this, strange as it may appear, was the first time that braggart SWINDLAH had ever been out riding) pitched SWINDLAH right over his head into the abyss below. I returned home in triumph. Bonfires and rejoicings all night. Torch and Nautch till daybreak. No one thought of looking for SWINDLAH

till next morning, when nothing was found of him except his turban. His horse was browsing peacefully within a few yards of the spot where SWINDLAH had disappeared. The money I had fairly won was never paid, but the nobility and gentry subscribed towards a medal, which was struck in commemoration of the event. I send one to you, one to the Vatican, and a third to the British Museum. I need hardly say that after this — (*We omit the remainder, as the work will probably be published in full at some future time.*)

Not a false god's smile, but Gin!
Children are possessions, truly,
To be sold, and paid for, duly,
Pledged like other property,
Bringing interest—when they die.

Modern CORNELIA! That is she,
With a semi-drunken glee
Aping, all unconsciously,
The proud Roman mother's vaunt.
"See my jewels! What I want—
Dress, and drink, and selfish ease,
I can win at will—through these."

What was it little BOBBY said?
"We'll get four pounds when
SARAH's dead!"

Golden-tongued PETERBOROUGH,
flay
The harpies with your burning
breath;
And you, brave WAUGH, assist to
stay
This plague of fiends who thrive
on death. [Crime
Cut short the course of callous
Of this CORNELIA of our time!

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE HORSE SHOW.

TIME—About 3'30. *Leaping Competition about to begin. The Competitors are ranged in a line at the upper end of the Hall, while the attendants place the hedges in position. Amongst the Spectators in the Area are—a Saturnine Stableman from the country; a Cockney Groom; a Morbid Man; a Man who is apparently under the impression that he is the only person gifted with sight; a Critic who is extremely severe upon other people's seats; a Judge of Horseflesh; and Two Women who can't see as well as they could wish.*

The Descriptive Man. They've got both the fences up now, d'ye see? There's the judges going to start the jumping; each rider's got a ticket with his number on his back. See? The first man's horse don't seem to care about jumping this afternoon—see how he's dancing about. Now he's going at it—there, he's cleared it! Now he'll have to jump the next one!



[Keeps up a running fire of these instructive and valuable observations throughout the proceedings. *The Judge of Horseflesh.* Rare good shoulders that one has.

The Severe Critic (taking the remark to apply to the horse's rider). H'm, yes—rather—pity he sticks his elbows out quite so much, though. [His Friend regards him in silent astonishment.

Another Competitor clears a fence, but exhibits a considerable amount of daylight.

The Saturnine Stableman (encouragingly). You'll 'ev to set back a bit next journey. Guv'nor!

The Cockney Groom. 'Orses 'ud jump better if the fences was a bit 'igher.

The S. S. They'll be plenty 'oigh enough fur some on 'em.

The Severe Critic. Ugly seat that fellow has—all anyhow when the horse jumps.

Judge of Horseflesh. Has he? I didn't notice—I was looking at the horse. [Severe Critic feels snubbed.

The S. S. (soothingly, as the Competitor with the loose seat comes round again). That's not good, Guv'nor!

The Cockney Groom. 'Ere's a little bit o' fashion coming down next—why, there's quite a boy on his back.

The S. S. 'E won't be on 'im long if he don't look out. Cup an' ball I call it!

The Morbid Man. I suppose there's always a accident o' some sort before they've finished.

First Woman. Oh, don't, for goodness sake, talk like that—I'm sure I don't want to see nothing 'appen.

Second Woman. Well, you may make your mind easy—for you won't see nothing here; you would have it this was the best place to come to!

First Woman. I only said there was no sense in paying extra for the balcony, when you can go in the area for nothing.

Second Woman (snorting). Area, indeed! It might be a good deal airier than what it is, I'm sure—I shall melt if I stay here much longer.

The Morbid Man. There's one thing about being so close to the jump as this—if the 'orse jumps sideways—as 'osses will do every now and then—he'll be right in among us before we know where we are, and then there'll be a pretty how-de-do!

Second Woman (to her Friend). Oh, come away, do—it's bad enough to see nothing, let alone having a great 'orse coming down atop of us, and me coming out in my best bonnet, too—come away!

[They leave. *The Descriptive Man.* Now they're going to make 'em do some in-and-out jumping, see? they're putting the fences close together—

that'll puzzle some of them—ah, he's over both of 'em; very clean that one jumps! Over again! He's got to do it all twice, you see.

The Judge of Horseflesh. Temperate horse, that chestnut.

The Severe Critic. Is he, though?—but I suppose they have to be here, eh? Not allowed champagne or whiskey or anything before they go in—like they are on a racecourse?

The J. of H. No, they insist on every horse taking the pledge before they'll enter him.

The Descriptive Man. Each of 'em's had a turn at the in-and-out jump now. What's coming next? Oh, the five-barred gate—they're going over that now, and the stone wall—see them putting the bricks on top? That's to raise it.

The Morbid Man. None of 'em been off yet; but (hopefully) there'll be a nasty fall or two over this business—there's been many a neck broke over a lower gate than that.

A Competitor clears the gate easily, holding the reins casually in his right hand.

The J. of H. That man can ride.

The Severe Critic. Pretty well—not what I call business, though—going over a gate with one hand, like that.

The J. of H. Didn't know you were such an authority.

The S. C. (modestly). Oh, I can tell when a fellow has a good seat. I used to ride a good deal at one time. Don't get the chance much now—worse luck!

The J. of H. Well, I can give you a chance, as it happens. (Severe Critic accepts with enthusiasm, and the inward reflection that the chance is much less likely to come off than he is himself.) You wait till the show is over, and they let the horses in for exercise. I know a man who's got a cob here—regular little devil to go—bucks a bit at times—but you won't mind that. I'll take you round to the stall, and get my friend to let you try him on the tan. How will that do you, eh?

The Severe Critic (almost speechless with gratitude). Oh—er—it would do me right enough—capital! That is—it would, if I hadn't an appointment, and had my riding things on, and wasn't feeling rather out of sorts, and hadn't promised to go home and take my wife in the Park, and it's her birthday, too, and, then, I've long made it a rule never to mount a strange horse, and—er—so you understand how it is, don't you?

The J. of H. Quite, my dear fellow. (As, for that matter, he has done from the first.)

The Cockney Groom (alluding to a man who is riding at the gate). 'Ere's a rough 'un this bloke's on! (Horse rises at gate; his rider shouts, "Hoo, over!" and the gate falls amidst general derision.) Over? Ah, I should just think it was over!

The Saturnine Stableman (as horseman passes). Yer needn't ha' "Hoo" 'd for that much!

[The Small Boy, precariously perched on an immense animal, follows; his horse, becoming unmanageable, declines the gate, and leaps the hurdle at the side.

The S. S. Ah, you're a artful lad, you are—thought you'd take it where it was easiest, eh?—you'll 'ev to goo back and try agen, you will.

Chorus of Sympathetic Bystanders. Take him at it again, boy; you're all right! . . . Hold him in tighter, my lad. . . . Let out your reins a bit! Lor, they didn't ought to let a boy like that ride. . . . He ain't no more 'old on that big 'orse than if he was a fly on him! . . . Keep his 'ed straighter next time. . . . Enough to try a boy's nerve! &c., &c.

[The Boy takes the horse back, and eventually clears the gate amidst immense and well-deserved applause.

The Morbid Man (disappointed). Well, I fully expected to see 'im took off on a shutter.

The Descriptive Man. It's the water-jump next—see; that's it in the middle; there's the water, underneath the hedge; they'll have to clear the 'ole of that—or else fall in and get a wetting. They've taken all the horses round to the other entrance—they'll come in from that side directly.

[One of the Judges holds up his stick as a signal; wild shouts of "Hoy-hoy! Whorr-oosh!" from within, as a Competitor dashes out and clears hedge and ditch by a foot or two. Deafening applause. A second horseman rides at it, and lands—if the word is allowable—neatly in the water. Roars of laughter as he scrambles out.

The Morbid Man. Call that a brook! It ain't a couple of inches deep—it's more mud than water! No fear (he means, "no hope") of any on 'em getting a ducking over that!

[And so it turns out; the horses take the jump with more or less success, but without a single saddle being vacated. The Judges award a red and blue rosette to the riders of the best and second horses respectively, and the proceedings terminate for the afternoon amidst demonstrations of hearty satisfaction from all but The Morbid Man, who had expected there would have been "more to see."

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's own Type Writer.)

NO. XIV.—THE LADY FROM CLOUDLAND.

At intervals of a few years the torpor of London Society is stirred by the carefully disseminated intelligence that a new planet has begun to twinkle in the firmament of fashion, and the telescopes of all those who are in search of novelty are immediately directed to the spot. Partially dropping metaphor, it may be stated that a hitherto unknown lady emerges, like the planet, from a cloud under which, as the envious afterwards declare, the greater part of her previous existence has been spent. But Society, under the influence of boredom, is tolerant of new sensations and of those who seek to provide them. Those who guard its portals are, in these latter days, bidden not to be over-curious in the inquiries they make of applicants for admission, and eventually it may come to pass that the approaches and avenues are opened as readily to one who comes trailing clouds of obscurity, as to her who shines with the steady lustre of acknowledged position.

The Lady from Cloudland soars into the ken of fashion in various places. Very often she is found for the first time in the little mock temple which pious worshippers at the shrine of rank build for themselves on the Riviera. They have their ceremonial closely copied from the London model. They dance, they receive, they organise bazaars. They launch out into tea-parties, and grow warm over the discussion of scandals. They elect unto themselves leaders, and bow their foreheads to the dust before the golden splendour of an occasional scion of Royalty; in short, they cling as closely as foreign skies and foreign associations permit to the observances which have made English Society pre-eminent in its own respect, and in the good-natured ridicule of less-favoured nations. But since the majority of them have come in search of health, they cannot despise or reject one who qualifies for consideration and interest by suffering, and who, to the piquancy of an unknown origin, adds the high recommendation of good looks—which are not too good—of a cheerful temper, and an easy tact, which can only come of much knowledge of many worlds. Such a one is the Lady from Cloudland. Many are the questions asked about her, and even more various are the answers given. "My dear," one lady will say to another, at the house of a common friend, where the Lady from Cloudland has become the centre of a throng of admirers, "I hear, on the very best authority, that her mother used to sell flowers in the City, and that she herself was for some years a Circus Rider in America. Whenever I meet her I feel a dreadful inclination to say *Houp-là!*, instead of, *How do you do?*" To which her friend will reply that she, on her side, has been informed that the lady in question was formerly attached to the conjugal tribe of an Indian Rajah, and was rescued by a Russian, whom she shortly afterwards poisoned. They will then both invite her to their next entertainments, asking her by no means to forget those delightful Burmese love-ditties which only she can sing as they ought to be sung.

The Lady from Cloudland, however, does not limit her ambition to the hybrid Society of the South of France. She intends to make for herself a position in London, the Mecca of the aspirant, and she proposes to use those who thus console themselves with spitefulness as stepping-stones for the attainment of her object. At the beginning of the following London Season Society will learn, by means of the usual paragraphs, that "Mrs. So-and-So, whose afternoon party last year in honour of Prince — was one of the most brilliant successes of a brilliant Riviera Season, has taken the house in May Fair, formerly occupied by Lord CLANRACKET." The reiteration of this news in many journals will set tongues wagging in London. Again the same questions will be asked, and different answers will be returned. In due course she arrives, she receives and is received, and she conquers. Henceforward her parties become one of the features of the Season. In rooms arranged tastefully in an Oriental style, with curtains, hangings, delicately worked embroideries, woven mats of charming design and tropical plants, she welcomes the throng who come at her invitation. She moves by degrees. Contenting herself at first with a small *chargé d'affaires* or a Corean plenipotentiary, she soon rises to a fully fledged Ambassador and a bevy of secretaries and *attachés*. Her triumph culminates when she

secures a deposed monarch and his consort. She is clever, and knows well that those whom she seeks to entice will overlook their own ignorance with regard to her if only they can be certain of being amused and interested in her house. She, therefore, contrives, without transgressing the higher *convenances*, to banish all ceremonial stiffness from her parties, and to import in its place an atmosphere of cheerful gaiety and musical refinement. For, whatever she may have once been, there can be no doubt that when London makes her acquaintance she possesses, not only charming manners, but innumerable accomplishments which are as salt to the jaded palate of Society people. Thus she progresses from season to season, and from success to success.

In her second year she becomes a favoured guest in many country houses, where an effort is made to relieve the tedium of daily shooting parties by nightly frivolities. Soon afterwards she is presented at Court, and becomes herself a patroness to many foreigners who desire by the exercise of their talents to make a precarious living in England. By these she is considered to be one of the suns from

which the great world draws its light and warmth. In her third Season she is sufficiently secure to introduce into Society her daughter, aged eighteen, who has hitherto (so she will inform her friends) been receiving a good education abroad. Accompanied by "my little girl," she may be seen, on fine afternoons, reclining in her spick and span Victoria, in the midst of the crowd in the Ladies' Mile. She is thus hedged round with a respectability which not even indiscreet inquiries after her late husband (for it is understood that he died and left her in comfort many years before) can disturb. She permits herself occasionally, it is true, to join *chic* parties at fashionable restaurants, but these, since they are often under titled patronage, can scarcely be considered serious lapses from propriety. After having herself presented her daughter at Court, and having given (in London) a party which was attended by Royalty, she is beyond the reach of cavil or reproach. Here and there a jealous and disappointed social rival may

still mutter dark hints about ancient vagaries, and meaning looks may still be exchanged by male and female gossips, but for the great mass of those who frequent Society she is as irreproachable as though her ancestry for twenty generations had been set down in the pages of *Burke* or *Debrett*. Eventually she marries her daughter to the younger son of an Earl, and having made of the marriage festivities the great social function of the Season, she herself soon afterwards retires to some extent from the business of Society, and devotes herself chiefly to the cultivation of simple pleasures and hot-house flowers in a luxurious retreat on the banks of the Thames.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"*Haven't missed a word you said;*" i.e., "Gracious! where was she?"

"*Not exactly pretty, perhaps, but so nice;*" i.e., "As pappy in character as she is plain in face."

RAILROAD AMENITIES.

"*No, thanks; reading in a railway carriage always tries my poor eyes so;*" i.e., "I've better occupation for them just now."

"*Pardon my drawing the blind; the glare in a railway carriage always makes my head ache;*" i.e., "Shows up my wrinkles and moustache-dye."

THEATRICAL.

"*She is an intelligent and experienced artist;*" i.e., "Much too old for the part."

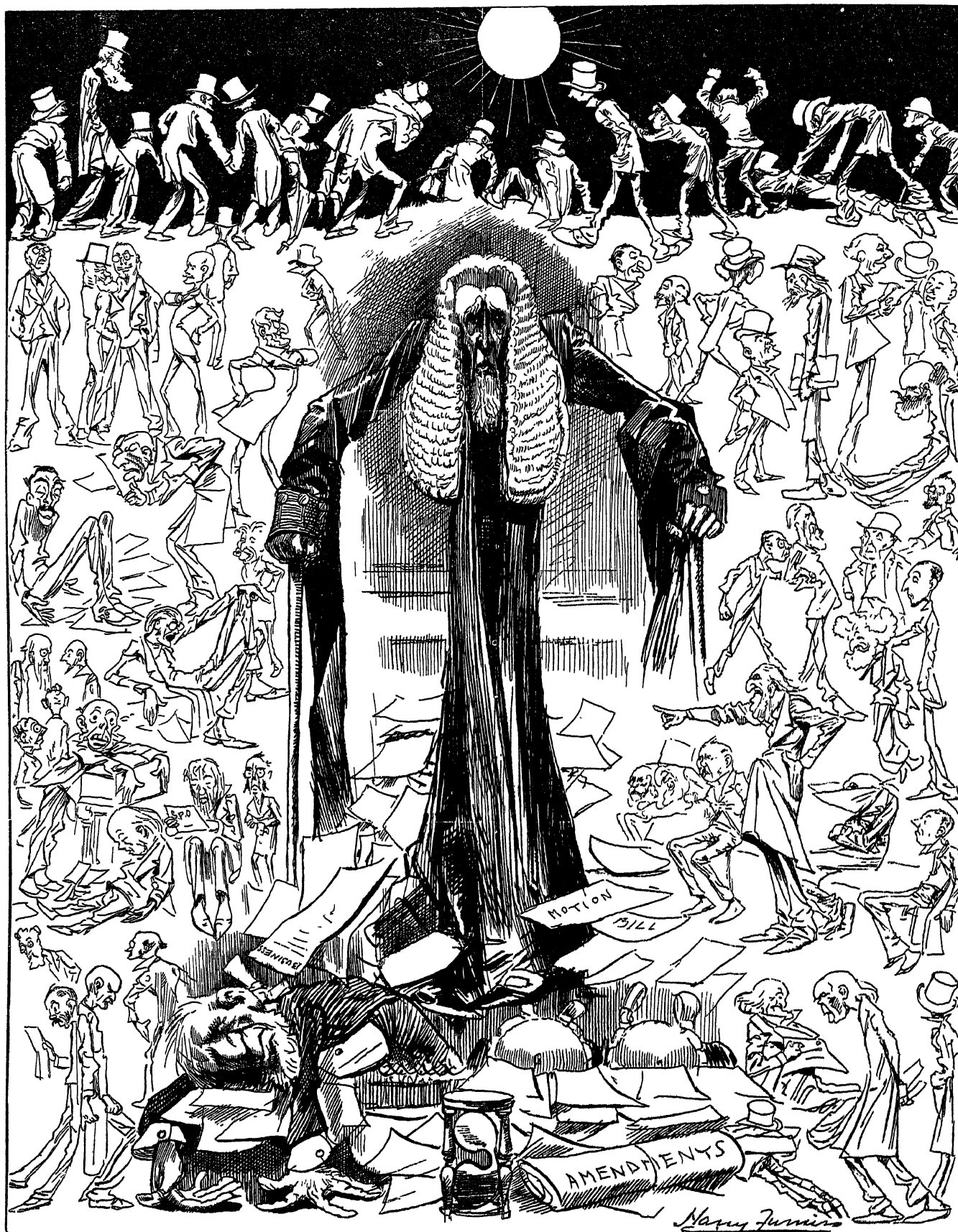
EFFUSIVE FLATTERY.

"*Thank you so much for your dear little Book of Poems. I haven't read them yet, but next time we meet I'll tell you what I think of them;*" i.e., "I hereby make a solemn resolution, if I can possibly help it, never to meet you again in this life."

PERFUNCTORY APOLOGY.

"*I hope I didn't hurt you. I'm sure I beg your pardon;*" i.e., "Stupid fool! Serves you right for sticking out your feet, and tripping up everybody who happens to stumble on to them."





REDUCED TO A SHADOW!—Probable Result of Parliamentary Pressure.

DIANA AT DINNER.

[On the first page of the prospectus of the recently-established "Dorothy" Restaurant it is stated that it is for "Ladies only." On the last page will be found the following modification:—"At the request of many of the Lady customers, it has been decided to open the Restaurant from 6'30 P.M. to 10 P.M. to both Ladies and Gentlemen."]

THERE was started in London, I mustn't say where,
And, beyond saying lately, I mustn't say when,
A sweet Restaurant, where the sex that is fair
Might attend undisturbed by the presence of men.

"We are forced to endure you in Park and in Row,
We must bear you unwilling in hansom or 'bus;
But if any stray *here*, they shall meet with a No,—
So attempt not the haunt that is sacred to Us.

"Be warned, O intruder, nor venture to lag
When the nymphs of Diana the huntress draw nigh.
Fly, fly from their presence as fleet as a stag,
Lest you meet with the fate of Actæon, and die."

Thus the Ladies addressed us; the tables were set,
The silver was polished, the viands displayed.
And, like doves in a dove-cote, the customers met,
In a plumage of silks and of muslins arrayed.

"This is sweet!" said AMANDA. "Delightful!" said JANE.

While the rest in a chorus of "Charming!" combined.
And, declaring they cared not if dishes were plain,
So the men remained absent, they solemnly dined.

And they toyed with their *entrées*, and sipped their *Clicquot*,
And their smiles were as sweet as the wine that they drank.
But at last came a whisper—"Oh dear, this is slow!"

"Hush, hush!" said the others. "How dreadfully frank!

"Not slow; but there's something—I scarcely know what,
An absence, a dulness I cannot define.

It may be the soup, which was not very hot,
Or the roast, or the waiting, the ice, or the wine.

"But I'm sure there's something." And so they agreed,
And they formed a Committee to talk of the case.

And a programme was issued for all men to read,
Bidding men (on page one) to abstain from the place.

But, since it is harder to ban than to bless, [the men.]

"For their own sakes," they said, "we will humour
If you turn to the last page, you'll find this P.S.:

"Men allowed, by desire, from 6'30 to 10."



TRUE NOSTALGIA.

"ULLO! DUBOIS! YOU IN LONDON?"

"OUI, MON AMI. JE SUIS ARRIVÉ DE PARIS CE MATIN, ET J'Y RETOURNE CE SOIR PAR LE CLUB-TRAIN!"

"IS THIS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE COME TO LONDON?"

"NON, MON AMI. MAIS C'EST LA PREMIÈRE FOIS QUE J'Y RESTE AUSSI LONG-TEMPS!"

WEEK BY WEEK.

In the course of last week it was universally remarked that the *beau monde* betook itself by the usual methods of conveyance to Ascot. A very smartly-appointed coach, horsed entirely by blue-black hippogriffs, attracted much attention. The lunches were of more than ordinary magnificence, and it was calculated that, during the week, no less than 5,624,907 bottles of champagne were consumed. The pigeon-pies were, as usual, composed mostly of beef.

One charming toilette was the cynosure of neighbouring eyes in the Enclosure. It was constructed of four gold *galons*, tastefully distributed on a blue silk ground intended to represent the Lake of Geneva. This was fringed with *passementerie* of the most ancient design, and picked out with minute red spots arranged in geometrical figures. The bonnet was composed of a single scrap of antique lace folded over a threepenny bit.

H.R.H. the Grand Duke of KATZENJAMMER, who is making a stay of several weeks in the Metropolis, in order that he may study free institutions on the spot, has been, we are informed, busily engaged in writing and answering letters during the past three days.

An interesting story, of which His Royal Highness is the hero, is going the round of the Clubs. It appears that on his arrival at the hotel in which he has established himself with his suite, the Grand Duke, whose absence of mind is well known, forgot to remunerate the cabman who had driven him. This individual, however, with the rudeness which is still, we regret to say, characteristic of the lower orders of our fellow countrymen, made repeated applications for his money, and eventually threatened to call in a policeman or to take out a summons. On this becoming known to the Grand Duke, he at once gave orders that the cabman should be ushered into his presence, and, after presenting him with a paper gulden, invested him then and there with the order of the Golden Ball, at the same

time exclaiming that honesty and perseverance in humble life were always worthy of commendation. The cabman is said to have been much moved. In these democratic days, such instances of princely condescension are not without value.

We are requested by the Earl of C-V-NTR-Y to state that he is sick to death of the whole business, and has eliminated the word "enclosure" from every dictionary he has been able to lay his hands on. He had intended at first to admit nobody, but was overruled, and he cannot, therefore, hold himself responsible for the presence of various people who seemed to think that they ought to be treated like unseasonable strawberries, first forced, then exhibited, and then swallowed.

An amusing incident is reported from the remote frontier village of Pusterwitz in Moldavia. A cobbler who had manufactured the boots of the Burgomaster ventured to submit his bill for payment. The populace, infuriated by this insult to their beloved Magistrate, after binding the offender in calf at the local publishing office, proceeded to slice him into small pieces with their *schneide-messers* (the native knife), to the immense delight of a crowd of peasants from the surrounding districts. The Burgomaster was much touched by this proof of popular devotion.

GOING TOO FAST.—M. ALEXANDRE JACQUES, who is announced as "a rival to SUCCOR" is at this moment dispensing with food at the Royal Aquarium. He intends carrying out this self-denying programme for two days beyond a couple of score—possibly as a proof of his fortitude or (as a Cockney would pronounce the word) "forty-two'd." The last time this talented person dispensed with sustenance, was in Edinburgh, when he did not partake of any meal in the Douglas Hotel for thirty days—a feat, one would think, that must have been more interesting to the Medical Profession than the proprietor of the hostelry. However, as M. JACQUES fought for his country in 1870-71, he should be a most pleasant guest for the next six weeks or so to dinner-givers with a taste for economy.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 16.—"This is something like old times," said TIM HEALY, briskly rubbing his hands. "Poor JOSEPH GILLIS! pity he didn't live to see this night."

Very like old times, indeed. Seventy questions on the paper, increased fourfold by others put arising out of the answer. Practice is for Irish Members to put question; Prince ARTHUR reads answer from manuscript supplied from Irish Office; then uprise in succession half-a-dozen other Irish Members, each asking fresh question. Prince ARTHUR with one leg crossed over other and hand to chin sits looking and listening; presently when there is lull, lounges up to table and makes answer. FERGUSON looks on in wonder. "What would become of me," he said, "supposing after I had read out my cut-and-dried answer, half-a-dozen fellows sprang on my back, and with fists in my face demanded reply to quite new question. I'm afraid I'd be lost."



At Bay.

That exceedingly probable. FERGUSON's floundering when momentarily adrift from sheet-anchor of his written reply decidedly painful. Prince ARTHUR saunters up to very mouth of guns of battery opened on him from Irish camp; looks straight down them; fires his shot; and saunters back; often a nasty shot, too; plumps in middle of camp and sets them all a roaring. This takes place every night. To-night lasted an hour. Once threatened repetition of scenes of decade after '74. Would have so happened but for tact and presence of mind of SPEAKER; cool and collected amid the clash of arms and roar of constant cannonading. JOHN DILLON standing with folded arms and flashing eyes, "Like NAPOLEON when he couldn't cross the Alps," said NICHOLAS WOOD, looking on from a safe distance.

The SPEAKER also on his feet with stern cry of "Order! Order!" Long JOHN O'CONNOR sitting on Bench below, darting straight up and down, with swift regular movement, for all the world like the piston of a steam-engine. Ministerialists bellowing in continuous roar at JOHN DILLON, still on his feet; uprises JOHN O'CONNOR with intent to offer observation; roar redoubled; reaches demoniac proportions; JOHN O'CONNOR plops down again; noise partially subsides; suddenly the piston discovered bolt upright; another roar; down it goes; all the while the SPEAKER crying aloud for "Order!" and JOHN DILLON standing with fiercer frown and arms more tightly folded.

"What was it NAPOLEON said when he couldn't cross the Alps?" NICHOLAS whispered, tremulously. "'If the Alps won't come to MAHOMET, MAHOMET must go to the Alps.' No, I don't think it was quite that; but was something to that effect; and I'm sure something will happen if DILLON doesn't sit down."

Just when matters reaching crisis, DILLON gave way; the piston on the bench below simultaneously ceased its action; and the SPEAKER, in quiet, grave tones, that had immediately soothing effect, suggested that, if any more information was required, it should be sought in the usual way, by Questions placed on the Paper. JOHNSTON O' Ballykilbeg, who had overheard GILL incidentally allude to Prince ARTHUR as prone to untruth, wanted the SPEAKER to take notice of irregularity. But SPEAKER judiciously deaf. As for JOHN O'CONNOR, glad of a little rest.

"All I wanted, TOBY," he explained, "was to hurl the word 'Crime' in BALFOUR's teeth."

"Exactly," I said; "nothing more natural or desirable. But you should tone down the tendency towards the steam-engine-piston action, for which, I do not deny, you possess some natural advantages."

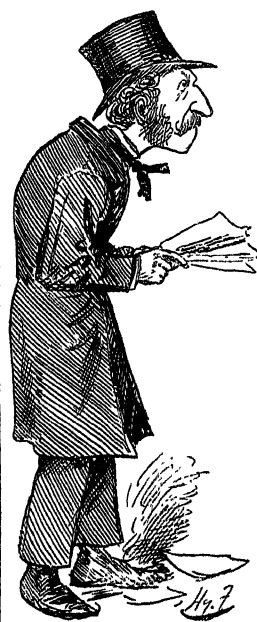
Business done.—In Committee on Compensation Bill.

Tuesday.—"What's this I hear about Heligoland?" says NICHOLAS WOOD. Hardly knew him; so changed. A dull, heavy look faded over his usually mobile countenance; his svelte figure puffed out, and bent. "Only fortnight ago, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE proposed to give up Heligoland; barter it for a case of German Sausages, says he. FERGUSON very properly angry; me and other good Tories protested against this new Separatist policy. Couldn't find Heligoland on the map."

"Ha!" I say, "but Germany has found it, and taken it, and the MARKISS is willin'."

"Very odd," says NICHOLAS; "can't make it out; like a thing out of a play; never go to a play, you know, but understand this sort of thing is somehow done: first you see it, then you don't; Heligoland British territory; to be sacrificed only with last drop of blood; Radical Separatists rapped on knuckles for suggesting handing over; then we wake up, and find it's been handed over, and by the MARKISS! Tell you what it is, TOBY, think I shall cut this business; not brought up to politics; find them a little weakening."

OLD MORALITY announced programme for remainder of Session.



The Ladies' Man.

In bulk something exceeding ordinary programme when brought in in February. Now it is the so-called June; every prospect of sitting till October; House groans and growls; terrible charges flying round; WINTERBOTHAM darkly accuses Cabinet Minister of keeping a public-house. HICKS-BEACH admits soft impeachment, but pleads it's "only a little one, brings me in only £20 a-year rent." "Miserable!" says NEWNES, who owns *Tit Bits*.

General feeling of sympathy with BEACH. WINTERBOTHAM apologises; if he'd known it was only £20 wouldn't have said anything. OLD MORALITY, in his kind way, presses BEACH's hand; has troubles of his own to bear; but a man who owns a public-house and draws only £20 a-year from it, takes precedence in sympathy.

Over stern conflict and cantankerous sitting, PLUNKET sheds beam of genial humour. TIM HEALY asks if there could not be lift arranged to Ladies' Gallery. "Too expensive," says PLUNKET. "Too dear, he means," murmurs HOWORTH, who runs DICK TEMPLE close in his devotion to the Ladies. "Why," objects GEORGE CAMPBELL, whose eye nothing escapes, "there is already a lift for coal. Why not substitute Ladies for coal?"

"You see," said PLUNKET, smilingly, "we cannot do either without coal or without Ladies, and it is difficult to combine them in a lift."

GEORGE CAMPBELL not sure. When he has time to withdraw his thoughts from Central Asia, will look into the matter.

Business done.—In Committee on Compensation Bill. Ministerial majority reduced to 29.

Thursday.—"I really can't do it," said MACLURE. "Oh, you must," said CHAPLIN; "hard work, I know, but put on a spurt and there you are."

"Wish I was there," said MACLURE, mopping his forehead. "All very well for slim young thing like you; but seventeen stuns isn't the form for a short spin, especially with these confounded steps." Scene—passage by Cloak-room into House of Commons; time 5:19 P.M.; bell ringing furiously; Division imminent; PENROSE FITZGERALD with jacket shorter than ever, trousers turned up with a grace that maddens with envy. BOBBY SPENCER and LEWISHAM, on watch at top of staircase.

"Come along!" he shouts; "dividing on First Clause of Compensation Bill; SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE sprung a mine on us; got all their men here; ours down at Ascot; wouldn't be you for a quarter's salary, CHAPLIN. Hurry up! hurry up! Put your best leg forward, MACLURE!"

"That's all very well," said MACLURE, testily; "but which is my best leg?"

The two heavy-weights pounded gallantly along; been to Ascot; thought they'd be back in plenty of time for Division; and here's Division-bell at its last shake. HARTINGTON come up with them; striding ahead; wins easily; CHAPLIN reaches door of House just as it is closing; with tremendous effort, MACLURE pulls himself together; throws himself on doorway; nothing could stand rush like



On Outpost Duty.

that; door bursts open; MAELURE and Compensation Bill saved. A very close shave. When Division taken, 228 vote for Government, 224 against; majority Four—the four who raced up the staircase hot from Ascot.

Crowded House in wild excitement. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE consumed in bitterness of spirit. "If we'd divided half an hour ago we should have had majority of 25; a quarter of an hour ago, ten minutes ago, five minutes ago, sixty seconds earlier, we'd have won. But those Irish Shylocks must have their pound of verbosity. Couldn't resist temptation of putting an extra question, even for certainty of defeating Government. When they're once started on subject of shadowing, they go off by the hour."

"Well, never mind," said GORST; "you know it isn't the first time in history that men have sacrificed the substance for the shadow."

Business done.—The Government's—very nearly.

Friday.—HOME SECRETARY in the Dock; Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Q.C., instructed by Mr. HENRY FOWLER (Messrs. CORSER, FOWLER, & LANGLEY, Wolverhampton), prosecuted. Prisoner, who was accommodated with a seat, conducted his own defence. After long consultation, Jury could not agree, and were discharged without a verdict.

Business done.—Metropolitan Police Vote agreed to.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday.—*Carmen*. ZÉLIE is the accepted *Carmen* this season—no better; and MAGGIE MACINTYRE as *Michaela*, which, being an awkward name to pronounce, might be abbreviated to *Mickie*. DAN DRAKY the Dramatic, excellent as *Escamillo*. One singer in a season plays many parts, and one part is played by several singers. How would a theatre succeed conducted on this plan, so that the same play should be produced on certain nights with a different cast? Here is DAN DRAKY, for example; he plays *Escamillo*, tragi-comedy, one night; another time he is the noble *San Bris* in *Les Huguenots*; another, he is *Figaro* the loquacious *Barber of Seville*; another, he is the devil-may-care gallant *Don Giovanni*; and, though best in serious parts, he is good in all of them. On other occasions, when *Carmen* is given, the cast will be changed; some other singer will represent *Escamillo*, or someone will replace MAGGIE as *Mickie*; RAVELLI the Reliable will have been *Don José* once, and then MONTARIOL or YHOS (why Boss? Can't yet make this out), or even JEAN DE RESZKÉ may represent the nincompoop soldier. Suppose *A Pair of Spectacles*, with a change of cast, Mr. HARE out of it occasionally, and Mr. . . . Ah! there's the difficulty, Mr. Who, taking his part. Imagine *Faust* without IRVING as *Mephistopheles*. What a big Company it would require! No; better leave well alone.

Tuesday.—*Faust*. Always a safe draw. Same cast as before. Worth noting, that GOUNOD has given *Wagner* very little to do in this Opera, and that little not of his best. Evidently GOUNOD does not possess a strong sense of humour, or he wouldn't have lost such a chance as this. In the *Kermesse Scene* *Wagner* should have commenced one of his own *Wagnerian* strains, in the *Wagnerian* style, and been immediately stopped by the student's applause.

Wednesday.—*Le Nozze di Figaro*. Always charming. Should like to see examination paper on the plot of *Le Nozze*, questions to be answered without any reference to book.

1. Give succinct and clear account of the plot.
2. What connection with plot have *Figaro's* father and mother?
3. What social position among the Count's guests are the ladies of the ballet supposed to hold?
4. Having stated this, account for their costumes.
5. Why does Mlle. PALLADINO, the chief dancing guest, take no sort of notice of *Il Conte* and *La Contessa*? Are they not on speaking terms? If not, why not?
6. Why is *Don Bartolo* always made up and costumed as a superior Pantaloon?

Delighted again to see ELLA RUSSELL as *Susanna*. To think that only the other evening she was the graceful and stately *Queen Marguerite* in *Les Huguenots*, and now she is a *soubrette très piquante*. There are other pages in Madame SCALCHI's history—the page in the *Huguenots*, for example, and his twin brother in *Lucrezia Borgia*—which like me more than her *Cherubino*. Vocally DAN DRAKY the Dramatic is all right; but he is too severe for *Figaro* the barber. Good house considering it is Ascot week, and on this night when such sad rumours are in the air, everyone sincerely delighted at seeing the Marchioness of LORNE in the Royal Box.

Thursday.—*Cup Day*, Ascot. *Roméo et Juliette*. Most appropriate: *Juliette* takes the Cup.

Friday, *Don Giovanni*; and *Saturday*, *Lucia*. This deponent



sings, "Not there, not there, my child!" "Eye hath not seen,"—I mean, "I have not seen" these two on these two particular occasions; but I believe that, in consequence of my absence, the Opera went on as usual, and DRUGIOLANUS did not have to come before the Curtain and make an apology.

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

THE crass and pernicious dulness of some people exceeds belief. There exists at the office of this paper a *person*—he is absolutely unworthy of any other designation—who presumed last week to abstain from inserting in these columns the article to which the sporting millions of his fellow countrymen were looking for information with reference to the Ascot doings. I have no doubt whatever that *he himself used the hints* which that article contained, for I have since seen him in a brand-new hat and a gold watch-chain, the result of his ill-gotten gains. For my own sake I am forced to explain this sinister business, lest the preposterous suet-headed Mr. J. should triumph, and my readers should suppose for a moment that I would willingly disappoint them. I have kept a copy of what I wrote, and I here transcribe some of it in self-defence.

"With regard to the Royal Hunt Cup," I observed, "only a bat-eyed bargee, with the brains of a molluscous monkey, could fail to see the merits of *Morion*. *Morion*, it is well known, is an open helmet, but it doesn't follow from that that the Hunt Cup is an open event. Far from it. Visor, or no visor, those who elect to stand on *Morion*, need anticipate no trouble from anything else, for *Morion* is as certain to win the race as Mr. J. is to make a green-gooseberry fool of himself before another week is out." There was accuracy. No silly beating about the bush, but a straightforward piece of information, which not even the great band of boozy Bedlamites and buffoons who dance attendance on Mr. J. could have mistaken. But, as I said, no blame attaches to me in the matter.

Now then with regard to the Gold Cup. I said: "In the Gold Cup the old adage holds, *Medio tutissimus ibis*. The Ibis, I may mention, though he was an Egyptian bird, cannot be termed a flyer. However, take the three words *The Gold Cup*, select the middle word, open your mouth, bung up the eyes of anyone who impedes you, and wire to your Commissioner." The middle word was "Gold," and *Gold*, of course, won the Cup that was of, or belonging to him. Ask Prince SOLZYKOFF if am right or wrong. And for the rest, if any fuddling, bolus-brained, bran-faced, turnip-tongued, hippopotamus-headed moon-calf doubts my word, let him remember that there are pistols for two—and coffee for one, in Belgium, and let him tremble.

THE WAY WE SHALL LIVE SOON.

(From the Diary of the Automatically Conducted.)

7 A.M.—Turned out of automatically constructed bed and deposited on the floor. Am picked up and hurled into an automatic dressing, washing, and shaving chair, after which, being dressed by self-acting machinery, descend by switchback lift to dining-room, where I am fed by an "automatic private breakfast supplier" while listening to last night's speeches in the House, and the latest gossip, furnished by one of the "Phonographic Association's Parliamentary and Social Scandal Machines."

10 A.M.—Take automatic horse exercise, and am thrown twice, being picked up each time automatically by a self-registering and revolving automatic policeman.

Noon.—Attend the marriage of a favourite niece, assisting at the subsequent social entertainment which is supplied to the assembled guests on the platform of a West-End terminus from one of the "Twopenny Wedding Breakfast Company's Automatic Machines," the Bridegroom at the same time presenting the Bridesmaids with a handsome Penny Piece of Jewellery from a similar source.

4 P.M.—Hair cut automatically, but, owing to some want of nice adjustment in the machinery, having managed to get ears clipped smartly at the same time, put penny into slot and consult an automatic pillar-post. Eventually get my head (and my hat too, by mistake) strapped up by patent automatic binder in the ward of an automatically conducted Hospital.

8 P.M.—Dine automatically with automatic halfpenny appetite, listening to Phonographic Italian Opera at one of Metropolitan District Underground Stations.

10 P.M.—Dragged up-stairs mechanically by switch-back lift, and have my boots pulled off by machinery, being automatically flung into a hot bath, turned out, scrubbed, lifted out, dried by a revolving towel, and eventually thrown into bed and tucked up, and finally sent to sleep by Phonograph repeating good things said by funny man at previous day's evening-party.

THE MONRO DOCTRINE (not to be adopted by Sir Edward Bradford). That the control of the legislative proposals of the Government should be "a question of police."



INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Jones (after a delightful Walla), "AND NOW, MISS BROWN, LET US GO AND SEEK SOME 'REFRESHMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST!'"

"GIVEN AWAY WITH A POUND OF TEA!"

A Song of (Imperial) Shop.

Oh, nice little, plump little German boy,
Approaching the Counter of B. & Co.,
You never, most probably, hoped to enjoy
In the way of business—a way you know—
An opportunity half so good.

For doing a smart little stroke of trade.
BULL's Shopman, you see, is in generous
mood,

As "wonderful bargains" his wares are
arrayed,
And treasures,—no wonder you jump with
glee!

Are "Given away with a Pound of Tea!"

Do ut des! That's the motto, of course,
The motto of Shop in the Fatherland;
It was laid down by OTTO with lucid force,
And CAPRIVI its bearings doth understand.
But the man at the Counter of JOHN BULL's
Stores,

The drift of the doctrine seems hardly to
grasp;

So his Teuton customer collars and scores.
He's stolid and 'cute, or he'd stare and
gasp

To see the possessions of Mr. JOHN B.
"Given away with a Pound of Tea!"

Pays for 'em? Humph! With a Zanzibar
cheque;

Like a "Bank of Elegance" counterfeit
note,

Or a draft on oneself; worth a penny a peek.
Such paper as this on the market to float!

Giving you what is yours, or at least is not
his,

In exchange for whatever he happens to want,
Is what slangy Sportsmen call "very
good biz."

For him, though for you, BULL, it looks like a
"plant."

Have you any more goods, BULL, you'd like
to see

"Given away with a Pound of Tea?"

Kilima Njara, no doubt, was a boon,
To the innocent butterfly-hunting boy.

(Who sups with the—Teuton, should have a
long spoon,

For his appetite's eager and dainties don't
cloy.)

The Hinterland comes in most handy, no
doubt,

And then that nice bonus of Heligoland!
Ah, truly, the Teuton knows what he's about.

But Shopman SALISBURY, why should he
stand

And advertise goods of his master J. B.
As "Given away with a Pound of Tea?"

What's the next article? Pray, do not
shrink [boy;

From "giving a name to it," small German
The Shopman so smiles, one might verily
think [he'll enjoy.

That "parting's" not "sorrow," but what
"Surrender," and "Scuttle," and all the
bad terms

Once hurled at "the Shirkers" to roost now
return.

Where is the last Jingo? One fancies he
squirms [Jingos spurn,

And invokes ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. Could he
Do worse—the old Shopman, false W.G.—

Than cry, "Given away with a Pound of
Tea?"

Though a bargain's a bargain, and not a bad
stroke

When a little good-nature secures a firm
friend,

Reciprocity all on one side's a poor joke,
And a bargain that's bad is a bargain to
mend.

That German is not yet gone out of the shop,
Recall him a moment—to look at, that
cheque!

It may not be one that a banker would stop,
But is it "Good Value"? This rede you
may reek,

Mr. Shopman, sans shame. 'Tis pure fiddle-
dedee [Tea!

To give too much away with your Pound of

HARROW OR HANVER?

FROM an all-too-brief correspondence in
the P. M. G., we learn that Mr. JOHN
ADDINGTON SYMONDS is very angry with
Mr. FRANK HARRIS for a statement appear-
ing in a *Fortnightly Review* article of his,
that he "went to Harver at the age of
thirteen." Mr. SYMONDS explains that it
was to Harrow that he went at that period
of his life, and that he has never been to
Hanver at all—which, no doubt, is a matter
of great importance to mankind in general.
He complains, moreover, that his essay is
"villanously ill-edited." Surely this is what
Polonius would call "an ill-phrase," and
suggests a doubt whether Mr. SYMONDS
cultivated much at Harrow those "ingenuous
arts," the study of which "softens the
manners and does not permit them to be
brutal." Perhaps it is not even now too late
for him to pick them up. He might try Hanver.



“GIVEN AWAY WITH A POUND OF TEA!!!”

THE LADIES' YEAR.

[Miss Margaret Alford (of Girton) Niece of scholarly Dean Alford, is announced in one of the four 'Senior Classics' at Cambridge.]

"A DREAM of Fair Women"—who shine in the Schools, The Muse should essay ere her ardour quite cools. Come, bards, take your lyres and most carefully tune 'em, For Girton in glory now pairs off with Newnham. Miss FAWCETT the latter with victory wreathed, And now, ere the males from their marvel are breathed, Miss MARGARET ALFORD, the niece of the Dean, As a Classical First for the former is seen. Let Girton toast Newnham, and Newnham pledge Girton, And—let male competitors put a brisk "spurt" on, Lest when modern Minerva adds learning to grace, Young Apollo should find himself out of the race!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"The Gentle Art of making Enemies, as pleasantly exemplified in many instances," &c., &c. (for full title see the book itself) is, whatever "*Messieurs les Ennemis*" may think of it, a work of rare humour. Of course you must first of all be interested in King

JAMES and his subjects, — his principal subject being himself, (and lucky the man who can command himself) — and you must wish to know the story of his rights and wrongs; then this interest and desire being taken for granted, the book of the butterfly is a thing of beauty and a joy for now and ever. The heads are epigrammatic and the tails sprightly, and both eminently characteristic, for the heads tell their own tales, and the tails in a topolian scheme are the outcome of the heads. Most of the waggery is in these tailpieces, which, one and all of them, represent



The Mephistophelian Whistlerian Butterfly "On the Pounce" at Antwerp.

the real Whistlerian spirit, "the Familiar" of ETCHER JAMES, that is the Demoniacal Butterfly "in various aspects," as Mrs. MALAPROP might say. Does the Butterfly's Master address "*Messieurs les Ennemis*," the Familiar Spirit is all politeness, with head down and wings outstretched saluting before coming to "on guard." Does Master "rid himself of the friendship of the many?"—the little Demon shakes a reef out of his tail and flies upwards, to return after a short flight of fancy. On occasions when Master has been reflecting comically and satirically on some of his attackers, or on his detractors, the volatile Imp literally shakes his sides with uncontrollable laughter, and can't stand upright for very mirth. The famous "Ten o'clock" which has been immortalised by Mr. Punch as the "Ten-and-sixpenny o'clock," in consequence of the tickets being half-a-guinea apiece, is here reprinted. PROSPERO WHISTLER packs up his bag of tricks, buries his wand, makes his bow with a little speech at a testimonial dinner given to him by his friends, and the Familiar Demon Butterfly, free at last, darts into space, leaves "Finis" below,—then, you turn over the page, all is blank,—Magician and Familiar have vanished!

DAVID STOTT, not of Oldham, but of Oxford Street, publishes dainty little pocket volumes, and here is one yept *Essays or Counsels of Francis Bacon*. "Put it in the bag!" says the Baron, "and let it be my travelling companion, so that, whenever I want refreshment I may feed on BACON, that many-sided philosopher." It is a wonderfully handy volume, tastefully and substantially bound, and its type of the very clearest. Much-occupied men, who can only snatch here a moment and there a moment for reading, ought to be grateful to the inventors and the publishers of all handy books,

meaning, says the Baron, books which are really handy, and which, without destroying the natural elegance of your figure or the set of your garments, you can carry comfortably and imperceptibly in your tail coat pocket.

Notes from the News. By JAMES PAYN. (CHATTO AND WINDUS.) Notes on passing events of all sorts, spiced with capital stories, which will indeed be a big capital to be drawn upon by the dining-out raconteur,—the only thing against his present success being that most persons will have read these stories in *The Illustrated London News* or in this volume. It is a book for the weary work-all-day man to dip into, and to come out of it again refreshed. When in doubt as to what light reading to take up, the Baron advises, "Take PAYN's."

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—My faithful "Co." has been revelling in the Summer Holiday Number of *All The Year Round*, which consists of a complete story entitled, *A Mist of Error*, by MARY ANGELA DICKENS. The authoress is the granddaughter of the great novelist, and the daughter of his son, the most popular of editors, and the best of good fellows. My "Co." reports, that the novelette is full of promise, and is a proof that literary genius is hereditary. Interesting from the first page to the last, *A Mist of Error*, in spite of its title, is never suggestive of a fog.—My faithful "Co." is also delighted with *Men of the Time Birthday Book*, compiled by Mr. J. F. BORES, F.S.A.—a charming little Volume that everyone will be proud to possess. He prophesies that it will be one of the most popular of Birthday Books, and congratulates its compiler on the production of a work of distinct historical value.

A GREAT GUNN.

[GUNN, the great Notts' Batsman, playing for the Players of England against the Australians at Lords, on June 19 and 20, made 228 runs, the highest individual score ever made in this country against the Australians.]

SUCH calm, graceful batting, of funk as defiant,

As proof against flurry, deserved the crowd's roar.

'Twas Cricket, indeed, when the Nottingham Giant,

Against the best batting, piled up that huge score;

And the crowd as they watched him smite, play, block, or run,

Could grasp the full meaning of "Sure as a GUNN!"

ROBERT AT THE LEATHERSELLERS'.

WE had been so preshus busy at "the Grand Hotel" lately, that I hadn't seen werry much of my deer old Citty, but larst week I was asked for to go and offishyate there at the jolly Leathersellers Company's Grand Dinner, as they was about to have a very distangy Party including one of our most sellybrated Hartist's, who's that poplar that ewerybody calls him 'ARRY instead of 'ENERY, as must in course have been the name as his godmothers and godfathers gav him when he was quite young and had his fust taste of a cold Bath, and most probberly didn't like it.

So I went accordingly, and a werry scrumpshus Bankwet they had, includin them trewly Royal luxuries '80 Shampagne and '47 Port! Ah! what a thing it must be to be a Royal or a Nobel persson, and to live on all the Fat of the Land, and wash it all down with nothink yunger than '80 shampain and '47 Port! And no matter where you gos, or weather it's to lay down a Fust Stone, or to Hopen a Hexibishun, or to take a Chair at a nobel Charity Dinner, there it is all reddy for you, and a hole crowd of Peeples a watching you a eating and a drinking of 'em, and a thanking you artily for taking the trubble of doing so! Ah! I sumtimes werrily beleeves as that my nateral tastes tells me as I was horiginally hintended for sum such useful life myself!

Well, arter the Bankwet of course we had all the reglar gushing speeches, and werry bewtifool but rather lengthy they was, but presently a sumthink appened as more estonished me praps than anything as has appened to me for some time past.

The hartistick and poplar Gent as ewerybody calls ARRY FURNACE was called upon to return thanks for Hart, when to my intense estonishment, and ewerybody else's emusement, he aeshally said as how as his frend "ROBERT," seeing how garstly pale he turned when he was told wot he woud have to do, had writ down for him 6 lines of most bewtifool Poetry, which he at wunce proceeded to recite, and sat down amid entusiastick cheers and shouts of larfter! Seeing my look of puzzled surprise, he kindly turned round to me and said, "Look here, ROBERT, as I've rather taken a libberty with your honnerd name, I'll repay you by taking another with your well-known features," and borrowing a bewtifool pencil of me, that I had bort the day before for a penny, he aeshally sketched three likenesses of me in his Book of the Songs, and giving it to me, said, with his merry laugh, "There, I hope that will console you for my bit of harmless fun;" and from what I was offered for my three sketches when I showed 'em about, after he was gone, I thinks, that upon the whole, I got a werry good share of the larf on my own side of the mouth.

ROBERT.



TRYING POSITION OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

HE DETERMINES TO TRY THE AUTOMATIC PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINE, THE STATION BEING EMPTY. TO HIS DISMAY A CROWD HAS GATHERED, AND WATCHES THE OPERATION.

AN IDEAL INTERVIEWER.

SCENE—Den of latest Lion.

Latest Lion (perusing card with no visible signs of gratification.) Confound it! don't remember telling the Editor of *Park Lane* I'd let myself be interviewed. Suppose I must have, though. (*Aloud to Servant, who is waiting.*) You can show the Gentleman up.

Servant (returning). Mr. WALSHINGHAM JERMYN!

[*A youthful Gentleman is shown in; he wears a pink-striped shirt-front, an enormous button-hole, and a woolly frock-coat, and is altogether most expensively and fashionably attired, which, however, does not prevent him from appearing somewhat out of countenance after taking a seat.*

The L. L. (encouragingly). I presume, Mr. JERMYN, you're here to ask me some questions about the future of the British East African Company, and the duty of the Government in the matter?

Mr. Jermy (gratefully). Er—yes, that's what I've come about, don't you know—that sort of thing. Fact is (*with a burst of confidence*), this isn't exactly my line—I've been rather let in for this. You see, I've not been by way of doin' this long—but what's a fellow to do when he's stony-broke? Got to do *some*thin', don't you know. So I thought I'd go in for journalism—I don't mean the drudgery of it, leader-writin' and that—but the light part of it, *Society*, you know. But the other day, man who does the interviews for *Park Lane* (that's the paper I'm on) jacked up all of a sudden, and my Editor said I'd better take on his work for a bit, and see what I made of it. I wasn't particular. You see, I've always been rather a dead hand at drawin' fellows out, leadin' them on, you know, and all that, so I knew it would come easy enough to me, for all you've got to do is to sit tight and let the other chap—I mean to say, the man you're interviewin'—do all the talking, while you—I mean to say, myself—keep, keeps—hullo, I'm getting my grammar a bit mixed; however, it don't signify—I keep quiet and use my eyes and ears like blazes. Talking of grammar, I thought when I first started that I should get in a regular hat over the grammar, and the spellin', and that—you write, don't you, when you're not travellin'? So you know what a grind it is to

spell right. But I soon found they kept a Johnny at the office with nothing to do but put all your mistakes right for you, so, soon as I knew that, I went ahead gaily.

The L. L. Exactly, and now, perhaps, you will let me know what particular information you require?

Mr. J. Oh, you know the sort of thing the public likes—they'll want to know what sort of diggings you've got, how you dress when you're at home, and all that, how you write your books, now—you do write books, don't you? Thought so. Well, that's what the public likes. You see, your name's a good deal up just now—no humbug, it is though! Between ourselves, you know, I think the whole business is the balliest kind of rot, but they've got to have it, so there you are, don't you see. I don't pretend to be a well-read sort of fellow, never was particularly fond of readin' and that; no time for it, and besides, I've always said *Books* don't teach you knowledge of the world. I know the world fairly well—but I didn't learn it from books—ah, you agree with me there—you know what skittles all that talk is about education and that. Well, as I was sayin', I don't read much, I see the *Field* every week, and a clinkin' good paper it is, tells you everythin' worth knowin', and I read the *Pink Un*, too. Do you know any of the fellows on it? Man I know is a great friend of one of them, he's going to introduce me some day, I like knowin' literary chaps, don't you? You've been about a good deal, haven't you? I expect you must have seen a lot, travellin' as you do. I've done a little travellin' myself, been to Monte Carlo, you know, and the Channel Islands—you ever been to the Channel Islands? Oh, you ought to go, it's a very cheery place. Talkin' of Monte Carlo, I had a rattlin' good time at the tables there; took out a hundred quid, determined I would have a downright good flutter, and Jove! I made that hundred last me over five days, and came away in nothing but my lawn-tennis flannels. That's what I call a flutter, don't you know! Er—beastly weather we're havin'! You have pretty good weather where you've been? A young brother of mine has been out for a year in Texas—he said he'd very good weather—of course that's some way off where you've come from—Central Africa, isn't it? Talkin' of my brother, what do you think the young ass did?—went out there with a thousand pounds, and paid it all down to some sportsmen who took him to see some stock they said belonged to them—of course he found out after they'd off'd it that they didn't own a white mouse among 'em! But then, Dick's one of those chaps, you know, that think themselves so uncommon knowin', they can't be had. I always told him he'd be taken in someday if he let his tongue wag so much—too fond of hearing himself talk, don't you know, great mistake for a young fellow; sure to say *some*thin' you'd better have let alone. I suppose you're getting rather sick of all these banquets, receptions, and that? They do you very well, certainly. I went to one of these Company dinners some time ago, and they did me as well as I've ever been done in my life, but when you've got to sit still afterwards and listen to some chap who's been somewhere and done *some*thin' jawin' about it by the hour together without a check, why, it's not good enough, I'm hanged if it is! Well, I'm afraid I can't stay any longer—my time's valuable now, don't you know. I daresay yours is, too. I'm awfully glad to have had a chat with you, and all that. I expect you could tell me a lot more interestin' things, only of course you've got to keep the best of 'em to put in your book—you *are* writin' a book or *some*thin', ain't you? Such heaps of fellows are writin' books nowadays, the wonder is how any of 'em get read. I shall try and get a look at yours, though, if I come across it anywhere; hope you'll put some amusin' things in,—nigger stories and that, don't make it too bally scientific, you know. Directly I get back, I shall sit down, slick off, and write out all you've told me. I shan't want any notes, I can carry it all in my head, and of course I shan't put in anything you'd rather I didn't, don't you know.

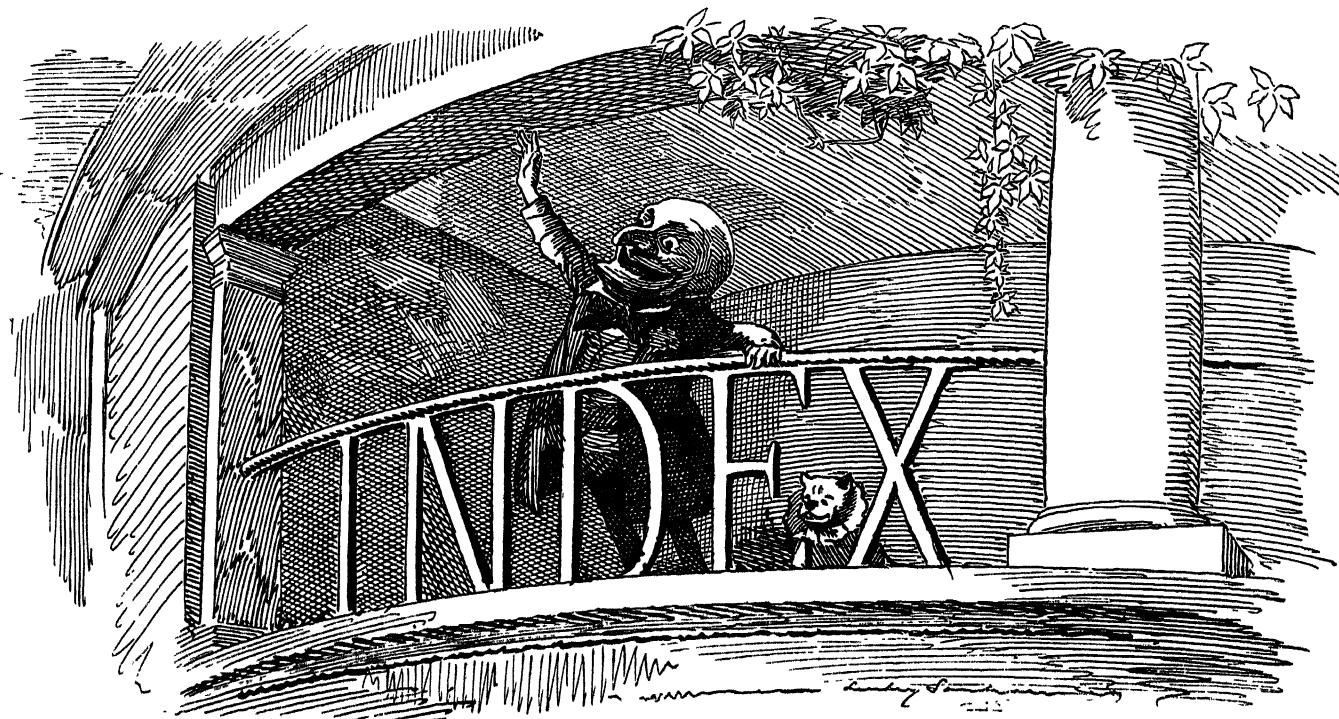
The L. L. (solemnly). Mr. JERMYN, I place implicit confidence in your discretion. I have no doubt whatever that your head, Sir, is more than capable of containing such remarks as I have found it necessary to make in the course of our interview. I like your system of extracting information, Sir, very much. Good morning.

Mr. Jermy (outside). Nice pleasant-spoken fellow—trifle long-winded, though! Gad, I was so busy listenin' I forgot to notice what his rooms were like or anythin'! How would it do to go back? No, too much of a grind. Daressay I can manage to fox up *some*thin'. I shall tell the Chief what he said about my system. Chief don't quite know what I can do yet—this will open his eyes a bit.

[*And it does.*]

THE HARE APPARENT.—I forgot to record last week that Saturday, the 14th, was the hundredth night of the *Pair of Spectacles*, and the silver wedding of Mr. HARE's stage career. The occasion was celebrated at the Garrick with a supper given by Mr. HARE to old friends and comrades. It was an illustration of "*The Hare and many Friends*," only it wasn't a fable—it was a fact. As closely associated with HARE at various dinner-tables, I beg to sign myself,
CURRENTE JELLY CALAMO.

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AFTER "The May," 297
 After the Review, 174
 All for the Sake of the Army, 98
 All in Play, 229
 Among the Amateurs, 11, 25, 52
 "Ana," 87
 Another "Competitive," 98
 Another of Robert's Xstornerry Adven-
 tures, 99
 Another Title for the Guide to the Exhi-
 bition at the New Gallery, 27
 Answers to Correspondents, 9, 13, 57, 65,
 109
 'Arry on Equality, 85
 Art of Blacking Boots (The), 264
 "Ask a Policeman!" 291
 Ask a White Man! 280
 Astral Complication (An), 117
 At his Majesty's, 293
 At Sea in an Easter Egg-shell, 170
 At the Porte St. Martin, 33
 Au Revoir! 73
 Autocrat (The), 254
 Avenue Theatre, 89
 BANE o' Grace (A), 188
 "Baby Bung," 284
 Back to Backs, 291
 Ballad of Evil Speed (A), 3
 Ballad of the Earl's Bricks (The), 273
 Basta, Faster! 169
 Beer, 268
 "Big Gun!" (The), 114
 Bitter Cry of the London Rider Haggaud
 and Jaded, 268
 Boat-Race Vision (A), 147
 "Britons never will be Slaves!" 54
 Buffalo Bill and Leo Pope, 124
 Bullying poor "Bully," 202
 Burglar's Back (The), 183
 Busy (J.) B. (The), 2
 CALLS for the Public Prosecutor? 47
 Captain of the "Paris" (The), 63
 Chant for the College of Surgeons (A), 185
 Chapter of Dickens up to Date (A), 244
 Charles the First, 243
 Children's Fancy Dress Ball (The), 201
 Comic Slaughter, 136
 Coming Big Bore (A), 85
 Conversation Manual, 238
 "Counting the Chicks," 42
 "Country and Duty" 258
 Court Napping, 213
 Covent Gardening Prospects, 135
 Cry of the City Children (The), 123
 Curious Cure (A), 28
 "Cut off the Joint" (A), 186
 DARES and Entellus, 14
 Daubigny in Bond Street, 102
 Derby Disappointments, 270
 Developing Hawarden, 277
 Diag-nose-is of Wine (A), 97

Diana at Dinner, 303
 Diary of a Jolly Party, 47
 Disclaimer (A), 113
 Ditty of the Dagger (The), 39
 Divorce Shop (The), 18
 "Dose of 'Gregory'" (A), 113
 "Dot and go One," 5
 "Doubtful!" 270
 Dropping the Pilot, 155
 Dunraven, 102
 EARLY Green Peas, 264
 East-ern Art in Bond Street, 117
 Echo from the Lane (An), 201
 Eight Hours Only, 217
 Elcho Answers, 282
 "Embarrassing!" 267
 "English, you know, quite English," 137
 Epidemiological, 83
 Essence of Parliament, 88, 94, 106, 112,
 131, 143, 155, 167, 178, 204, 216, 227, 232,
 252, 256, 287, 292, 304
 Eventful Week (An), 111
 Exchelsior! 274
 Exit in Fumo, 186
 FAIRIE, for Fanatics (A), 208
 Farthing Novel Series (The), 105
 Fifty Years of Railway Progress, 96
 Finishing Touch (The), 66
 First Appearance of the Swiss-Back Rail-
 way, 183
 First Fight (The), 231
 First Rose of Summer (The), 255
 "Fishing Interrogatory" (A), 145
 "Fish out of Water" at Greenwich, 50
 Five o' Clock Tea Bonnet Company, 264
 For the Sake of the Empire, 41
 "For this Relief, much thanks!" 147
 Fortunate and Economical, 101
 French Gallery (The), 159
 From the Zoo, 87
 GHOSTS in Boston, 101
 "Gift Horse" (The), 162
 "Given away with a Pound of Tea!" 306
 Going too Fast, 303
 Gold tipped Cigarettes, 72
 "Good Old Grace!" 277
 Grand Old Billie, 111
 Grand Old Hat (The), 187
 Grandolph Goodfellow, 218
 "Grandolpho Furioso!" 138
 Grandolph's Latest, 102
 Grandolph's Logic, 184
 Great Gunn (A), 309
 Great Lincoln Trial Stakes (The), 119
 "Grenadiers to the Front!" 125
 HARE Apparent (The), 810
 "Harlowe there!" 123
 Harmless Ghost, 287
 Harrow or Hanver? 306
 He can't Alp it! 138
 "Her Majesty's Opposition, 17

Historical Parallels, 6
 Holiday Catechism, 25, 37
 How I Welcomed Stanley, 215
 How to make the Most of it, 75
 How to Meet it, 53
 How we do Business now, 133
 Hypnotic High Feeding, 202
 Ideal Interviewer (An), 310
 "I'll call thee Hamlet," 185
 Imperial Socialist (The), 74, 158
 Incantation Scene (The), 90
 Interesting Novelty, 195
 In the Know, 184, 201, 215, 217, 220, 261,
 263, 267, 279, 305
 In the Lane, 181
 In the Name of Charity—Go to Prison!
 49
 "In the Name of the Law!" 201
 Irish Question in Bond Street (The), 85
 JAPANESE Belle (A), 17
 "Johnnykin and the Goblins," 89
 Journal of a Rolling Stone, 1
 Jubilee Performance (A), 123
 Jubilee of the Penny Post (The), 28
 Justice at High Pressure, 16
 Justiss for the Poor, 183
 "Just to oblige Benson," 3
 KICKER, 41, 58, 69, 77
 "Killaloe Dam Gone," 23
 Killing for a Shilling, 88
 L'ASAS in-Constantin Parsonified, 185
 Ladies' Year (The), 309
 Last Charge of the Light Brigade (The),
 196
 Last of the Bacilli (The), 220
 Law and the Liver (The), 195
 Learning by Art, 173
 Le Kick-balle Fight, 105
 "Le Kick-Ball in France," 129
 L'Enfant Terrible 222
 Le 'Ockey Stick-Balle Fight, 294
 "Le Petit Duc," 86
 "Le Sport" in Bouverie Street, 161
 Lines on the Labour Conference, 137
 Lion's Diary (The), 17
 Little Duc and his Big Bill (The), 119
 London County Council and the Lyceum
 Theatre (The), 109
 London for the Londoners, 80
 Look at Home, 186
 Luxury of Pantomime (The), 65
 MADAME Diogenes, 134
 Master Singers, 120
 "May Fare Work!" 141
 Measures and Men, 221
 Menu-Betting, 51
 Mid-day Meal-lennium (A), 261
 Little-Winter Night's Dream (A), 12
 Modern Cornelia (The), 289
 Modern Hercules and the Pygmies (The),
 230

Modern Types," 89, 101, 120, 124, 136, 148,
 160, 177, 192, 203, 220, 249, 285, 301
 "Montagu! a Montagu!" (A), 24
 More about Talleyrand, 275
 More Glory, 57
 "More Light!" 51
 More Masquerading, 287
 More Novelties, 208
 More to Follow, 126
 Mr. Gladstone's Letters, 65
 Mr. Punch's Dictionary of Phrases, 141,
 148, 157, 173, 191, 196, 206, 218, 238, 255,
 276, 280, 291, 301
 Mr. Punch's Moral Music-Hall Dramas, 4,
 24, 60, 64, 76, 88, 100, 121, 145, 193, 205,
 241
 Mr. Punch's Proverbs up to date, 213
 Musical Anticipation (A), 30
 Musical Notes, 167
 Muzzled and Puzzled, 26
 "My Curate," 157
 Mystic Letters (The), 23
 My Tailor, 117
 NAVAL Intelligence, 171
 Nellie at the Sodgeries, 244
 Nell of Chelsea (The), 225
 New Amazon (The), 143
 New Dance of Death (The), 206
 New Gallery Novelties, 238
 New Tune (The), 62
 North Walls (The), 13
 Notes "in Globo," 114
 Nothing New, 18
 "Not such a Fool as he Looks," 246
 Novel Advice from Lincolnshire, 177
 Novel with a Purpose (A), 276
 "Nuts" for the Coal Trade, 225
 One on a Black Ball, 137
 Odds on the Bedmakers, 221
 Old Bond Street Galleries (The), 156
 Old Colds for New, 83
 Old Friends and Counsel, 114
 Old, Old Story (The), 39
 Old Times Revived, 196
 Omnibusiness, 131
 One 'Too Many for Him, 294
 Only Remedy (The), 183
 On the Spot, 277
 On the Swoop! 146
 Opera-goer's Diary (The), 213, 257, 269,
 281, 293, 305
 "O rare 'Ben'!" 143
 Our Advertisers, 161, 189, 229
 Our Booking-Office, 10, 16, 57, 63, 75, 98,
 102, 111, 125, 141, 165, 173, 189, 208, 210,
 221, 231, 249, 262, 275, 298, 300
 Our New Duke, 261
 Our Turn Now, 49
 Out and About, 250
 PAGE from a Diary (A), 51
 Page from an Imperial Note-book (A), 160

Parliamentary Intelligence, 2
 Patient at Play (The), 244
 Penalties of Greatness (The), 173
 Pick of the Pictures (The), 226
 Pictures in the Haymarket, 187
 Piffarer (The), 36
 Pint of it (The), 124
 Piping Times for the Empire, 137
 (Pitched) Outing (A), 171
 "Place aux Dames!" 289
 Plain English! 80
 Playing Dark, 153
 Play-time, 161
 Pleasure-Seeker's Vade Mecum (The), 257
 Police Fun, 180
 Premier's Power (The), 73
 Primrose's Peep-Show, 218
 Prince "Starring" at Poole (The), 41
 "Promise of May" (The), 207
 "Propria quæ Maribus," 137
 Put this in your Pipe, 165
 "Putting his Nose out of Joint," 110
 Puzzles for the New Year, 23
 Question of Parentage, 120
 Quite a Little Banquet (The), 255
 RAILWAY Unpunctuality Report, 263
 Ratepayer's Reply (A), 148
 Rather Shirty, 297
 Reckling the Rede Lecture, 207
 Resolutions for the Cosmopolitan Labour Meeting, 208
 Retiring Young Man (A), 122
 Revised Version, "In Globo," 126
 "Richardson's Show" and a "Bill of the Play," 84
 Riviera in Bond Street (The), 54
 Robert at Guildhall, 261
 Robert at the Leathersellers', 300
 Robert on Good Old Krisimus, 16
 Robert on the Boat-Race, 152
 Robert's Commishuns, 173
 Robert's Companions, 81
 Robert's Krisimus Him, 6
 Robert's Little Hollerday, 192
 Robert Triumphant! 162
 Rooky Walker! 184
 Root of the Matter (The), 85, 165
 Rose-Water Cure (The), 242
 Royal Academy Banquet (The), 222
 Royal Berkshire, 87
 Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 194
 Rum Customer (A), 245
 Russian Art, 5
 "SALUTE" or, Taking Distance (The), 73
 Saturday Series (A), 119
 Savoyards (The), 5
 School-Board before the End of the Century (The), 288
 "Scots wha hae," 219
 Set down for Trial, 39
 Shaftesbury Song (A), 267
 Shall Women Smoke? 42
 Shooting Arrows at a Song, 87
 Short Mathematical Paper, 263
 Short Song in Season (A), 208
 Shrewing of the Tame (The), 53
 Signs of the Season, 180
 Slaps for Slippers, 27
 "Society for the Study of Incubriety" (A), 131
 Something like a Dinner, 84
 Song for Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., 108
 Song Sentimentiana, 125, 165, 163, 248
 Song with Words (A), 189
 Sounds of the Streets, 45
 South-Eastern Alphabet (The), 61
 Spectacular, 143
 "Speed the Parting," 37
 Sporting Correspondent (A), 21
 Stanley Africanus! 210
 Stanley and African Exhibition (The), 113
 Stanzas to Rhubarb, 135
 Startling for Gourmets, 61
 Start (The), 6
 Statesmen at Home, 21, 48, 72
 Street Music, 42
 Striking Home, 146
 Study for the Pelican Club, 53
 Suggestion from Pump-handle Court (A), 169
 "Sweet—Marjorie!" 71
 Sweet Thing in Criticism (A), 281
 TAKEN as you like it, 117
 Taken from the French Plays, 280
 Thank Goodness, 126
 Theatrical Short Service Bill, 209
 Thoughts on his Wine-Merchant, 191
 "Three Fishers," 282
 Tippler's Triumph (The), 195
 Tips from the Tape, 209
 To an Old Friend with a New Wig, 60
 Tommius Etonensis loquitur, 48
 Topping the Tripes, 250
 To the New Scribe and Poet, 225

Trivial Round (The), 172
 Two Heads better than One! 180
 Two Views of the Sodgeries, 233
 UNCHRISTIAN Caveat (An), 174
 University Intelligence, 159
 Unknown Quantity (An), 195
 Unscientific Dialogue (An), 59
 Unsought Honour, 30
 Untitled, 9, 13, 37, 49, 61, 73, 97
 Useful Warning, 189
 "VANITY Un-Fair," 27
 "Venice Preserved" in the Haymarket, 53
 Very Sully Song (A), 47
 Voices Populi, 29, 40, 237, 253, 265, 300
 WARR Brummagem! 284
 Way to the Temple (The), 159
 Way we shall Live soon (The), 305
 Week by Week, 213, 228, 240, 245, 263, 273, 279, 289, 303
 Where Marriages are Made, 167
 White Slave (A), 289
 Winter at Burlington House, 18
 "Will he get through?" 278
 Work for the Holidays, 15
 Yet another Quarterly, 208

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

AFTER the Review, 175
 "Baby Bung," 285
 "Big Gun!" (The), 115
 "Counting the Chicks!" 43
 "Country and Duty," 259
 "Cut off the Joint" (A), 187
 Divorce Shop (The), 19
 "Doubtful!" 271
 Dropping the Pilot, 150, 151
 Finishing Touch (The), 67
 Foreign Fox (The), 55
 "Gift Horse" (The), 163
 "Given away with a Pound of Tea!" 807
 "Grandolpho Furioso!" 139
 Grandolph's Latest, 103
 "Incantation" (The), 91
 L'Enfant Terrible! 223
 "Not such a Fool as he looks!" 247
 One Too Many for Him, 295
 On the Swoop! 198, 199
 Plain English! 81
 "Salute!" or, Taking his Measure (The), 79
 Stanley Africanus! 211
 Start (The), 7
 Thank Goodness!!! 127
 "Three Fishers," 283

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ÆSTHETIC Party in Furnished House, 246
 Allsopp's Bitter and Shareholder, 93
 Amateur Banjoist and Friend, 15
 Amateur Tenor and Sarcastic Friend, 123
 American "Pistol" (The), 245
 Attack on a Mail Coach, 106
 Author's Heavy Book (An), 27
 Automatic Arbitration, 237
 Barberesses at Work, 186

Bismarck's Last Appearance, 122
 Blindfolded Russian Emperor, 254
 Boulanger's New Tune, 62
 Brigand Bullfinch (The), 202
 Brighton Bath-chairman's Quiet Route (A), 189
 Bull and the Frog (The), 50
 'Bus Conductor's Important Passenger (A), 207
 Butcher's Boy and the "Meet," 6
 Butterfly-collecting in East Africa, 263
 Cabby's Fare paid in Small Coin, 261
 Cab-Runners after a Hansom, 210
 Caledonia's Electric Light, 219
 Catholic Priest and Schoolboys, 135
 Chaplin and the Kentish Dogs, 26
 Cheap Horse at a Fair (A), 225
 Colonel M'Whiskey's Epidemic, 75
 Colonial Friend goes Hunting (A), 129
 Cook who wants Execution (A), 282
 Country Editor's Salmon (A), 95
 Country M.P.'s Summons to Duty, 70
 Cow in Drury Lane Pantomime, 28
 Cross-examining a Lady, 125
 Curate and Schoolboys' Class, 203
 Cyclist Judges on Circuit, 201
 Dismounted Steeple-chaser's Friend, 243
 Distinguished Colonists in London, 206
 Doctor Cockshure's Travelled Patient, 63
 Dressing for her own Dance, 42
 Effect of Low Stable on Horse's Knees, 134
 Electric Tramway in the Commons, 178
 Emperor and Socialist Workman, 158
 Engineering, little Tour Eiffel, and Forth Bridge, 110
 Exchanging Hats with a Scarescrow, 253
 Exhibits at the "Silk" Exhibition, 268
 Famous Pictures Leaving the Country, 46
 Fancy Portrait of My Landlady, 137
 Fasting Man and the Starving Man, 221
 Flattening a Bonnet, 294
 Flight of the Demon Influenza, 38
 Frenchman's Stay in London (A), 303
 French Peasant with Influenza, 40
 Grand Old Hypnotiser at St. Stephen's, 286
 Grand Old Underdog (The), 58
 Grandolph Puck at Sea in Egg-shell, 170
 Great Lincoln Trial in a Fog, 118
 Greedy Boy at the School Feast, 155
 Groom waiting at Tea, 23
 Grosvenor Gallery Pictures, 269, 274
 Guardsman and Nursemaids' Group, 287
 Hearty Luncher going to see Succi, 183
 High Sleeves for both Sexes, 162
 Home Secretary and Mr. Punch, 182
 Home Secretary and the Policeman, 290
 Horse refuses to Jump over Water, 45
 House of Ciphers (A), 180
 House of Commons all Sixes and Sevens (The), 142
 House of Commons from Toby's Box, 154
 How to Avoid giving a Dinner Party, 167
 Hunters shot with Snow Shoes, 10
 Hunting Gent and Rustics, 93
 Imperial Socialist (The), 74
 Infant Prodiges' Concert (An), 174
 Inquiring Visitor and Footman, 131
 Insured Children, 299
 John Bull's New Year's Dream, 2
 Jones to take Miss B. in to Supper, 102
 Kent Coal Hole (The), 108
 Lady Artist and Small Rustic, 83
 Lady's Hair-Dagger (A), 215
 Lady's well-preserved Good Looks (A), 126
 Laura's Honeymoon Trip, 270
 Legend of the Briar-root, 209
 Little Duke with the Tricolor (The), 86
 Lively Piece of Cheese (A), 35
 Madame Diogenes, 134
 Mariar Ann's Visit to a Fine House, 258
 Marrying to go to the Paris Exhibition, 87
 Maxims for the Bar, 135, 156, 169, 217, 277
 Medicinal Refreshments, 51
 M.F.H.'s Opinion of Jenkinson's Horse, 33
 Money Market recovers from Tightness, 78
 Mr. Hare in a New Pair of Spectacles, 97
 Mr. M'Sawney and his Dance-card, 78
 Mr. Punch and the Coal-Miner, 146
 Mr. Punch and Tom Sawyer's Shade, 14
 Mr. Punch's Grand "Old Masters," 34
 Near-sighted Man and Lady's Bonnet, 52
 Neighbour and a Bore (A), 18
 New Gallery Pictures, 238
 New German Rifle (The), 67
 Not Bleeding with the Lancet, 47
 Old Gentleman and the Automatic Photographic Machine, 310
 "Only a Face at a Window!" 138
 Our Artist and the Street-Music, 51
 Our Artist's Reply to Handsome Lady, 167
 Painter and Musician after Dinner, 143
 Pap's Description of a Centaur, 275
 Parliamentary Conversation Cigars, 106
 Parliamentary Golf-Links, 190
 Parrell rejects Balfour's Bill, 194
 Pat and his Boycotting Landlord, 71
 Photographing a Stern-looking Lady, 234
 Poor Children's Pantomime (The), 22
 Professor Tyndall's Portrait of Mr. G., 267
 Proud Mother's Schoolboy's Expenses, 99
 Punch's Parliamentary Puppets, 82
 Quite a Contrast to his Brother, 279
 "Refreshment for Man and Beast," 306
 Result of a Horse's Cough, 69
 Resurrection of Mummified Cats, 81
 Rival Anecdotes, 291
 Royal Academy Pictures, 226, 227, 250
 Sarcastic Hostess and Lady Guest, 66
 Schoolboy defines Quakers' Speech, 255
 Schoolmaster and Boy's Arithmetic, 218
 Scientific Volunteer (The), 85
 Scotch Deerstalker makes a "Miss," 107
 Sculpture in Wax, 273
 Season's Geniuses and Beauties (The), 147
 Seating all the Commons' Members, 94
 Seeing the "Apeary" at the Zoo, 159
 "Seniors Pawcett," 289
 "Shadowing" Members of Parliament," 298
 Sketch at a Concert (A), 276
 Small Servant at Registry Office, 11
 Smith pursued by Opposition Bull, 278
 Sprinkling Sweeteners with Rose-water, 242
 Stanley besieged by Invitations, 230
 Stanley introducing East Africa to Lord Salisbury, 266
 State of the Markets Illustrated, 240
 Strictly Private Academy View, 214
 Substance of Shadowed M.P.'s, 302
 Succi as a Sandwich-Man, 229
 Suggestions for Pictorial Directory, 240, 261
 Swell and the Confoundeds Blacks, 119
 Swell who is Colour-Blind (A), 90
 Swell who made an Ass of himself, 114
 Swell who was Thinking of Nothing, 3
 "Swopping" Horses, 165
 Taking an Interest in Criminal Law, 171
 Tandem Leader and Posts, 297
 Time's Effect on Celebrities' Heads, 166
 Tommy's Self-Denial in Lent, 191
 Tools before and after Dinners, &c., 30
 Training Children as Fastening People, 291
 Unmuzzling Maud's Terrier, 251
 Vicar's Wife and the Quacked Globe, 59
 Volunteers Refreshing at Review, 179
 Wife of a Man of Genius (The), 195
 What to do with Our Artist's Pictures, 39
 Why Goslin admires Miss Travellers, 30
 Why Rhododendron's Servants wear Cockades, 222

